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THE

NATIONAL ENCYCLOPEDIA

FOR THE

HOME, SCHOOL AND LIBRARY

VOL. IX.

CHICAGO

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INTRODUCTION

The addition of THE STANDARD EDUCATOR to THE STANDARD REFERENCE WORK has been made with the idea of increasing its usefulness. For either the teacher or the pupil, or for the independent student in the home, three questions with regard to his material for study confront him: 1. What to study; 2. Where to get the matter; 3. How to use it. Any reputable course of study furnishes the answer to the first query. For the second we would confidently refer you to THE STANDARD REFERENCE WORK. It is in the attempt to answer the third question that this appendix has been prepared. The aim has been to unify and correlate the material in each department, and to add such new matter as will make the work as a whole more valuable.

The plan followed begins with the CHILD IN THE HOME and considers in a practical and intimate way his physical growth and well-being as well as his mental and moral development. The aim has been to give matter which seems helpful to the mother and to which at the same time the teacher may well give heed. Then is taken up the KINDERGARTEN, its mission, method, and result. Following in succession are the various departments of a common school education, prepared by specialists who have endeavored to present the most up-to-date methods with various outlines, type studies, and illustrations, so as to best answer the third question propounded above.

In addition to subjects commonly regarded as the fundamentals of a course of study, space has been given to the sidelights, such as STORY TELLING, PLAYS AND GAMES, and PAINTING and other forms of ART. The departments of LITERATURE and ART will be found to be especially helpful to women in their club work. Physiology in its formal and perfunctory aspects has given way to helps and hints on SANITATION, HYGIENE, and HEALTH CULTURE.

The modern tendency toward the practical and the vocational in our schools finds expression here in somewhat extended sections on MANUAL TRAINING and HOME ECONOMICS, the latter being particularly suggestive along the line of THE HOME, its construction, furnishings, and maintenance; THE FAMILY, its care, health, and happiness; FOOD, its purchase, preparation, and serving; and CLOTHING, its materials, making, and repair. Under AGRICULTURE are found outlines on soil, a practical course in agricultural botany, sections on field crops, animal husbandry, the orchard, machinery, farm accounts, etc. The importance of the RURAL SCHOOL as a factor in our system of education has seemed to warrant special attention. The laying out of grounds, the plan of the school building, and the method of heating and ventilating should be of moment to the public, while the special problems presented, such as program, alternation of subjects, etc., might well engage the teacher's attention.

Outlines on the fundamentals of business under such heads as contracts, corporations, investments, etc., the relation between employer and employe, between the public and business, between the farmer and his market, and other matter not readily available elsewhere have been embodied in a department of BUSINESS ECONOMICS, which it is believed the public generally will appreciate.

Realizing how much more readily facts can often be apprehended through the eye, considerable space has been given to pen sketches, graphics, and charts. Note, for instance, the twelve-page chart covering the essentials of United States history. In none of the departments, however, is the treatment intended to be exhaustive; it is merely suggestive.

The use of this volume in conjunction with the body of the work, to which extensive references are made, will, we believe, justify its preparation.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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OF
THE STANDARD REFERENCE WORK

AERONAUTICS
AGRICULTURE
ANTHROPOLOGY
ANTIQUITIES
ARCHITECTURE
ARMY
ART
ASTRONOMY
ATHLETICS
BIOGRAPHY
BOOKS
BOTANY
BUSINESS ECONOMICS
CHEMISTRY
CHILD STUDY
CIVIL GOVERNMENT
DOMESTIC SCIENCE
DRAWING
DRUGS AND MEDICINE
ECONOMICS
EDUCATION
ENGINEERING
ETHICS
FINANCE
GAMES AND PLAYS
GEOGRAPHY
GEOLOGY
GRAMMAR
HISTORY
HOME ECONOMICS
HORTICULTURE
HYGIENE
INVENTIONS
LANGUAGE
LITERATURE
MANUAL TRAINING
MATHEMATICS
MECHANIC ARTS
MILITARY
MUSIC
MYTHOLOGY
NATURE STUDY
NAVY
PHILOSOPHY
PHYSICAL CULTURE
PHYSICS
PHYSIOGRAPHY
PHYSIOLOGY
POLITICS
PSYCHOLOGY
QUOTATIONS
READING
RELIGION
RURAL LIFE
SANITATION
SOCIAL SCIENCE
STORY TELLING
TEACHERS HELPS
TRANSPORTATION
WAR
WRITING
ZOOLOGY

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THE CHILD IN THE HOME

In all the history of art no other subject has been accorded more frequent or more reverential treatment than that of motherhood. The galleries of the old world are filled with Madonnas from the brushes of the old masters, and today a home is scarcely considered complete in its appointments without a copy, however modest, of at least one of these works of art. This fact alone bespeaks the importance of the child's position in the home.

Young mothers of the better class are not satisfied today with the traditional information possessed by their mothers and grandmothers as a preparation for their life work in the home. The prevalence of mothers' clubs and congresses scarcely gives testimony of the sincere striving of mothers to secure the highest efficiency in their life work. The traditional belief that the preparation for the care and training of children will be acquired as a divine right by every mother does not satisfy the practical demand for special preparation in every department of present-day activity. Each mother who enters her vocation with even a passing appreciation of the problems before her desires, with more or less definite purpose, to profit by the wide range of experience of hundreds of other mothers.

PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

The first problems confronting the young mother are concerned with the child's physical well-being. Muscular movements of the face, fingers, arms, and legs first attract attention to the infant's individuality. Continuous quiet is advised by all authorities on the healthy growth of the very young babe. Nervous excitement and irregularity interfere with normal growth. The child who is immediately taught to take its nourishment at regular intervals, and allowed to remain quietly content in physical comfort until the powers of seeing and hearing are quite fully developed, will make the most rapid and healthful progress. Such regularity is the beginning of self-control, which is the climax of an education.

WEIGHT

A knowledge of the correct weight of a baby—whether he is growing or losing—is an important feature in the care of an infant. Many medical authorities claim that a daily record should be kept for the first two weeks of a child's life and then a weekly record for the first six or eight months, and every two weeks thereafter, until he is one year old. During the second year he should be weighed monthly. The average weight of a new born infant is about seven pounds. During the first three or four days the baby loses in weight, but at the end of eight or ten days he is back to his first weight. From four to seven ounces each week is a fair gain for the first six months. An ideal condition exists when there is a *regular* gain. A baby fed entirely upon starchy foods or some of the prepared foods

will often show a great and sudden gain in weight, but experience shows such a child will not be as strong physically as the one who has lived upon a milk diet and has had a slow, steady gain in weight.

Rate of Increase

The following chart arranged by Dr. Walter Lester Carr shows the increase the first year:

Chart No. 1

	Month											
	At birth	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Pounds.....	7	8¼	10½	12½	13¾	14¾	15¾	16½	17	17½	18	18¾	20

Chart No. 2 by Charles Gilmore Kerley, M. D., gives approximately the same figures and extends the observations to six years.

Chart No. 2

Weight for a Well Baby.

	Boys	Girls
Average weight at birth	7.55	7.16
" " " 3 months	11.75	11.5
" " " 6 "	16	15.5
" " " 9 "	18	17.75
" " " 12 "	20	19.8
" " " 18 "	22.8	22
" " " 2 years	26.5	25.5
" " " 3 "	31.5	30
" " " 4 "	35	34
" " " 5 "	41.2	39.8
" " " 6 "	45	43.8

Chart No. 3 by Dr. Kerley shows the average measurements for six years, which also serve as an index of the child's physical welfare.

Chart No. 3

Height in Inches from Birth to Six Years.

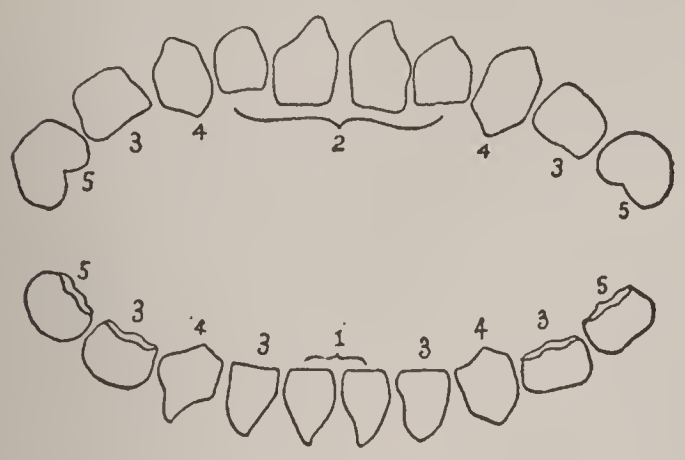
	At birth	6 mos.	12 mos.	18 mos.	2 yrs.	3 yrs.	4 yrs.	5 yrs.	6 yrs.
Boys.....	20.6	25.4	29	30	32.5	35	38	41.7	44.1
Girls.....	20.5	25	28.7	29.7	32.5	35	38	41.4	43.6

DENTITION

There are twenty teeth in the first or so-called milk set of teeth. The first appearance of teeth, the two lower incisors, is generally from the fifth to the ninth month, though drooling and the condition of the gums may seem to indicate their coming somewhat earlier, and they may fail to appear till even the eleventh or twelfth month.

These are followed by the four upper central incisors, which appear from the eighth to the twelfth month. Then come the other two lower incisors and the first molars, both upper and lower. Sometimes the incisors come through before the first

molars, but usually the first molars appear before the two lateral incisors. The four canine teeth appear next, the upper ones being called the "eye" teeth and the two lower ones the "stomach" teeth. They appear from the eighteenth to the twenty-fourth month of age. Finally the four second molars appear from the twenty-fourth to the thirtieth month.



The accompanying diagram shows the order and time of the appearance of the first teeth in a normal child. Illness or difficulties of nourishment frequently cause variations. Bottle babies usually get their teeth later than breast-fed babies.

FIRST (MILK) SET OF TEETH

1. Lower Incisors—fifth to ninth month.
2. Upper Incisors — eighth to twelfth month.
3. Lateral Incisors and First Molars—twelfth to eighteenth month.
4. "Stomach" and "Eye" Teeth—eighteenth to twenty-fourth month.
5. Second Molars—twenty-fourth to thirtieth month.

(This illustration is taken from Starr's *Hygiene of the Nursery.*)

During dentition everything used in connection with the baby's food should be kept scrupulously clean, as it is not the teething in itself that causes trouble but the fact that the lowered vitality due to the extra demand put upon the child renders him much more susceptible to the injurious effects of dirty, half cleaned, or unsterilized nipples and bottles, and milk that may be at the point of chemical change.

SENSE DEVELOPMENT

It is generally conceded that touch, taste, and smell are somewhat developed at birth, while sight and hearing do not appear until later. Touch appears to be the first sense actually developed. A child at birth will grasp a finger or stick placed in the palm of its hand. Experiments have been made with infants less than an hour old in which they have definitely closed the fingers over a stick and grasped it with sufficient tenacity to support their own weight when lifted by the stick. This most interesting fact has been claimed as an illustration of the theory that man embodies in his early infancy, habits and structures characteristic of lower forms of animal life from which he has developed by the process of evolution. This ability of very young infants to grasp an object is related to a monkey's habit of grasping the limbs of a tree and swinging from one branch to another. The sense of taste follows closely that of touch. A very young baby knows whether his bottle is too hot or too cold. Smelling as a means of determining preference does not appear in a baby as early as in the young of lower animals.

FIRST SIGHT IMPRESSIONS

An infant will notice objects, such as a bright light, at the end of the first week, but the actual seeing of objects in definite form does not come till he is three or four months old. The very first sight impressions are those of light and shade with no definite outline of form, as when some bright object, such as the mother's face reflecting the light, or something like a candle giving light passes before the baby's face. The perception of the form of objects begins with a vague, shapeless impression which gradually acquires more and more clearness of outline till, after several months, the child is able to see the definite form of objects and distinguish one from another. Because of its imperfect eyesight at first, every infant tries to grasp objects

far away as well as those near by. To cry for the moon and to be satisfied with a bright ball near at hand is characteristic of babyhood.

A baby's sense of hearing does not develop for several days after birth. A sound, normal child reacts to sound at the end of the first week, but the first deafness disappears only gradually; so that frequently a mother will be congratulated upon having such a "good" baby who will sleep undisturbed by noises in the room. Later this "goodness" disappears and she is frequently disturbed, not realizing that deafness was responsible for his "goodness" at first.

An infant's first smile frequently appears before sight is developed, so that it

may or may not indicate recognition. Be that as it may, it is unwise to require continuous repetitions by injudicious tossings, exclamations, and consequent nervous excitement. It is well if the semblance of a smile is given naturally; it should not be demanded as a reward for the entertainment of the mother and others. Peace should be encouraged from the first hour of a child's life by not requiring overwork and consequent rebellion of the centers controlling motor and sensory nerves. If a mother is content to accept the slow natural development of her child, she will be repaid a thousand fold. About the end of the second month of an ordinary child's life, the sense of seeing is sufficiently developed so that the smile does mean recognition. That the auditory nerves are developing at the same time as the optic nerves is shown by the recognition of voices and other sounds.

CARE OF YOUNG CHILDREN

Many a baby has been born a healthy, normal infant, but the problem of artificial or bottle feeding arises and a sad history follows. Various foods are tried and thrown aside with the decision that "nothing agrees with the baby." After several months

he weighs less than when born; he is subject to all sorts of disturbances of digestion; his flesh is wasted and flabby,—his life is a tragedy and his mother's has become a continuous round of fear, misgiving, and despair. The changing of a baby's food is too serious a problem to be lightly undertaken. Artificial feeding is by no means the simple matter the majority of the uninitiated seem to consider it. Each child is a law unto himself, and what is life to one may be death to another. No mother has a right to tamper thoughtlessly with her baby's food or indulge in careless experiment.

Food for Infants

The following milk-feeding formulæ prepared by Dr. L. Emmett Holt, of New York, and described in his book, *The Care and Feeding of Children,* are considered by many physicians the best and easiest to apply:

Formula I (Third to Fourteenth Day)

Ingredients	Quantity of Each Required to Make			
	12 oz.	16 oz.	20 oz.	24 oz.
Milk ..... ounces	1	1¼	1½	2
Cream ..... "	1	1¼	1½	2
Limewater ..... "	¾	1	1½	1½
Water ..... "	9¼	12½	15½	18½
Milk-sugar (even teaspoonfuls)	1½	2	2½	3

Ten feedings. Feed every two hours from 6 A. M. to 10 P. M. Feed also at 2 A. M. Quantity, 1 to 2½ ounces.

Formula II (Second to Sixth Week)

Ingredients	Quantity of Each Required to Make			
	20 oz.	24 oz.	28 oz.	32 oz.
Milk ..... ounces	2	2½	3	3¼
Cream ..... "	2	2½	3	3¼
Limewater ..... "	1½	1½	1½	2
Water ..... "	14½	17½	20½	23½
Milk-sugar (even teaspoonfuls)	2½	3	3½	4

Ten feedings. Feed every two hours from 6 A. M. to 10 P. M. Feed also at 2 A. M. Quantity, 2 to 3¼ ounces.

Formula III (Sixth to Eleventh Week)

Ingredients	Quantity of Each Required to Make			
	24 oz.	28 oz.	32 oz.	36 oz.
Milk ..... ounces	3	3½	4	4½
Cream ..... "	3	3½	4	4½
Limewater ..... "	1½	1½	1½	1½
Water ..... "	16½	19½	22½	25½
Milk-sugar (even teaspoonfuls)	3	3½	4	4½

Eight feedings. Feed every two and a half hours from 6 A. M. to 10 P. M. Feed also at 2 A. M. Quantity, 3 to 4½ ounces.

Formula IV (Tenth Week to Fifth Month)

Ingredients		Quantity of Each Required to Make 28 oz.	35 oz.	42 oz.
Milk	ounces	8	10	12
Cream	"	3½	4	5
Limewater	"	1½	1½	2
Water	"	15	19½	23
Milk-sugar (even teaspoonfuls)		3½	4½	5½

Seven feedings. Feed every three hours from 6 A. M. to 10 P. M. Feed also at 2 A. M. Quantity, 4 to 6 ounces.

Formula V (Fifth to Tenth Month)

Ingredients		Quantity of Each Required to Make 30 oz.	36 oz.	42 oz.	48 oz.
Milk	ounces	11¼	13½	13¾	18
Cream	"	3¼	4½	5¼	6
Limewater	"	1½	1½	2	2
Water	"	13½	16½	19	22
Milk-sugar (even teaspoonfuls)		4	4½	5½	6½

Six feedings. Feed every three hours from 6 A. M. to 10 P. M. *No feeding* between 10 P. M. and 6 A. M. Quantity, 5 to 8 ounces.

Baby will generally drop his 2 A. M. feeding himself by sleeping through the entire night from 10 P. M. to 6 A. M. Barley water or oatmeal water may be substituted in this formula for the plain boiled water.

Formula VI (Tenth to Twelfth Month)

Ingredients		Quantity of Each Required to Make 42 oz.	48 oz.
Milk	ounces	19¼	21½
Cream	"	5¾	6½
Limewater	"	2	2
Water	"	15	18
Milk-sugar (even teaspoonfuls)		4	5

Five feedings. Feed every three and a half hours from 6 A. M. to 10 P. M. Quantity, 6 to 9 ounces.

At midday meal from 1 to 3 ounces of freshly prepared beef juice should be given and the quantity of feeding lessened by from 1 to 3 ounces at this meal.

A diet schedule for older children is given, as prepared by Dr. Theron Wendell Kilmer and described in his book, *The Practical Care of the Baby*.

DIET SCHEDULE FOR CHILDREN FROM THE FIRST TO THE SIXTH YEAR OF AGE

Twelfth to Fifteenth Month (Five meals daily)

7 A. M. Eight to 10 ounces of milk made after the following formula:

Milk	30 ounces.
Cream	5 "
Water	15 "
Milk-sugar	10 teaspoonfuls.

This quantity will usually be sufficient for the day's supply. It is best to make the feedings all at once early in the morning and keep the milk in 8-ounce feeding bottles, stoppered with non-absorbent cotton, on ice.

9 A. M. The strained juice of an orange.

11 A. M. Eight to 10 ounces of milk of above formula.

2:30 P. M. Four to 6 ounces of chicken, mutton, or beef broth and 4 to 6 ounces of milk of above formula. Or

One poached or soft-boiled egg, with a piece of zwieback and 4 to 6 ounces of milk of above formula. Or

Two to 3 ounces of fresh beef juice and 6 to 8 ounces of milk of above formula. Or

Four to 6 ounces of oatmeal or barley gruel added to 4 to 6 ounces of milk of above formula, and a piece of zwieback or stale bread.

6 P. M. Six to 8 ounces of milk of above formula, with 2 ounces of barley or oatmeal gruel added.

10 P. M. Eight to 10 ounces of milk of above formula.

Fifteenth to Twentieth Month (Five meals daily)

7 A. M. A well-cooked cereal, and milk of the following formula:

Milk	40	ounces.
Cream	2½	"
Water	7½	"
Milk-sugar	5	teaspoonfuls.

The child should have milk (of above formula) on the cereal, and also a glass of same milk to drink. Every other day he may have an ounce of cream added to milk he eats on cereal.

9 A. M. Juice of one orange.

11 A. M. Eight to 10 ounces of milk of above formula, with 1 or 2 tablespoonfuls of a cereal jelly.

2:30 P. M. One to 3 ounces fresh beef juice and 4 to 6 ounces of milk of above formula. Or

Four to 6 ounces of beef, chicken, or mutton broth and 4 to 6 ounces of milk of above formula and a piece of zwieback. Or

One poached or soft-boiled egg with stale bread crumbs, a piece of toast or zwieback and a glass of milk.

Dessert with any of the above selections for this meal: Stewed prunes (no skins), 2 tablespoonfuls; baked apple, 2 tablespoonfuls; or custard.

6 P. M. Four to 6 ounces of milk of above formula with 4 to 6 ounces of barley or oatmeal gruel added.

10 P. M. Eight to 10 ounces of milk of above formula with 1 ounce of cereal jelly added.

Twentieth to Twenty-Fourth Month (Four meals daily)

7 A. M. A dish of some well-cooked cereal with milk, piece of stale bread or zwieback, and 4 to 6 ounces of milk.

9 A. M. Juice of an orange.

10:30 A. M. Ten to 12 ounces of milk.

2 P. M. One tablespoonful of scraped beef or scraped mutton, stale bread or zwieback, and 4 to 6 ounces of milk. Or

One to 3 ounces of fresh beef-juice, stale bread, or zwieback, and 4 to 6 ounces of milk. Or

Four to 6 ounces of beef, mutton, or chicken broth, stale bread, toast, or zwieback, and 4 to 6 ounces of milk. Or

A poached or soft-boiled egg on a small, well-baked potato, toast, stale bread, or zwieback, and 4 to 6 ounces of milk.

Dessert with any of the above selected meals, such as stewed prunes (no skins), 2 to 3 tablespoonfuls, or baked apple.

6 P. M. Eight to 10 ounces of milk, with 2 ounces of a cereal jelly added.

Two to Three Years of Age (Three meals daily)

Breakfast (7:30 A. M.). Oatmeal, hominy, farina, wheaten grits, rice or any cereal (well cooked), and rich milk and a small amount of granulated sugar. The cereal should be well salted. A soft boiled or poached egg should be given every other day. Stale bread, zwieback, toast, graham crackers. A glass of milk.

The juice of an orange should be given between breakfast and dinner.

Dinner (12:30 P. M.). Rare steak, rare mutton chop, rare roast beef, white meat of chicken, baked or mashed potato with cream, spinach, fresh string beans, fresh peas, and stewed celery—cook all vegetables well. Mutton, beef, or chicken broth (may be thickened with arrowroot or cornstarch). Stale bread, zwieback, or oatmeal crackers. A glass of milk. Dessert: baked apple, stewed prunes, rice pudding, or custard.

Supper (6 P. M.). A well-cooked cereal and milk. Stale bread in milk; occasionally a small cup custard. Graham crackers, dried bread, or zwieback.

Three to Six Years of Age (Three meals daily)

Breakfast (7 to 8 A. M.). Oatmeal, hominy, wheaten grits, rice, farina, or any well-cooked cereal and rich milk and a small amount of granulated sugar. The cereals should be well salted. A soft-boiled or poached egg. Bread and butter. Graham or gluten crackers. A glass of milk.

Dinner (12 to 1). Broths and soups, lamb, rare roast beef, rare steak or mutton, white meat of chicken, or fresh fish (broiled or boiled). Baked or mashed potatoes, asparagus tips, spinach, stewed celery, fresh string beans and fresh peas, orange, baked apple, stewed prunes, rice pudding, tapioca pudding, bread pudding, junket, and plain custard. Ice cream occasionally.

Supper (6 to 7 P. M.). A well-cooked cereal and milk. Stale bread in milk, arrowroot pudding, dried bread, graham crackers, zwieback, and milk toast. A glass of milk.

A well child should never be allowed to eat anything between meals.

Cool boiled water should be given to the child to drink between meals.

CLOTHING

Garments Needed to Keep the Child Warm

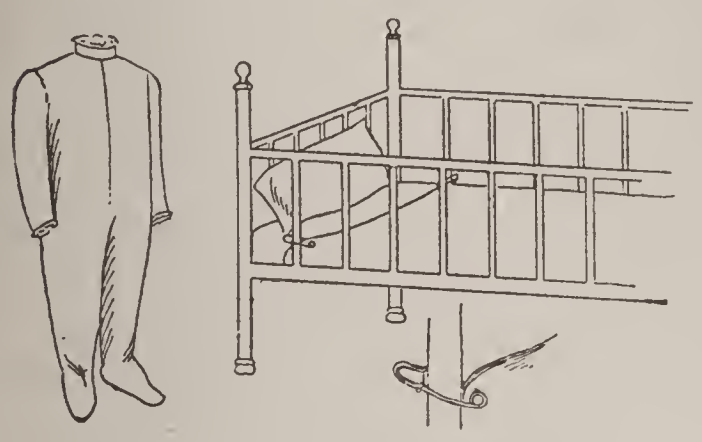
The amount of clothing adopted by many mothers would hardly be considered sufficient for an older person under the same conditions. A low necked, sleeveless band, with a light weight shirt and sleeveless flannel petticoat are all that protect the child's body, aside from the thin muslin dress which covers these. Over the arms there is practically nothing but the shirt sleeve, and for the lower part of the body, the diapers and a loose flannel petticoat with knit hose or socks. When it is remembered that all too often the clothing is damp much of the time, it will be seen that there must be extra labor and precaution to prevent the lowering of the bodily temperature below normal which produces that weakness and depression often resulting in pallor, loss of appetite, head colds, and disorders of the stomach and bowels. For rooms of

normal temperature infants should have, in addition to the articles named, a high necked, long-sleeved slip or gown of flannel or good outing flannel, and frequently wear a light knit wool jacket to protect the arms, neck, and shoulders if the weather is severe or the temperature lowered for any cause. Every child must be kept warm and dry if he is to be comfortable and healthy.

SLEEP

At first the child sleeps of its own accord during most of the time but soon the waking periods begin to increase in length. To an intelligent observer it is not difficult to define the limit of the waking period. Content and happiness change to irritability, and too often the little brain, which is already beginning to weary, is still further strained by bouncing and the pressing of greater and more novel distractions upon it till the cord snaps and a nervous cataclysm results. In the beginning it was simply a matter of being sleepy.

The most favorable conditions for sleep, as well as opportune times, must be considered if the child is to reap the greatest benefit from it. Fresh cold air is essential and a freedom from all sudden, sharp noises. A child placed upon its stomach will often sleep three or four times as long as upon its back. Only when sleeping upon its side does a child need a pillow, though a very thin one is harmless in other positions. Uniformity in time and place is also conducive to the best sleeping habits. If a child is put in the same place at the same time each day with familiar, monotonous surroundings the habit of going to sleep without protest becomes fixed.



A simple device for keeping the covers in place for a child old enough to turn over and kick freely, is the large horse-blanket safety-pin about four inches long and strong enough to hold the covers for a child ten years old. This may be pinned through the blankets and around a rung of the crib at the sides, or strong strips of cloth may be tied around the posts of the bed and the clothing pinned to these. The freedom from the anxiety and care required to keep an active child covered all night is well worth the experiment.

The clothing should be warm and loose. For a baby under one year old a nightdress which can be closed at the bottom either by a draw string or buttons will be found very practical in insuring the protection of the feet and limbs. It is also well to have the sleeves long enough to cover the hands and have a draw string for closing them too.

For older children the night drawers of canton or outing flannel are best with the feet for winter wear in cold climates and the knee-length, light-weight ones for summer.

The daytime nap or naps should be taken out of doors if possible, and, with such arrangements as the sleeping porch and window box, this is almost always possible. A young baby may be placed in his carriage and rolled out near an open window, through which the mother can glance occasionally to keep watch of him without disturbing his rest and can hear him when he awakens. By selecting the sheltered places in winter and the shaded ones in summer the child becomes so accustomed to different weather conditions that colds are unknown. The quiet and seclusion that comes from being away from people and in the open air does much to establish serenity of disposition. As the child grows older, the garments worn for these outdoor naps are the same as for his airing taken while awake.

AIRING

A baby born in the summer may be taken out doors when it is two weeks old; one born in the spring or fall should not be taken out usually until it is a month old, while one born in winter may take an outdoor airing when two months old. He should, of course, be protected from the sun and wind. At first fifteen minutes is long enough to keep the baby out but this may be gradually increased. If placed in his carriage he can be better protected and if he falls asleep can be left undisturbed till he wakens. The following times for giving a baby his airing are generally recommended:

Spring	9 A. M. to 4 P. M.
Summer	7 A. M. to 6 P. M.
Fall	9 A. M. to 4 P. M.
Winter	10 A. M. to 3 P. M.

The best outdoor garments for a child under one year old, or for a young child who will lie or sit in his carriage, is a bag, open at the neck, in which he may be placed and his hands and feet perfectly protected. The only other article of clothing needed beside a carriage robe is a hood and, for some conditions, a veil. This bag may be made as warm as desirable according to the material used, double-faced eiderdown, or eiderdown lined and padded, astrakhan, or bear-skin cloth. It may be closed with a draw string at the neck and snaps down the front as far as it opens.

GROWING ACTIVITY

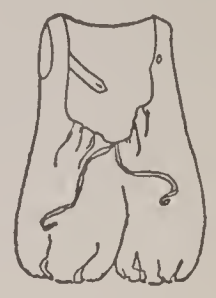
The first movements of the child are the erratic, involuntary movements of the arms and legs, also of the face and fingers. Apparent exceptions to these are the early instinctive movements which are definite and resemble voluntary movements. They are the movements of self preservation, such as sucking and the definite grasping of objects touching the palm of the hand.

Observation shows that there is nothing of voluntary activity till the fourth month. It is then that the first definite imitations may be noticed; the mother makes some movement of her head or claps her hands and the child does the same. Soon the movements become directed with more or less precision. Definite expression may be noticed about the same time: crying to call some one, pointing at objects, pointing toward the door or carriage accompanied by some sound to show desire to be taken out of doors, etc. Soon appear the conscious voluntary actions such as reaching for objects with a definite purpose, actions requiring the association of two ideas, the idea of the object and the motion necessary to secure it. When this stage is reached there are unmistakable proofs each day of the child's dawning intelligence. The instinctive actions such as sucking become more voluntary, the child grows more and more independent in taking food, and will now grasp the bottle with his hands.

At about the third or fourth month a child will keep his head in equilibrium; an achievement which is acquired gradually with the hardening of the bones and muscles; but it is only when he has become really attentive that he performs the distinctly voluntary act of turning his head to right or left to look at any object he wishes to observe.

When he has learned to control the movements of his head and hold it erect he begins to try to raise himself into an erect position. These repeated efforts strengthen his back until the mother is frequently surprised to discover her baby sitting upright for a few seconds. Frequent efforts give better control, till about the sixth or seventh month the child can sit alone. When this control is well established a warm rug or

comforter should be placed on the floor and the child allowed to sit there with a few toys, for in reaching after these he acquires the ability to move from his position, and this in time develops into a mode of locomotion, either creeping, or "hitching," according as he learns to turn over on all fours or remain upright. This occurs about the eighth month and considerable speed may be acquired in either method. At four or five months a child should be dressed in short clothes so that he may have greater freedom in the movement and development of his legs in kicking. When a child begins to creep, rompers or a creeping apron should be substituted for a dress or slipped on over it to allow that freedom necessary for healthy development. At about the ninth or tenth month a well baby will begin to raise himself by taking hold of objects above him and soon learns to stand, assisted by some object.



Action in itself is a pleasure and when a child has reached this stage he is usually very eager and persistent in exercising his newly acquired power. Imitation spurs him on as he sees older children standing and moving about. Great care should be taken to prevent his standing too long till his bones become firmer and all danger of "bow legs" is past. A child should never be urged to stand or walk; when he himself *insists* upon it, it is usually safe to say he is strong enough. At about eleven months of age he should be able to stand alone and often it is only a few days from this time that he will be found taking a few steps independently. Frequently a child will appear to be intoxicated with the power of locomotion and will persist in walking, rising, and starting off after each fall as soon as he can gather himself together, till he is quite exhausted.

Nothing is more variable than the time when a child ventures to take his first step. Sometimes many months elapse between the ability to stand and the first steps in walking. It has been claimed that a child who walks early will talk late, and vice versa, so that earlier development along one line, i. e., the physical, as in walking, is balanced by a corresponding retardation along another line, i. e., speech, which is pre-ëminently a mental act. Walking is essentially physical in its nature, but it also involves moral traits as well. A child's walk indicates certain characteristics, as impetuous activity, or slow indolence. One who is very active will risk more, meet with more failures, but also recover quickly and in the end master himself more quickly than the one who ventures little, fails little, and accomplishes little.

The movements of walking, i. e., falling forward and then catching one's self, are primarily instinctive; but they require attention and so are voluntary acts which by habit become automatic. When this habit is broken, as when an adult is confined to his bed for some time, these movements require attention again upon first attempting them.

SPEECH

Speech is the resultant of developed and regulated physical organs requisite for the utterance and hearing of sound and the mastery and adaptation of these organs by the intelligence and will; perception must distinguish the sounds heard, memory must hold them, attention fix them firmly, and thought clothe with sense and meaning each articulation uttered or heard. The first inarticulate sounds and cries become more and more articulate. Some authorities place the transition from the cry to the voice at the end of the second month. Consonants become joined to vowels, the guttural and labial consonants being produced first, then the liquids and linguals. To be able to speak, a child must also hear. Deaf mutes are really only deaf, for they have been taught to make sounds and pronounce words. When the vocal organs are sufficiently developed to produce sounds the child does this for the mere pleasure of motion of

tongue, lips, and other organs and attaches no meaning to them. Thus a child will repeat the syllables "da, da" without a gleam of intelligence until the other members of the family associate it for him with his father and he comes to a conscious association of the syllables "Dada" with his parent. It is an important moment in a child's life when he understands the relation between an object and a sound or between some need he feels and an utterance, and can voluntarily apply that understanding by making use of his voice. A child's understanding of words addressed to him precedes his power to repeat them, either from lack of sufficient development of the vocal nerves or from lack of will power to direct them. Children usually speak their first intelligent words about the middle of the second year.

Learning to Talk

Many of the first spontaneous emissions of voice cannot be classed in any human language and will never appear in the language which the child will speak. The sign language precedes the language of speech. When a child shakes his head or points to an object he wants, he is trying to express very definite ideas. A child's gestures are intelligent long before he speaks. The change from random gestures to intelligent signs is easier than giving meaning to articulations pronounced at first without intention. In the beginning of language gesture often comes to aid imperfect speech. In this way a child learns gradually to pronounce, repeat, and interpret words. A child learns to speak in two ways. Sometimes the idea has become fixed and, after many experiences, the child associates a word with it. A child is not wholly imitative, for he frequently invents the first words he uses and has in a degree a language of his own. Sometimes a child produces a sound or word himself and the parents give meaning to the syllables he has spoken without definite intention on his part; or he may invent a word and fix the meaning of it; or, in still a third method, parents give the words and the child repeats them but attaches meanings of his own to them. A child finds in part his own language and makes certain sounds rather than others because they are naturally easier. It is claimed that *papa* and *mamma* are his names for father and mother in so many languages because these syllables are the ones instinctively uttered.

A child, imitating spontaneously the cries of an animal, produces sounds which become the names of the animals for him. "Bow wow" is doubtless as often invented by the child as the name for dog as it is taught to him. This originality sometimes shows itself to such a degree that children associated together will devise a language of their own in which they converse fluently without using words intelligible to their adult associates. The fact that deaf mutes do not speak because they do not hear shows how large a part imitation has to play. It is usually not until the tenth or twelfth month that a child tries to repeat sounds pronounced before him. Toward the end of the second year there is an attempt at grammatical construction by such expressions as "good baby." When once a child has reached this point his advance is usually quite rapid; memory is very active and he unceasingly repeats the same sentences. Even now, however, his progress is marked by many variations. Mothers and nurses should be too considerate of a child's welfare to indulge in "baby talk." If they do, a child must learn the word twice—once to master its meaning in baby talk and again in English. Let him be addressed as if he were at least a natural phenomenon and not some monstrosity.

PLAY

When a child has learned to walk and to talk a new world opens before him, a world not entirely unknown to him before, but a world of which he has caught but glimpses compared with the possibilities of mastery which now lie before him—the world of play, for play involves speech and action.

Play is the development of muscle and brain power in acts of pleasure, hence it will be seen that the involuntary waving of its arms and legs by a young infant and the making of the first sounds by the voice, when done for the very joy of action, constitute play. None the less are his splashing in his bath, fingering his crib, and handling his mother's fingers, play. He crows and gurgles; it is for the joy of living. To be happy is his birthright and to deprive a child of the opportunity to love life to the fullest capacity of his little soul, and to express this in play, may easily hinder his complete physical development. A child thus deprived is apt to be lethargic and inefficient, an easy victim to all sorts of nervous disorders and other ailments. A child's nervous development depends upon the happiness of his home atmosphere. Bursts of temper, scolding, fault finding, all leave their imprint on the nervous temperament of the child as tendencies to nervous outbreaks of varying seriousness from ordinary fits of anger to "tantrums" and hysterics.

A most valuable preventive is play with its pleasurable activity, especially the simple natural sports which bring into exercise the more important muscles and the vital organs without overtaxing them, such as tag, hide-and-seek, ball, etc. When a child is old enough to participate in vigorous plays he should be so dressed that he may have perfect freedom. The continued use of rompers as play suits for a child who has learned to walk and even run is a most sensible device whereby the child is free to run, climb, roll, and tumble to his heart's content unimpeded by skirts or dresses. The use of bloomers with the play dresses of little girls is also a step toward a more sane and sympathetic consideration of childhood and does away with much of the fancied necessity of constant warnings and precautions about girls' indulging in vigorous romping.

In winter children should be protected by tights or knit leggings covering their indoor clothing to the waist and then allowed to wade and frolic in the deep snow to their heart's content instead of confining themselves sedately to the cleared walks. Their rosy, happy faces, aglow with the bloom of health, will amply repay any mother for a few necessary changes of clothing when occasionally the dampness has reached their underclothing.

It is often better not to provide a child with playthings for a time, but notice what kind of articles he will appropriate and use for his own amusement. It may be a cover to a tin can, an empty pill box, or shell, or some piece of cloth or paper. In a child's play one can best read his aptitudes and learn his most intimate disposition.

The Value of Imitative Plays

From the time he is two years of age imitation takes a leading place in his enjoyment, first passively, as in his delight in animals—toy dogs, horses, rabbits, bears, etc., and then more actively as he acquires more freedom of movement and can play with dolls, soldiers, keeping house with toy furniture, etc. In these imitative plays too there is the satisfaction of copying one's elders, and a certain pleasure in appreciating that the result is comical.

The little child's imagination is a constant delight to him, and is an important

accompaniment of his play. He delights in inventions. To the three-year-old astride his father's cane, things are not what they seem. He is, as he boldly announces, "riding a horse." The little girl's rag doll that she has carried to bed with her for a twelvemonth is not an inanimate, stuffed, ill-shaped, and poorly colored plaything.

The doll is already her confidant, her playfellow, and she resents any uncomplimentary remarks concerning dolly's appearance, and still more the sudden and unexplained disappearance of this chosen one of her coterie of sawdust-filled companions. Dolls and canes are not what they appear to be in mature eyes, for children live in a world filled with imaginings; each object is to them a symbol, a visible sign that suggests another thing often very unlike what is seen in reality. A criticism of many of the elaborate mechanical devices manufactured today to amuse children is that they leave so little for the child to *do*. There is never the same affection for something which is complete in its possibilities as for those toys or materials with which he may *create* something of his own. For this reason blocks and the sandpile, clay, colored crayons, etc., are good investments.

Curiosity often plays a large part in children's activities, as when a child takes apart his dolls, engines, and banks to find how they are made. When he can put together materials to work out his own conception he not only has the pleasure that comes from being actively employed, but his curiosity as to the outcome is satisfied and he enjoys the effect his creation produces upon others. He likes to astonish or amuse them. Many a mother recognizes this in the familiar, "Look, mother, look," which so often breaks in upon her occupation.

Group Plays

In the imitative plays the child's social instinct is often gratified for it brings him into contact with his fellows, it gives him the chance to put himself forward, to show his strength and declare his personality. Groups always include those who inherit, or by imitation have acquired, strong powers of initiative. These foremost ones soon discover that following the rules of the game is the price of leadership. No group will tolerate a leader who does not "play fair." Here again, in the group game, the primal virtue of obedience is emphasized by the demands of the child's equals in strength or age. For in the outdoor or indoor sport each member of the group is ready to require that justice to himself or others shall be shown immediately. There is small chance for the selfish one to secure continuously all of his exacting demands.

To facilitate such training in the Golden Rule of kindness, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you," the parents should permit their little ones to begin early in life to play with others. If the environment or home neighborhood is morally unsuitable for such natural social training for an only child, by all means

provide for the loss as well as may be by securing numerous living pets. These, until the time comes for suitable child companions, will somewhat supply his need of social life. Being continuously master may, however, cause him to become a miniature autocrat, or spoiled child, one of the most unpleasant types of ill-mannered childhood. If we remember that "to spoil" literally means "to rob," to render useless by injury, as in spoiling our eyesight by improper care we are robbing ourselves of the invaluable gift of sight, we will better realize the full meaning of the word when used with regard to an ill-trained or ill-used young human being. A spoiled child is one whose faults are due to lack of the proper supervision and parental guidance, one who has been despoiled of his inalienable right to be happy and to create pleasure. Happiest of all creatures living is the child who, during the formative period of his character, has a group of brothers and sisters to check the outgrowth of his wrong impulses, and to aid materially in enlarging his earliest concepts of the rights of others and what is truly best for himself.

It is evident that play is not merely a distraction and amusement for children, but a serious thing. With all the experience of intellectual activity, the reasoning called forth in their constructive plays, the exercise of the will in carrying out their plans, the traits of character developed by constant association with others involved in certain plays, it will readily be seen how a child deprived of play may suffer mental and physical deficiency.

KINDERGARTEN WORK IN THE HOME

A mother may do much to prepare her child for the routine of school life and lessen the bewilderment which comes to him there by giving some direction and definite trend to his activities through the use of kindergarten materials at home. Several ends are served; he becomes accustomed to a short period of directed effort each day instead of following entirely the dictates of fancy in his play; he becomes familiar with various kinds of material; he gains nimbleness of touch and manual dexterity. And with this control of his muscles in definite movement comes great self-control in other lines so that it is all a step toward the discipline of school life. Then, too, he comes to have a certain pride in the results of his creative efforts, and by preserving such of his work as can be kept, he may be interested in his own progress. All this prepares him for doing his best in similar tasks later. But not to the child alone does all the advantage come. It will prove a source of enjoyment to the mother to participate in her child's development in this way, to watch his progress and see how he responds to the direction of his energies.

HOME GIFTS IN RELATION TO KINDERGARTEN THOUGHT

The Ball

In the home, as in the kindergarten, the baby early receives the ball as a plaything, and this toy, of varying sizes and materials, continues throughout childhood to occupy much of his time as a game. To train the fingers of a creeping child not to put small balls into his mouth, as well as other things he may be able, possibly, to swallow, is of necessity one of the first lessons in direct obedience. To roll the ball back and forth, to toss it to and fro, and finally, when done with play, to put it back into the box or in the corner where it belongs, is a series of lessons closing with the essential thought of helpfulness and order. These acts must be many times repeated to make them habits. Mother's or nurse's thanks for this beginning of loving help in maintaining an orderly room is sufficient reward. But the lesson is but half learned if the child when three years old has not formed the habit of preferring to have his ball or marbles put into the place intended for them. This play of putting things away in an orderly fashion is one of great importance in the kindergarten.

Building Blocks

Cubical blocks, plain or decorated in colors, are better for the youngster to play with than the commingled building blocks of all shapes and sometimes of many sizes in one set. The large pasteboard boxlike blocks which fit into the others are excellent for the baby games, because they are large, light and usually extremely attractive in coloring. From their pictured sides, the child gains an idea of animals, their names, and what each is able to do. Directed by his mother the beginner learns with the assistance of older hands how to balance these blocks in a somewhat orderly manner, one upon the other. Then to show his own power he quickly pushes over the tower he has built, and, happy in the transformation, he is ready to begin the play over again. The different arrangements of the blocks are complete when at last they are dropped one within the other and ready to be put away. This play requires at first great power or coördinate movement of the muscles and steadiness of the nerves. Do not let a child occupy too much of his playtime or use his nerve force too vigorously at first in endeavoring to do "just as mother does" in arranging the blocks into any form. Yet many a babe by patience and perseverence has gained rapidly the coördinated power to build the tottering tower without any help but the word of praise. The constant strengthening of these two virtues aids in the upbuilding of his character or will, and forms one of the chief values in the more elaborate building games with solid cubical blocks which follow when the hands are stronger.

If the alphabet is printed upon any form of these cube-shaped toys, so much the better. There is no more harm to the child in learning the names of the letters than those of the animals. But let it be done incidentally. Thrice blessed is that child whose mother is satisfied to take such achievements as a matter of course without attempting to repeat them solely for the entertainment of guests or members of the family. There need be no excitement simply because Baby has recognized and spoken once or twice the name of a letter or the picture of an animal. Quiet growth in memory and other faculties of the mind is as absolutely necessary as a slow, healthful physical evolution from weakness and inefficiency to strength and independent movement.

The Cylinder

The baby's rattle is usually a ball at the end of a round handle. With the first clasp of his hand about this handle, he grasps a cylinder. Earlier still he will have caught his mother's fingers in his own, and thus the sensation or feeling of length with roundness has been first recorded. Ivory, rubber, or other rings upon which he is allowed later to press his gums repeat the sensation and make the roundness still more familiar. Spools are a delight as he grows older, and a long string of these will afford great amusement. Ridingwhips for true or make-believe rocking horses give again the same sensations. There is not the slightest need of teaching the word cylinder, but it is well for the mother to recognize that this form is very common in the home and the child has a mental picture of many home objects of this shape before he enters the kindergarten, where he delights in telling of things similar to the little wooden cylinder and of what this so-called gift symbolizes to him.

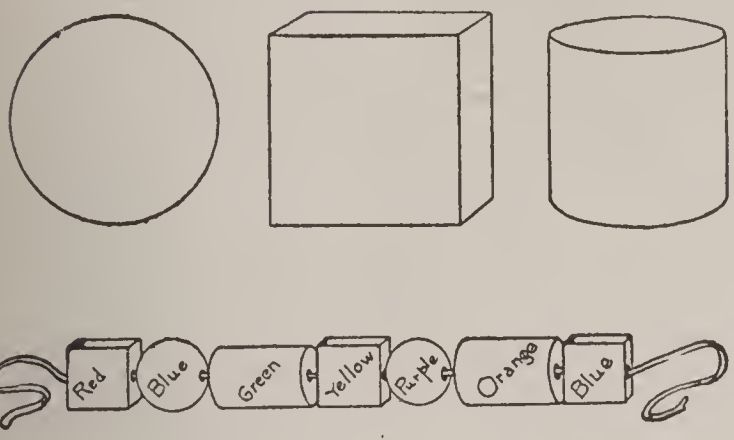
Aside from becoming familiar with these gifts in his earliest play there are many kinds of material which may be used for specially directed exercises. These may be given by the mother or as playthings for the child to work out the suggestion of his own fancy. Other exercises may be given him simply to train him in greater control of the eyes, hands, and fingers.

Beads

The wooden beads in the seven primary colors can be secured and used simply for stringing on a shoe string. On these the child may meet the sphere, cube, and cylinder as the beads can be selected in these different forms. After some dexterity is acquired

in stringing, the additional element of grouping at first by color, later by form, may be added to the exercise. Large round glass beads in different colors can also be secured and used in much the same way.

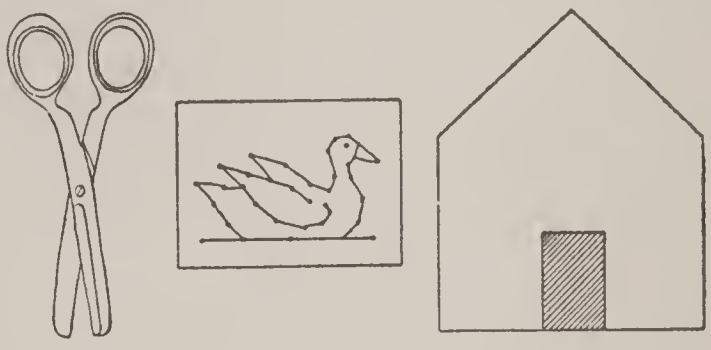
Scissors



The blunt kindergarten scissors may be the source of much educative play on the part of the child. First let him be shown how to hold them and be given paper (not too large a piece at first) to cut as he wishes. When he has learned to hold them properly he may be given several small pieces on which a single straight line has been drawn and asked to cut along the line. The aim should be to simplify the requirements at first by giving small pieces of paper and but one line to cut on each piece. Interest is enhanced if the paper be colored in two colors and the child be asked to separate the colors by cutting along the line between them. After some efficiency is acquired in this give more lines to follow on a simple piece of paper, then simple outlines of objects to be cut out, as sled, house, box, shoe, etc. This may be followed later by the cutting of paper dolls from mother's fashion books and furniture from catalogs; not expecting, of course, that the child can be entirely exact, but all such practice trains him to be more and more so.

Along with this may be given free hand cutting, requiring more and more definite results as the child becomes more proficient. Select first objects more or less variable in outline, as a large snowball, a sack of flour, a straw stack or wheat stack (for the country child), etc.; then objects a little more difficult, as a potato, a popcorn ball, cup, pail, etc., and later a sled, shovel, animals, chair, table, etc.

A small box of clay or plasticene may be used for many exercises in copying directly some model or in working out the child's own ideas.

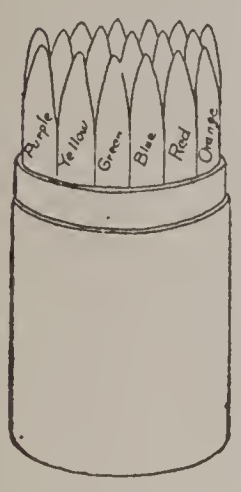


Along with the paper cutting may be used paper folding, teaching the child to fold exactly a few simple designs. This, of course, may then be used for a cutting exercise too. A bottle of library paste or a little home-made paste of flour and water may be used for pasting exercises to train in accuracy and neatness. Very simple outlines may be given in colored paper to be cut and pasted on others, the result always being some real end to be attained, as a house with a door of different color to be pasted in place, then windows; a fireplace with stockings to be cut and pasted on, a fence with jack-o'-lanterns, etc. Soon blank scrap books may be made and pictures cut out and pasted. A little direction and supervision in the beginning of such work is well worth while as the child may easily be led to consider the best placing of a picture on the page or the most pleasing grouping of several. If he can make little scrap books with enough care to use them as gifts at Christmas time for his little friends, there is added the incentive of effort for the sake of giving pleasure to others.

A box of colored crayons for use with paper gives material for many an hour of enjoyment and training in accuracy and harmonious color combinations. The outlines produced in the paper cutting may be colored with the crayons. Simple outline pictures may be colored, and here again mother's fashion books, if they contain un-

colored pictures, may furnish good material. Praise for accuracy in keeping within the lines will do much toward stimulating a desire to do well. A small beginning can be made toward good taste in the selection of colors in their own clothes.

After considerable practice in the use of the simpler materials, thin tracing paper or, better still, a ground glass slate and pencil give opportunity for training the eye and hand in accuracy by placing underneath some simple outline picture and letting the child reproduce this on the glass or paper.



Sewing cards give another form of exercise that may be used profitably at home if not attempted too early and if only simple outlines are used at first. A mother with only slight ingenuity can easily make her own if she wishes. The same outline cards if the design be only traced but not perforated may be used for pricking. This requires even closer application, however, and should not be attempted till the child is trained through many of the other exercises.

Beads and tablets for design work are rich in possibilities for enjoyment and training along several lines. The outfit consists of a mat with blind perforations the size of the beads to hold them in place. The beads are of various colors and several complete designs accompany the material. The child at first finds his ability taxed in attempting to reproduce these by selecting beads of the proper color and putting them in the correlative positions. He soon acquires a keen sense of symmetry and balance in design and will often produce astonishing results in original designs. He also learns the most pleasing color combinations.

Colored tablets of cardboard cut in circles and squares an inch in diameter and a large mat ruled in corresponding circles and squares offer possibilities for similar work.

In addition to this work in design a child will enjoy having a blank book of water color paper with the pages ruled like his mat, in which he may copy his designs with his colored crayons and keep them to refer to. He will derive a great deal of pleasure from showing his collection to others. A blackboard and sand box might be added to the list of materials full of interesting possibilities for active hands and fingers.

A child who in his little lesson period has been taught to use these materials will have at his command resources for many an hour of enjoyment that will banish the familiar "What can I do now, Mother?" of the rainy day, besides giving him an equipment of trained activity that will start him well in the requirements of his school life.

HOME OCCUPATIONS

Training in Family Life

Many parents are unfortunate enough to confuse work with drudgery and strive to spare their children from its demands, thereby robbing them of one of the most potent influences in the building of stable, reliable characters. It has been said that one of the most notable characteristics of the children of today is their irresponsible laziness, their inability to hold themselves even to the pursuit of their pleasures, and their consequent half-hearted enjoyment of life. As a matter of fact activities are the essence of enjoyment. To turn from work to play, from play to work, gives zest and value to both, and though the child cannot define this he can feel it most acutely.

Taking care of dolly, in imitation of the mother's care of dolly's owner, is the first training in love for something weaker than the child itself. Let the doll's head be made of something durable, in order that the weak muscles and easily wearied nerves may not let this ideal toy quickly break when it falls. Very soon it is evident that the completeness of the doll is not what appeals to the baby owner, but it is the fact of its non-resistance.

These qualities which please the child's sense of feeling in hand and body are the principal reasons why the "teddy bear" has been popular with children. In answer to many questionings, a little girl who constantly chose her toy bear instead of one of her handsome dolls, finally replied, "Teddy is soft, Dolly is hard." Does this answer give a hint of the reason why rag dolls are preferred to stiff-bodied Parisian beauties? Fur-covered rabbits and woolly lambs, whether mechanical or simple, cheap specimens of the toymaker's art, delight the senses of touch and sight, and, if small enough to be easily handled, are beloved possessions while they last. Remembering these preferences and any others that the mother may intuitively discover, make choice of a doll light of weight, soft to the touch as to clothing, and as nearly imperishable as possible.

The care of a doll continues up to young motherhood with little maidens and for a long time beyond babyhood with many boys. In the play with mother or with brothers and sisters, careful attention will show how much the little one is absorbing of the every-day life in the home. The baby imagination quickly changes the doll into a symbol of herself, and the child becomes, during short intervals of play from the time it is three years old, a charming little duplicate of the father, mother, and child, and is beginning to learn what is really meant by home and family. Each soon desires the wheeled vehicle for giving dolly a ride, a pillow and a bed, and toy dishes with a table.

Any attempts at helping about the house lead to the purchase of small housekeeping necessities for the little would-be helper not yet old enough to enter the kindergarten or the school. A tiny broom and dustpan or carpet sweeper will permit the little learner to enter into the home industry of removing dust. If by means of these toys the child is made observant of her own shortcomings in the matter of cleanliness, then the lesson is good training for helpfulness in not requiring unnecessary labor from others. Let the little housekeeper have a certain place in which to keep these helping toys and train her to delight in putting them away "just as mother does."

For the boy, the toys used in carpenter work, such as the hammer, nails, and blocks are usually supplied. Let him make, with help from older hands, little wagons from paper boxes with spools or button molds for wheels. These will seem more

valuable to him than his expensive mechanical toys that "go" of themselves when their springs are wound by his older helpers. When through with play, just like the real carpenter, he should learn that tools are to be packed away.

SOME PECULIAR TRAITS OF CHILDHOOD

Curiosity

This is a prominent trait in children and has some most interesting manifestations. It develops gradually and is most essential to attention. The first stage is seen in infants two weeks old and is characterized by passive staring. It was an old rule that a baby staring should never be interrupted unnecessarily lest the developing power of attention be hindered. Sight interests predominate during first four or five months, as hats with nodding flowers, bright surfaces, like spectacles, or a lighted lamp. From the fifth month on, sound interests increase in the baby's experience, particularly when accompanied by activity on his own part, as tearing and rustling of paper, ticking of a watch, etc. From six to twelve months begins a stage of active experiment. He enjoys more and more the experience of *doing* till a quarter of an hour of relative inactivity weighs on him as much as a whole day of ennui on a grown person. Curiosity is expressed through the combined activity of several senses. There is a fascination about the contents of bags, boxes, drawers, etc. Rummaging in unexplored places gives the greatest delight. Curiosity as expressed through taste is often the occasion of much distress on the part of the mother of a child from two to four years of age. Some children at this age have a mania for tasting that includes such articles as soap, dirt, paste, rubber, and almost anything that can be detached and put into the mouth. This same peculiarity is shown in the smoking craze among boys from eight to ten years old. Numerous substances are experimented with, as bark, cork, leaves, stems, etc. Imitation plays some part in this, but the longing for new sensations is responsible to a great degree.

Experimental curiosity is the cause of numerous instances of apparent cruelty, such as cutting off a frog's leg to see how long it can hop on one, breaking a chicken's leg to learn how to mend it, pulling off a fly's legs to see if it could walk without them. The asking of questions is another phase of curiosity and usually indicates a desire for information which has well nigh driven to despair many a tired, nervous mother. On the other hand, many a child has harbored an injured feeling for years over the answer, "You are too young to understand," with no promise of receiving a definite answer at some later time.

A common complaint of teachers is that so many children do *not* apply themselves and are inattentive. When a child's attention is passive in nature it is little wonder that it cannot be sustained all the time during school hours when much of the work is not of intrinsic interest to him. Children from five to eight years of age are much interested in the origin of life and all sorts of questions are asked to satisfy their curiosity. Such questions should be wisely and truthfully answered instead of allowing the children to secure answers from those unfitted to give them.

Religious curiosity also plays a large part in the mental activity of a child of this age. Questions as to the origin and character of God are numerous, and the order and form in which religious truths should be taught is a much disputed question. A child's feeling in regard to death depends largely upon the attitude of his older associates, for his own attitude is purely that of curiosity and he has no painful ideas connected with it till the character of the answers to his questions or the attitude of his elders gives him such an impression.

The constant repetition of the same question, an experience familiar to almost every mother, is closely connected with nervous fatigue. Apparently there is no thought of the answer, and if it is given it will not be heard. Certain nervous reactions occur in this instance and become almost automatic.

Destructiveness resulting from curiosity is often misunderstood. Examples of smashing toys to see what is the matter or how they work are familiar to all, and more profitable than many a complicated mechanical device is a cheap clock which the child is allowed to dissect to his heart's content.

The Collecting Instinct

Unfortunate indeed is he whose memory cannot extract from the recesses of his past experience treasures dearer to his childish heart than any of the possessions of his maturer years. Sometimes this affection is bestowed upon a favorite top, a polished **stone,** or scrap of ribbon, but especial interest is attached to the "collection" of **objects.** As early as the third year children have shown this tendency, but it seems to reach its maximum at about ten years of age. It has been said that it is easier to tell what children do not collect than what they do, objects varying from the most ludicrous and absurd to those of value. Among the more popular are birds' eggs, cigar bands, stamps, marbles, shells, and post cards.

Even more amusing to an adult is the peculiar interest in "luck collections," such as the number of baldheaded men, or red-headed girls, or white horses counted, or four-leafed clovers found. The interest in collecting dolls is greatest at nine or ten years, while paper dolls come a year or so later. In general, it is at from eight to twelve years that the collecting interest is most marked, in what may be called the pre-adolescent age. During adolescence the collecting impulse follows sentimental lines, as seen in the fad of collecting party souveniers, theater programs, etc. The motives for collecting seem to be principally imitation and rivalry.

Pride in ownership is a trait of childhood and this involves undivided ownership. This often first manifests itself when the child sees the object in the possession of another or when someone else tries to take it. This desire to have something to own is almost a necessity in child life. Younger children, under six years of age, abandon their collections as fast as made or hide them, glancing them over now and then, but never using them. Such collecting is purely instinctive, but as a child grows older the tendency to preserve the collections increases. Pride in ownership causes children to be more careful of their own possessions. The question arises as to the advisability of furnishing children text books. It is better not to do so unless the books are given to the children so that this trait of ownership may be effective in perserving the property. It is a law of being that everyone must have something in the world upon which to lavish his affections and in which to find companionship and reward for effort expended.

MORAL TRAINING

It has been said that the birthright of every child is a strong, loving, patient, consistent training. This presupposes the mother's ability to give such training, for the manner and attitude of the mother is the whole governing force of the household. Any mother who is tempted by the glamour of the outside world to feel that her field of activity and influence is small need only consider how completely the atmosphere of her household is determined by her to realize that she holds in her hands the possibilities of a fascinating and far-reaching problem.

Such capacity does not come by divine right as a gift from heaven. It demands not only the instinctive self-sacrifice of motherhood but a well established power of self-control. Just in proportion as she can control herself may she expect to hold firmly the governing reins of the household. Such self-control comes through a thoughful understanding of herself and her children. A nervously excitable mother, frittering away her reserve force in exclamations, sensitive to every possible cause of friction, constantly hurrying and trying to hurry those about her, may expect the reflection of all this in her children. If the atmosphere she creates is too strenuous for

them they may lapse into phlegmatic indifference, which she probably considers stupidity and with which she has not the slightest sympathy or patience. She has before her the choice of maintaining such an order of life, or of adopting an entirely different course and, understanding the possibilities before her, give herself up to their realization. This often involves a clear appreciation of what is most worth while in the routine of family life. That she may move from task to task with that poise which bespeaks perfect control sometimes demands the abandonment of some cherished ideal of household management; perhaps the silver must be polished less frequently; perhaps she must relinquish some plan of club work or public interest, or there must be a curtailing of fancy needle work or afternoons at cards. Not only may she have the task of making such a choice as to her course of action, but in dealing with her children she must constantly decide what are the essentials and what the non-essentials in the requirements imposed upon them.

Most mothers will agree upon the kind of a child they would choose to have. He must be wholesome, sweet, happy of temperament, pure in mind and heart. Not one would choose the opposite traits in a child, and yet many a mother is forced to recognize at least some of these undesirable traits in her child. To achieve the end she covets, she must engage in self-study as well as child study. She who can see clearly how much her own individual plans or interests govern her dealings with her child can also see more clearly the child's point of view and maintain that sympathetic understanding of all his interests.

From the day a child is born there arises the necessity of constant discrimination and a comprehension of what today's course of action will mean for tomorrow, next week, next year. It is usually conceded that a child's training begins on the day of his birth. The law of association operates as truly with an infant a few days old in the formation of habits as with an adult. At the end of two weeks a baby may become a relentless tyrant. Such a tiny, helpless bit of humanity seems to the weak and nervous mother too impressionable to be capable of moulding and it seems immaterial whether its vaguely expressed desires are humored or not. If it cries it is rocked, walked with, and humored. It seems such a delicate thing and the whole atmosphere around it is made subservient and the child takes his cue from this.

It is a matter of instinct with a child to cry for what it wants, and by the end of the first week an infant's wants are fairly definite. Crying brings the gratification of those desires, and by the end of two weeks repetition has done much to establish habit. The ease with which habits are established in very young children constitutes the basis for all character building. It is truly pitiable to see a young mother, weak, nervous, and exhausted, afraid to lay her child down lest it cry to be held again. Many a mother whose intention has been to deal wisely and sensibly with her child is an abject slave in a month's time. He wants to be held and intelligently cries for it.

A child's training must be simple and within its comprehension, and the mother must remember that a little child is a stranger to the keen disappointment and intense physical pain known to adults. Firmly holding the hand over the mouth and repeating with quiet emphasis some rebuke will often cause the child to stop; if not, a firm, but gentle spanking will make him feel that what is wrong is disagreeable. It must be vigorous enough to serve as a deterrent memory.

A well baby should never be rocked to sleep, but should be taught from the very first that when placed in his crib he is to go to sleep. To be sure it is a pleasure for the mother to hold the little form in her arms and rock it, but how many mothers can afford to be under such a necessity twice a day, if not oftener, regardless of tasks that are clamoring for their attention elsewhere?

The price of a peaceful household in which there is a young baby is relentless adherence to a schedule for its daily routine. If well, a baby thus treated will respond so uniformly to such discipline that his presence is an unalloyed pleasure.

A baby should be fed just before he is expected to go to sleep. A bottle-fed baby may have his bottle after being put to bed.

One of the most difficult lessons for mothers to learn is the value of quiet and isolation for a baby. After being assured that the child is comfortable, let the mother be content with a glance now and then in his direction without "fussing" over him. This applies to his waking as well as his sleeping hours. Such a course of treatment will do much toward the establishing of a peaceful, happy disposition. Moreover, constant attention leaves but little opportunity for acquiring that most valuable lesson, self-control. Constant attention on the part of attendants or nurses should not be mistaken for devotion. It is but a shirking of responsibility, a makeshift to avoid friction for the time being. Government by distraction never produced an ideal child. Let the rule of discipline be, "Never allow a child to do once without protest or punishment, if necessary, what you are not willing that he should do for all time." A baby whose rules for sleeping had been most carefully adhered to had its routine interrupted and was allowed to waken an hour early one morning, and was taken by the mother. A second morning she yielded, but when a third morning he wished to repeat the performance he had to be punished before he would return to bed and sleep as before. A child's moral sense is merely a reflection of the parent's approval or disapproval; hence the absolute necessity for consistency. Taking "mother's" books is right or wrong as mother's smile or frown makes it so. If the act is met with disapproval and punishment once, it must always be so met until the attempt is abandoned and the same rule must be applied to some new venture.

Obedience is best taught by example. If parents will keep a close watch upon themselves, will constantly strive toward an ideal and practice unceasingly their own self-control, speaking in quiet, courteous tones, and with expectation of obedience, the child's development will follow along natural lines. The success in child training depends largely upon the parent's attitude toward it. A fretful, irritable mother who repeats her requests or commands several times, who fails to express appreciation of prompt obedience, will develop a nervous, whining, saucy child who never thinks of obeying when first spoken to. To secure obedience, *expect* it. The successful mother knows how to overlook minor offenses which are not real issues and to concentrate her efforts upon real faults. Thus when necessary she has in reserve the voice of authority which is all the more effective because reserved for times of special need.

An attitude of appreciative sympathy and interest will do much to lessen the number of such "special occasions" because between mother and child there is mutual respect and confidence. Restrain the impatient dismissal when he comes and interrupts your work with the familiar appeal, "Oh, mother, see what I can do." "Come look at my engine," etc. The few seconds spent in response to such a request are well spent. The child feels that you consider him and his play or his tasks worth while, he reciprocates by considering you and your instructions worth while. Be a companion in his interests without becoming enslaved to them.

In such an atmosphere threats and bribes will be unknown. Instead of saying, "Jack, if you'll go to the store for me I'll give you a nickel," or, "Come, baby, mother will get you some candy if you're a good baby," assume that they will mind because it is the thing to do. No other possibility is to be considered and the same compensation may be used occasionally as a special treat to be enjoyed, not *if* the command has been obeyed, but as a pleasure that is awaiting the child *when* the task is accomplished.

To carry this through successfully demands that there must be no indecision on the part of the mother. Weak, undecided, wavering commands are responsible for more lack of discipline than any other cause. Children are quick to comprehend conditions, to see when the mother is losing control of herself and the situation. They are keen to see whether resistance is useless or not. One little girl was heard to

say to her playmate, "It's no use to tease mother, she said *no*." A good rule is never to say, "I'll see," or "Maybe." Rather let the answer be "yes" or "no," or "I cannot decide just now. Come to me at such a time and I'll tell you." Children learn to trust people of decision and by example their own powers of decision and judgment are strengthened. On the other hand, let the mother restrain the impulse to form the habit of saying "no," and this consideration and sympathy for the child's desires in granting such as are harmless will be rewarded by a consideration of her wants when upon some special occasion she may wish to impose some additional responsibility upon him.

Never deceive a baby if you expect him to be truthful and honest. Do not bribe him by saying, "This will not hurt you," and then, after he believes you, abuse his confident by hurting him. If you must hurt him, tell him so, and if you are not going to, tell him so. Be honest with him and you will gain his confidence. Why are children afraid of a doctor? Is it not because of their own experience or that of their playmates they have come to regard him as utterly untrustworthy? How many mothers invite distrust in their babies and offer the example of deceit by stealing away unobserved when the child has objected to being left with others and the mother has apparently promised to remain.

In earliest infancy the child must be taught obedience by habit and example. The commands received are impressed upon him through imitation, by repetition, habit, and example. Later he will question, "Why?" and, whenever consistent, he should be told. He will obey if it seems good that he should, or through love of the one who gives the command, or because through long habit he has learned to obey. For a parent to come to an open rupture with a child is disastrous. There is always a loss of respect, and if through fear a child has learned to obey he will secretly hate his parent. He should do things because he sees why they should be done, and thus train his judgment.

The aim of family discipline is to develop the moral sense. No matter how kind and consistent family discipline may be, until a child freely responds to the laws of its government, authority must be enforced by some kind of punishment. The oldest notion of punishment was retributive in nature and held that the offender should be given the same kind and amount of pain he inflicted on others. Such punishment should certainly not be used in the discipline of children, except occasionally to bring home to a child the meaning of what he has done by repeating it upon himself.

Then there is deterrent punishment—to deter the offender from repeating the offense. Our aim with children is not to protect ourselves from their misdeeds, but to lead them to love and will the best.

Herbert Spencer declares that a form of this deterrent punishment and the only beneficial type is the natural consequence of the child's misdeed, and in many cases this is the most effective medicine. A tardy child may well be left behind when one goes driving, a careless child should be refused such privileges as would give him opportunities for mischief. But in some cases this is not sufficient. A lazy child should not only suffer the parent's disapproval and the loss arising from failure to attain ends worth while, but he should be held firmly to the performance of his assigned tasks. The natural consequence of slovenly table manners is exclusion from the family circle, but frequently this is only amusing to the culprit. A child who is not neat in his personal habits must be required to be clean and orderly.

It is, however, far less important what form of punishment is given a child than what is his attitude toward being punished. If discipline is to be helpful the child's reason must assent to its justice. Here if ever does the parent need to exercise the greatest self-control that the justice of the punishment may stand out clearly before the child, unclouded by any personal feeling of the parent toward the wrong deed. There are cases in which artificial punishment, such as a good, straight infliction of physical pain seems the best remedy for a child's moral condition.

SPECIAL PROBLEMS

Lying

Many children between the ages of seven and fourteen form the habit of telling what is not true. Sometimes this comes merely from an overactive imagination. In such cases they must be brought into contact with reality and held to making the distinction between what actually is and what they fancy.

A large number of children's lies spring from a different cause. The child's play of intellect develops in advance of his consciousness of moral relationship and his love of being true, so he uses his growing wit to get out of unpleasant situations and this is accentuated by the premium parents carelessly put on lying. The habit of stating his case in its best possible light, making excuses that are not true, grows on him until we discover we have a case of undoubted falsehood on our hands. It does not mean, however, what a deliberate lie would mean to us. Some children are saved by a kind of dogged hold on reality, others by a lack of clear foresight and care for consequences; but just those children who are brightest intellectually, unless this quality is balanced by unusual moral strength, are the ones who develop this fault most obstinately. In striving to correct this we must treat the specific misdeeds of the child as less bad than his lying about them, and thus cease putting a premium on lying. We must foster in every way his love of truth that his desire to be real and not a sham may be strengthened. We must do all in our power to help him to see the moral relation he bears to us and to others; to realize what it means to break that relation and thus develop his sense of obligation to be true. We may also insist on exact statement in all matters.

Sullenness

This is a trait which is unsurpassed in its blighting effect on the individual and its power to destroy happiness of the home. Dante represents sullen people as sunk in the mud of the river of hell, ever "gurgling in their throats." In this case the natural result, the expression of irritation in those associating with the culprit, serves only to deepen the fault. We should try to waken the child to the beauty of cheerfulness and the joy of being helpful to others. We must appeal to his ambition for self-mastery. We should show him that it unfits him to live happily and helpfully with others. We must treat him with unfailing courtesy and kindness.

Thus in all corrective discipline our central aim must be to waken the positive moral life of the child. He should never be tricked into obedience, but should know that he is obeying because it is right.

Rewards

The reward which in the nature of things follows good action—joy in the deed, the loving appreciation of those helped by it—is a wonderful quickener of moral life. The warm appreciation of our love for every good act on the part of our children should be expressed in fullest measure. It is rare that a human being can receive too much sunshine in either the physical or moral life. There is a vigorous reaction for making adventitious rewards take the place of the natural, the real. The result of such practice is a flabby, ill-nourished character unable to stand erect and craving an extra stimulant for every action in harmony with law.

THE KINDERGARTEN

THE BEGINNING OF SCHOOL EXPERIENCE

What is the thought that makes the child desire to go to school? Superficially we might say that he wants to go because the other children of his own age go, because he has heard them talk about the interesting things they do there, or because he himself wants to play the kindergarten games and sing the songs. But underneath all other impulses we must acknowledge that the ambition to be like those about him, to be able to read books and understand figures as father and mother do, is the strongest motive of all. For every child seems instinctively conscious that all around him is a great world of knowledge as yet beyond his grasp but none the less his inheritance. And so, faintly realizing his lack of knowledge, the child is half-fearfully desirous of entering any gathering place of children of his own age and experience.

And here it may be well to pause for a definition. What is a kindergarten? Strictly speaking, a child-garden, a sheltered spot guarded from rough winds, open to the sunshine, a place of trained vines, blooming flowers, of freshness and richness and fragrance. That was the original idea in Froebel's mind. To provide for the young human plant the proper conditions for growth and nurture, happy occupations for body, mind, and soul, and an opportunity to learn his first lessons of duty, obedience, kindness, and good will was the aim and end of Froebel's life.

The means by which these first lessons are given are various, but the basis of all is the gifts, occupations, and recreative games first originated by Froebel himself. The child is given no books and checked by no spoken demands, but through a series of progressive activities his mind is awakened to a sense of beauty and a knowledge of what is right. Hands, feet, the whole body, and individual muscles attain definite skill and a readiness to obey the will. Few rules are given, but the eyes and ears are trained to choose by suggestion rather than from order. The child learns to be attentive to what is required of him, to coöperate with others, and to persevere until the assigned task is finished. Thus he enters what has been termed the republic of childhood where each is counted worthy of recognition by the others, and where none is esteemed more highly than the rest except where he has gained greater power to help his associates because of a nobler sense of usefulness.

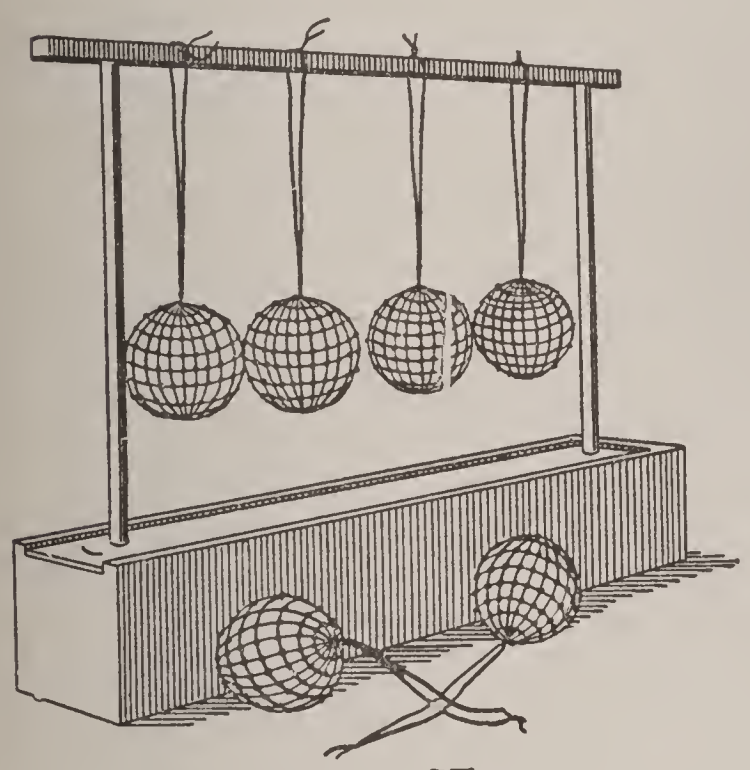
One other basic principle must be noted—the principle of law. The aim in discipline is to make each child self-governing and at the same time to teach him responsibility toward and dependence upon the community of which he is a part. Whether it comes from over-indulgence under notice or too much prominence at home, the children of today are often nervous, high-strung, pert, or precocious and therefore difficult to control. For them the best discipline is the discipline of the kindergarten, for it teaches calmness, self-control, poise, and a spirit of self-forgetfulness. Lawful, thoughtful activity, together with faith in Froebel's belief that children, if rightly directed, will choose the right, is the basis for training up the thinking, independent, patriotic citizen of tomorrow.

The manner of teaching in the words of Froebel is "From objects to pictures; from pictures to symbols; from symbols to thoughts." "Let us educate the senses," says Seguin. Train the faculty of speech, and the art of receiving, storing, and

expressing impressions, which is the natural gift of infants, and we shall not need books until the child is at least seven years old. That the child should learn the use of his senses, that his faculty of speech should be trained, the powers of his heart and mind developed by the study of things about him and their relations to himself before he is introduced to the formal instruction of the schools; in short, that he should deal with things themselves instead of symbols for them—this is the common ground of all great kindergartners. The working out of such a theory for the purpose of practical instruction was long ago accomplished by Froebel. He planned a connected series of objects called gifts which he believed would, if properly used, not only give concrete ideas but lay the foundation for abstract knowledge.

FROEBEL'S FIRST GIFT.

This consists of six soft worsted balls, each having a string by which the child may control the motion of it. These balls are of the six colors found in the rainbow—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet. A standard on which the balls may be suspended, as shown in the illustration, accompanies the gift.



FIRST GIFT

The ball is given to teach, primarily, the leading thoughts of unity, activity, and color. By means of the ball, and the songs and plays adapted to this gift, voice and thought are aroused. Spoken words and rhythmic motions and sounds all emphasize after each lesson the first impressions of unity, form, color, material, motion, direction, and position. Music aids in almost every lesson.

"My ball is round all over," says one child while looking at his first gift. "Mine is just the same everywhere," crudely expresses the same thought. "When I squeeze mine in, then it isn't a round ball," comments the other. "But is it truly a ball when not perfectly round?" queries the kindergartner after several lessons on this form, which in the meantime the children have modeled in clay or putty with comparative skill. Thus the truth of its oneness or unity, its completeness, its perfection of form, is brought home to the child, not by telling him but by encouraging him to tell you.

"My ball is a cherry because it is red," a fairly mature child of four may declare. "Mine is purple, and it is a grape." "See my baby orange." "Here is my green tomato," "My yellow ball is a lemon," adds another who is not trained to see both form and color at the same time. A suggestive question may arouse those who make mistakes of this sort to watch more closely, to see more clearly, to feel more thoroughly the shape of the objects that remind them of the first gift.

The idea of color, beginning with the primary red, blue, or yellow, is re-enforced by painting with water colors or dyes. It is hard for untrained muscles to use the brushes in order to reproduce upon paper the circular form which the untrained eye cannot perfectly picture, for the mental concept is still incomplete. It may seem a waste of paper and paint to those who have forgotten the failure of their own first attempts. For every attempt appreciation is expressed by the kindergartner, who knows the chilling effect of disheartening criticism after a sincere effort to do what is almost impossible.

The possibilities of motion for sphere, the easily gained power of directing that motion or of causing the ball to maintain one position for a time, are watched by the child. These plays give hints of the manner in which the various attractive, well-planned lessons are carried out.

Following the painting with each of the three primary colors comes work with each of the secondary—green, orange, and violet. Can you remember your own sensation of delight when, by combining pure blue with pure yellow, you created for yourself a brilliant green? Have you since felt a repetition of that wonder when watching a yellow sunset cloud float across a stretch of blue? Have you taught your child to look for the same and to understand the law of its origin, or has the little one fresh from kindergarten called you to see this wonder-work in the sky?

Symbol is merely a single word used to express the child's constant request, "Come, let us play that this is something else." The gay ball is allowed to represent a child, an apple, a flower; or, because of its shape, an Easter egg; or, because of its almost lifelike ability to slip away, it is a kitten; yet when held by its string and dropped to the floor, it is little dog Fido, or a toy horse being led away.

The Use of the First Gift

Now comes the opportunity to use new words: right, left, up, down, near, far, and similar directions; also swinging, hopping, falling, and other names of motions. Songs with lively music suitable to these games make the little ones happy as they unite in sharing with each other the joys that have come with the simple first gift of six colored woolen balls, each of which is a type of perfection.

Before going on more briefly to the other gifts, we may well pause to see where this is leading, what clear conceptions, for example, must the child have before he can understand even so simple a thing as a rubber ball? First such large, general facts as form, color, size, material, direction, position; and later, perhaps, number, weight, dimension, and divisibility. Doubtless the average child, if left free to experiment for himself, would discover all this, but the method of the kindergarten gives him the required knowledge in less time and in an orderly manner. The gifts begin with solids represented at first by woolen balls, then wooden balls, cubes and cylinders, and larger wooden cubes divided in various ways; next surfaces are given, shown by thin tablets and then by lines represented by sticks and metal rings.

The system ends with points, which may be represented by pebbles, shells, or seeds. The material of the gifts is simple enough but the principle at the bottom is important, for the series is so arranged as to give the child all the concepts he needs for understanding the objects in the world about him. Moreover, each is connected with the rest; they are presented in a sequence which begets the habit of seeing things in their real relations as they are in life.

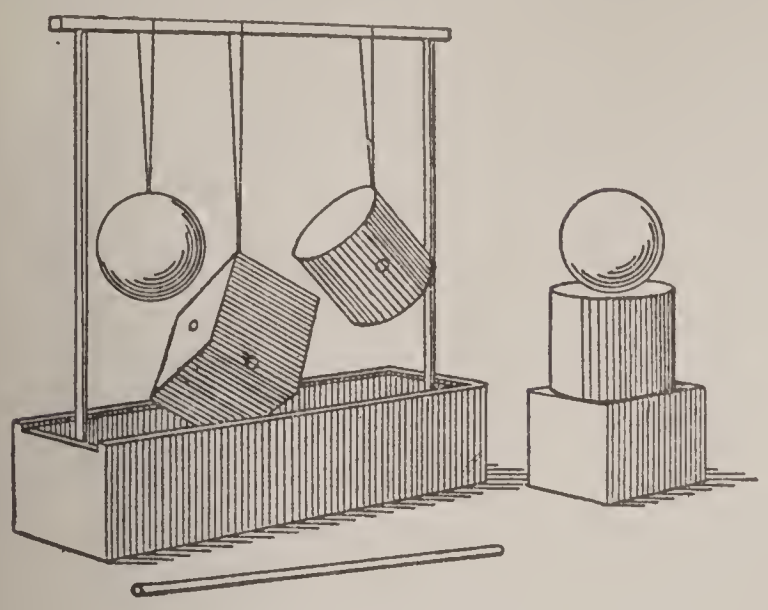
The gifts appeal at once to any child as being the most appropriate playthings. Instinctively he reaches for the smooth surfaces, the bright cardboard, and the shapely geometric figures. This is the result at only a cursory glance; only extended study can tell what these simple objects, if rightly used, can do for the whole being of the child.

FROEBEL'S SECOND GIFT.

Froebel's second gift consists of the sphere, cube, and cylinder. Each is two inches in diameter, made of wood, and suspended from a standard.

In his first scheme for this second gift Froebel used a doll, which is invariably the second attractive gift in the home. The doll's arms, body, and legs are cylindrical, hence it was changed later to the cylinder, which is more suitable in the sequences that follow. When whirled about in the air by means of a string about its center, the cylinder seems changed to a sphere. Try the same with the cube and it becomes

rounded like a cylinder. They are relatives, even brothers or sisters, in wood. Wonderful transformations are these even in the eyes of older students. To the children it is glimpse into the fairyland where they are living. The cube, the cylinder, and the sphere are now one family, different in shape, yet by means of the magic string proving their relationship.



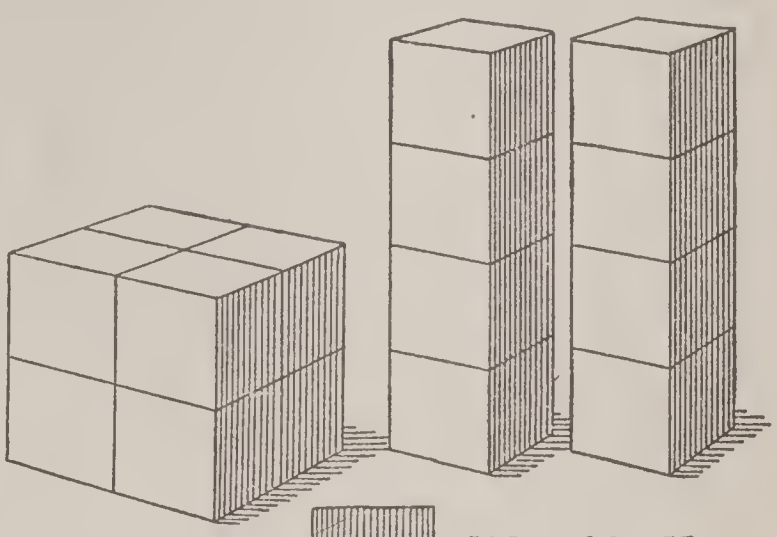
SECOND GIFT

If a clay marble is added to the end of the cylinder it becomes a doll, which may rest upon a cube for a chair. Crudely this combination represents the base, shaft, and capital of a marble column, and such a combination appropriately marks the grave of Froebel. The cylinder symbolizes extension or growth just as the stalk of a plant.

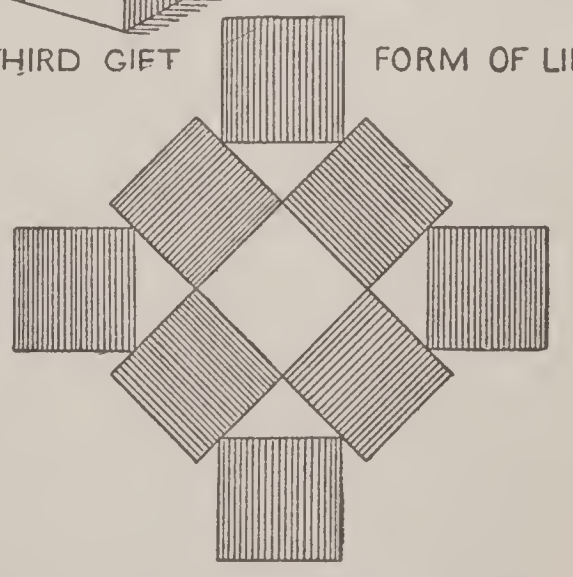
FROEBEL'S THIRD GIFT.

When the time comes for using the third gift, which consists of a two-inch cube, the child has an opportunity to see the inside as well as the surface of the object with which he is to play. For the gift is divided into equal parts as to height, breadth, and thickness, thereby making eight one-inch cubes. Everyone knows the delight of a child in being able to break into any solid or unit.

While he plays the child may for a time become a builder, an inventor, or an artist. Ability to take this gift apart, and later to put together its divisions in some regular form, will satisfy every child's craving to originate, to create something with his own hands. Working with his classmates, he must not borrow blocks from any of them lest his success should prove their undoing. Others have the same right as he to build the complete house, chair, table, bed, or other object form which the teacher dictates, or with a word suggests. By not borrowing each learns to be self-reliant, to work alone, to make the best of what he has and economize his possessions.



THIRD GIFT FORM OF LIFE



FORM OF BEAUTY

In the third gift, children show again the history of the race. The God-given world had to be changed by man to suit his physical and spiritual needs. In conquering the world about him that he might obtain shelter, food, and clothing, man has grown strong and thoughtful. Active, well-nourished children, after the first few days of enjoyment of any home gift, resent the complete manufactured toys given them and unwittingly destroy them in a desire to change their form. Invention is a child's right as well as a grown-up's. To prohibit taking apart or putting together is to cause laziness and indifference to work.

From its foundation the kindergarten has taught the law of activity. Man is of value only as he is enabled to become a useful, productive member of society, and to that end his individuality and power of self-expression must be fostered from the beginning.

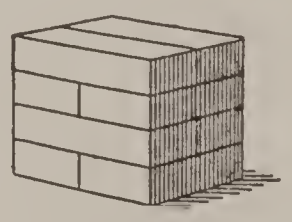
Placing the eight blocks one above the other, a tower is built and the little learner realizes that it is tall; rearranging them into a platform, he discovers that it is broad; then, shaping them into a wall, he says "It is long." Thus is gained the idea of the three dimensions.

FROEBEL'S FOURTH GIFT.

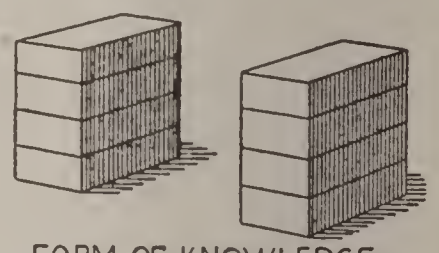
This fourth gift is a two-inch solid cube cut into halves vertically and trisected horizontally. Hence there are eight brick-shaped blocks, each two inches long, one half of an inch thick, and one inch wide.

On receiving the fourth gift, the children are led to observe and distinguish the broad, narrow, and short faces or ends. Building games follow in which they play first with the forms of things, often called life-forms because they have something to do with home life. The flat bricks make delightful bureaus, solid desks, or library tables; turned on their narrow sides they shape sofas and other furniture.

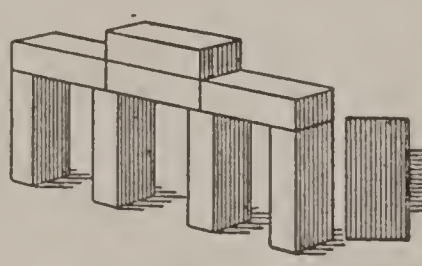
After forms of life come forms of beauty, and then the mathematical forms, or forms of knowledge. Life, Beauty, Knowledge, the three issuing from a cube-shaped group of blocks!



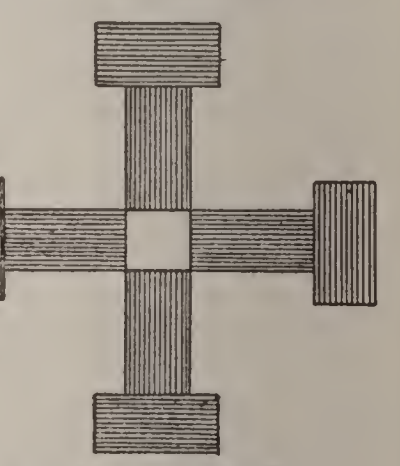
FOURTH GIFT



FORM OF KNOWLEDGE



FORM OF LIFE
A CITY GATE



FORM OF BEAUTY

If each block is placed upright on a narrow face, the eight bricks are likely to totter, then fall one after the other. Everyone who has arranged books or dominoes in the same manner knows the fun of any play which teaches the law of transmitted motion or propagation of force. The children always ask, "Why does that happen?"

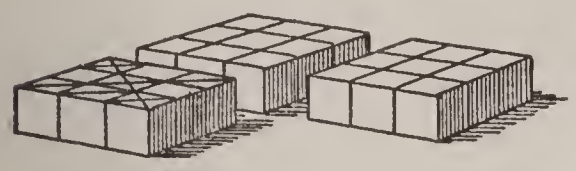
Without answering directly, the kindergartner lets them play the game again and again, until each discovers the "block" which gives the impulse to the other seven and thereby causes all to go down. But no punishment is to be meted out by the little hands to the wooden leader in the downfall, for it simply obeyed a law. There is the opportunity for a story on influence, on the power of every child for good, and it is given at once. The teacher leads the children to ask whether a boy or girl is not stronger than a lifeless block, and able to resist if taught what is right; or it may be that the children may see in this play the idea of prompt obedience to signals, and of quickness in taking unspoken hints. Here, then, is a chance to train the imagination and the moral sense.

FROEBEL'S FIFTH GIFT.

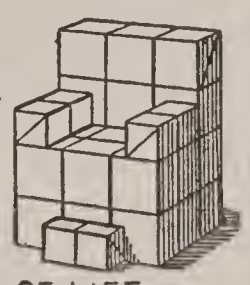
The fifth gift is a natural sequence from those which have preceded. It is a three-inch cube divided evenly twice each way, in length, breadth, and thickness. That makes twenty-seven one-inch cubes, of which three are cut into halves diagonally. Three others are cut into fourths by two diagonal cuts that cross each other. Twenty-seven less six equals twenty-one, which is the number of one-inch cubes

left whole. Twenty-one plus eighteen equals thirty-nine, the total number of the solid shapes in the fifth gift.

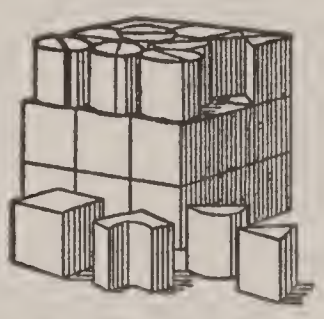
Ten different geometrical solid forms are shown in this fifth gift, all of which may be reunited in the one three-inch cube. The triangular forms are the most important changes. Now will come the beginning of lessons in thirds, ninths, and twenty-sevenths.



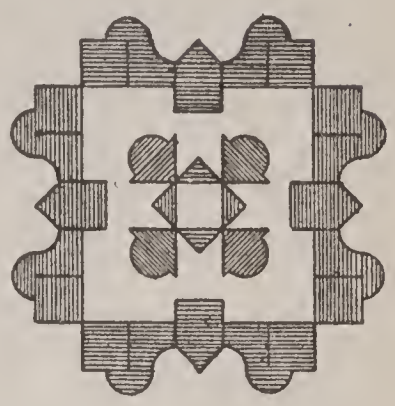
FIFTH GIFT



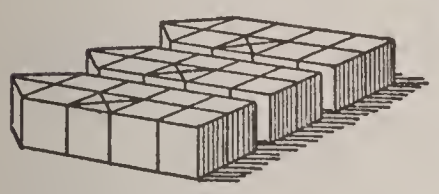
FORM OF LIFE
EASY CHAIR WITH FOOT BENCH



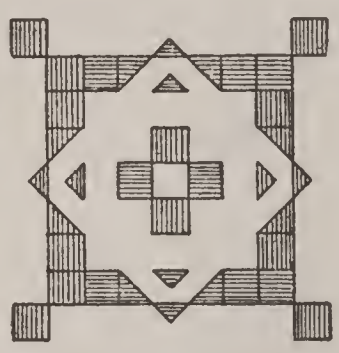
FIFTH GIFT B



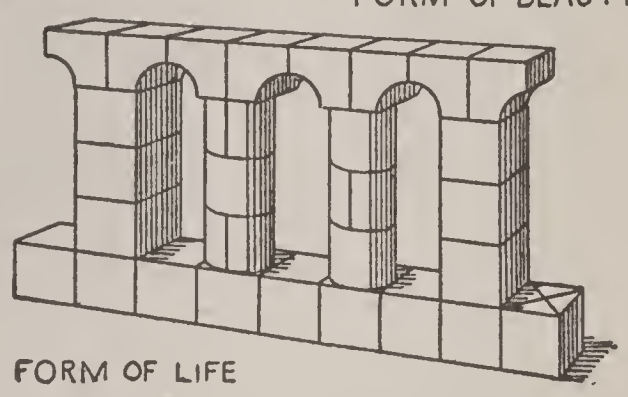
FORM OF BEAUTY



FORM OF KNOWLEDGE



FORM OF BEAUTY



FORM OF LIFE

With slowly progressive observation of form, number, and object in his school life the little student gains much in ideas of order and the fitness of things. He is growing mentally, as will be seen by his ability to select among thirty-nine pieces just what he wants for building purposes. By touch and sight he is growing familiar with forms that enter into the finest architectural designs. Will he forget them? Try him as he passes a noble building anywhere, he will recognize the three-cornered block or triangular prism as an old friend dressed in new material.

The Purpose of Building Games

Excellent carpenter games which combine planning and making houses with the new blocks, give frequent opportunities to teach the correct names for the various parts of his toy dwellings. Let each pupil erect some self-chosen building, whether church, house, or store; then by combination of these a town may be formed with streets, parks, and gardens. If the kindergartner is able to secure a fifth gift that has four times the edge of the ordinary three-inch cube, or one foot in each dimension, then all the children may help to build whatever is planned. By this method each child is made to feel that he has a share in the creative success of the whole class. Dictated work is less free.

Beware of holding the nervous tension for more than a few minutes. It may be that one minute each day will be the longest period of mental strain that the youngest can endure at the first exercise on dictation. Simple directions for the simplest arrangements is the psycho-physiological rule. Later they will grow gradually in nerve power until at five, six, or seven years of age, a healthy child will listen quietly or work steadily for ten or possibly fifteen minutes.

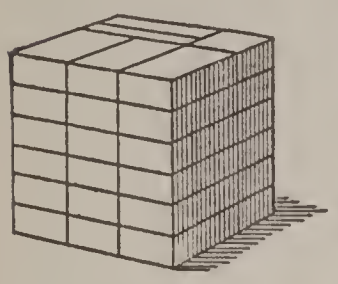
The senses are willing but weak. If they are over-strained, crying and other unpleasant, even unnatural symptoms, will warn you.

FROEBEL'S SIXTH GIFT

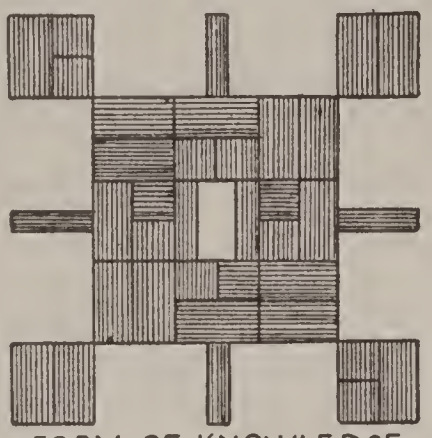
The sixth gift is the last of the solid building-block lessons, and was devised to attract the learners to pictures or actual buildings that are beautiful. Froebel fitted himself for the profession of architect, and many a child has grown into an appreciation of fine architecture from thoughts that originated in the kindergarten.

The sixth gift is a three-inch cube divided regularly into three dozen pieces. One sees in this the possible lessons in number or knowledge that may come easily by grouping. One half, or eighteen of the pieces, are blocks of the same size and shape as those in the fourth gift, hence they are old friends. Twelve pieces are made by cutting six blocks into halves across their breadth. Three other blocks are cut into halves lengthwise, making six square prisms.

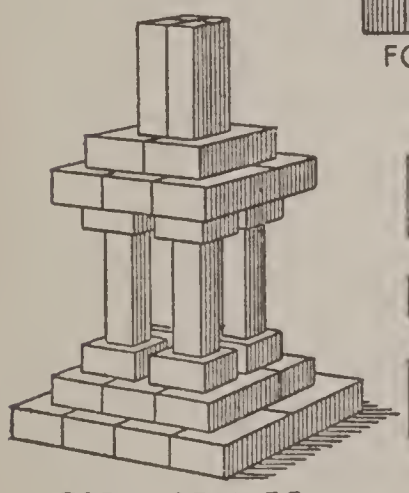
The sixth and seventh gifts are often used together. The latter is a small box of thin square and circular wooden tablets, one inch in diameter, with others of colored pasteboard of the same size. The colors are the same as in the first gift. The tablets are laid upon the faces of the various solids which they match, or are utilized in the designs called beauty forms. With the seventh is sometimes combined the eighth gift, which is a box carefully made and measured to hold small square colored sticks. Edges are measured by means of these, and straight-line representations or pictures are devised which show the square faces of the cube and the three-cornered faces of the triangle.



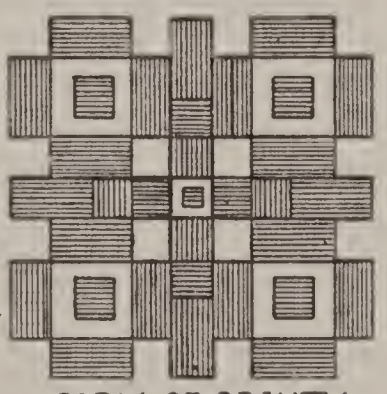
SIXTH GIFT



FORM OF KNOWLEDGE



FORM OF LIFE



FORM OF BEAUTY

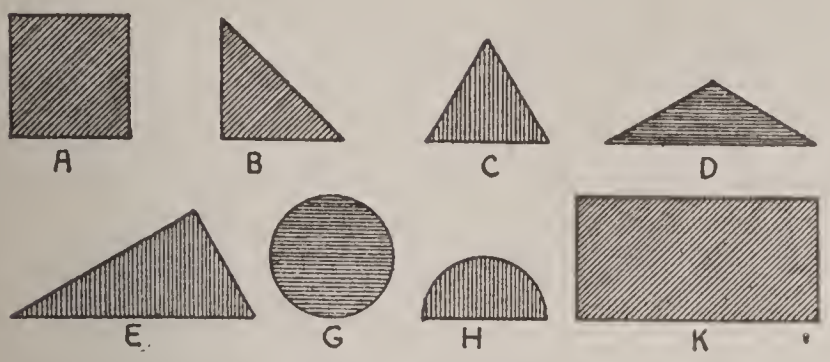
Common toothpicks may be substituted for these in the home. Then will come, probably, a request for well-soaked dried peas, or square bits of cork to use with the toothpicks in molding box-shaped skeleton forms, such as houses and the like.

The Ninth and Tenth Gifts

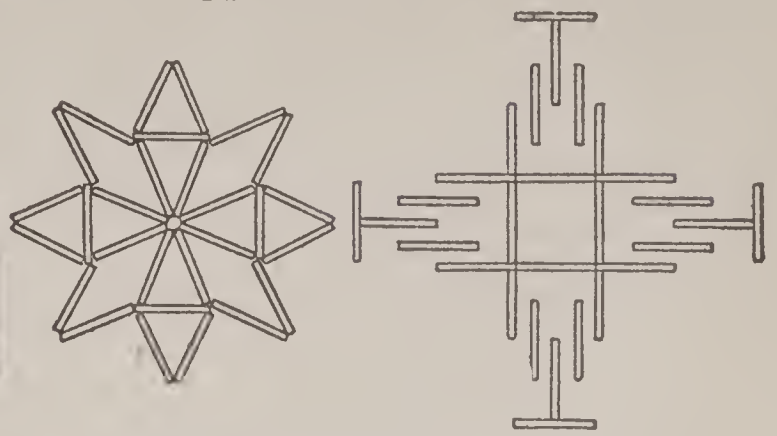
The ninth gift is a delight that is not always postponed till late in the year. This is a box full of rings made of silvered wire, three, two, or one inch across their widest diameter, and many are divided into halves and quarters. Beautiful indeed are the forms children design from these without a hint. To keep them for display and permanent exhibits, these ring designs are duplicated by pasting circular paper tablets of the same size and pattern upon stiff paper. These designs are very practical lessons that may bring money returns from manufacturers who appreciate their artistic values. But that is small reward compared with the joy of creating a thing of beauty which may be given to one whom the child loves.

The tenth and final Froebel gift is the point, which it is impossible to present literally except by using a needle or pin. Small objects such as seeds, tiny bits of clay, and other diminutive things may be arranged at definite spaces along ruled lines on paper, or upon the squares of the kindergarten table. It has been fully established by investigation that the muscles of the fingers do not gain strength and facility until long after the shoulder and arm movements have been developed. Neither are the eyes of children ready for close application, no matter how much

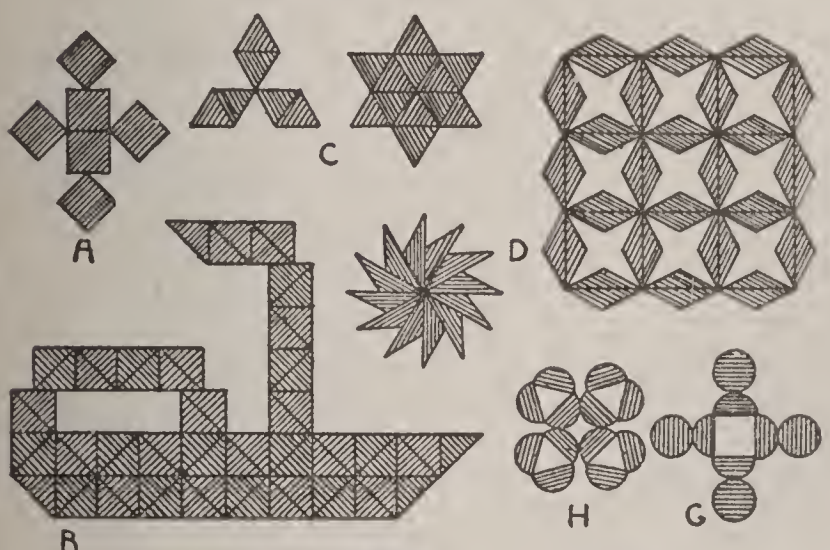
they may enjoy using small needles while stringing shells, seeds, or other objects. Pricking patterns into cardboard has been wisely dropped from the list of kinder-



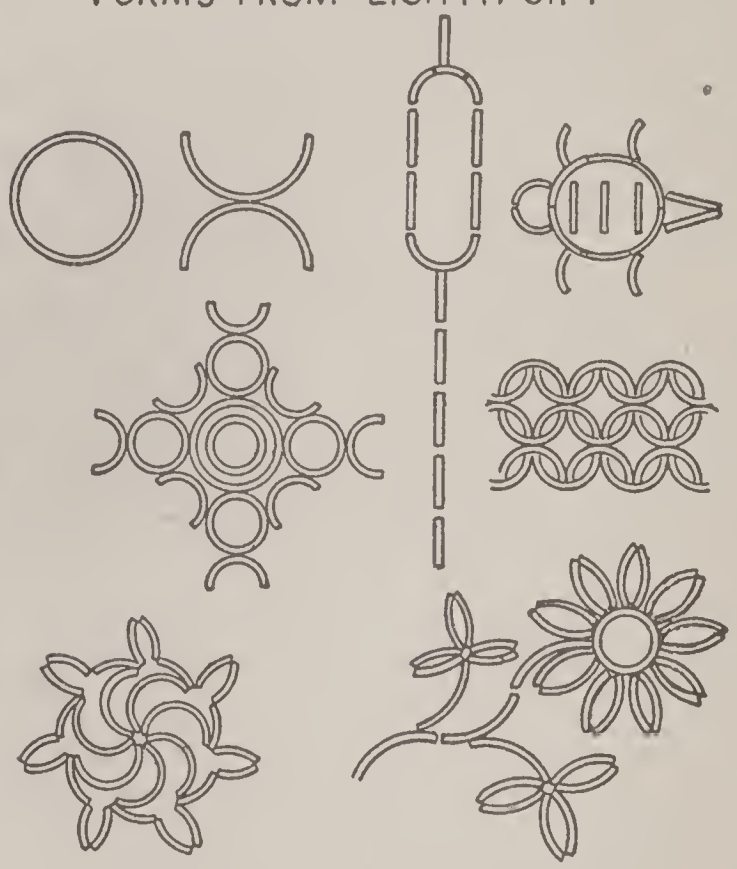
SEVENTH GIFT



FORMS FROM EIGHTH GIFT



FORMS FROM SEVENTH GIFT



FORMS FROM NINTH GIFT

garten occupations. Such close application is suitable only for full-grown persons, who may delight in the charming results of that tedious operation. Large darning needles, easily threaded and handled for daisy chain making, are not prohibited from use.

KINDERGARTEN OCCUPATIONS

CHAIN MAKING.—With narrow strips of paper of two harmonious colors the youngest children, even on their first day, can busy themselves at chain making with paste and brush. A cold paste made of a spoonful of flour mixed with a little cold water, and used unboiled in a tiny dish, will serve the purpose as well as more expensive mucilage. Toothpicks may be used instead of brushes. In the home these simple supplies, together with strips of daintily colored paper, will give little children many hours of pleasure each week.

Chains and wreaths made of perforated shells, nuts, Indian corn, pine cones, and leaves have been the decorations made and used throughout man's existence on this earth. Flowers twined together, whether clover of the fields or the exquisite carnations used by Hawaiians, are common wherever children or their elders have the leisure to make garlands.

Daisy chains are those in which the large darning needle threaded with gay zephyr or other yarn is first thrust through the center of a circular bit of colored paper one inch in diameter. Next a certain number of straws one inch or two inches

long are threaded before the next daisy paper is added. The straws should be soaked in cold water a short time to prevent their breaking when cut into proper lengths. To the trained hand and eye all this is easy work. To the untrained it is full of disappointment at first, for needle, yarn, papers, and straws will trouble them.

BEAD STRINGING.—Here is another occupation that will be a pleasure to the child at home, although in the kindergarten circle he will learn more of aesthetic combinations of colors and of patterns that others originate. The children are given half-inch wooden beads or woolly balls in the six colors of the first gift, as varied in shape as are the spheres, cubes, and cylinders. Sometimes white or colored glass beads, large or small, are used, the children stringing them upon wire. A long, stout shoestring, with the tin end or tag serving for a threader or needle, is all that is needed for the wooden beads, which will be unthreaded later and kept for future use in the kindergarten.

Never let the five-year-olds use small beads with almost invisible holes for stringing, even at home. Little fingers have no power to pick them up, young eyes must not be allowed to seek the tiny holes in the tantalizing little beauty beads, even with a fine wire. Yet German children, and the wee brown kindergarten workers in Japan are allowed this fascinating play of stringing small glass beads, and then bending the wire chain into shape over paper patterns of outlined leaves and flowers of geometric designs. If blind people become extraordinarily deft in this finger work, it means that they are more mature.

BUSY WORK TILES.—A board six inches square with holes bored into it, one-half inch apart, is to be filled with wooden pegs, red, yellow, blue, orange, green, and violet. Shoepegs bought by the quart may be colored by the mother or the teacher by using dyes. After being taught to arrange the colored pegs in designs or patterns, the child can make for himself a fence about his tile of one color, and this may enclose tiny dolls or animals from a small Noah's ark. Green pegs may be arranged as a tree hedge with red ones for a rose garden, and other flowers will be easily suggested by the colorings.

CARDBOARD SHAPES.—Difficulties will follow after making boxes and other peas-and-stick-work shapes, when copying these in paper or cardboard. If possible, use the printed sheets made in Germany. Let the child who is nearly five years old have a large square hat box made of pasteboard to separate into rooms as it stands on its side. Out of this the little one can construct a home-made or kindergarten-made playhouse. Using the printed pattern sheets, whether made in Germany or at home, let hands used to scissor cutting furnish this four-room house with furniture. Boys and girls working together, or each alone, will cut and glue together the parts as designed, and with a little help may soon furnish a house or set up a whole city by means of these colored printed cards.

CLAY MODELING.—Clay modeling is one of the most valuable and attractive of kindergarten occupations. It is really ideal in many ways for it entails no eye-strain, is pleasant to the touch, responsive to fancy, and lends itself readily to the formation of many objects dear to children—balls, marbles, furniture, fruit, leaves, tea-sets, animals, and vegetables. The more the mother or teacher herself knows about the possibilities of such modeling the greater will be her success, but even a little experience will enable her to give the children much pleasure and teach both herself and them many lessons, for the work grows as one proceeds and new ideas are continually occurring to anyone with even a little ingenuity.

SAND WORK.—"Get back to Mother Earth," is the word given to all who would lead our three-part powers forward to vigor. Let the infants be suitably dressed to enjoy their sand piles, which should be accessible to every home, without fear for their clothing. One load, or better still, three wagon loads of sand, is a veritable paradise for the little ones, and by protecting boards the pile may be kept intact for years.

1. The Morning Story. 2. An Outdoor Circle Game.

THE HOUSE OF CHILDHOOD

Each child chooses the material for its work, but all are under the supervision of the Directress.

The children often play the game blindfolded to test their accuracy of the sense of touch.

SCENES IN A MONTESSORI SCHOOL

The sand table is a water-tight box generally about six by three feet and fully one foot deep, filled with clean sand. A dozen little ones can easily play around it at one time. In and out, in a game of hide-and-seek, go the little hands, or with little tin rings they shape cakes and pies for picnics.

Sand work is especially valuable because it provides so many opportunities for united action. The children learn to play at it together, frequently combining their efforts toward some desired end. Moreover it is as delightful for the baby who does nothing more than fill the pail and empty it again, as for the older child who builds houses and castles and lays out relief-maps.

ADDITIONAL GAMES OR OCCUPATIONS

A word more must be said about the pleasures or occupations which belong in no system but are, nevertheless, an essential part of every child's training. Many of them are a part of Froebel's plan, and many have been added by those whose large experience with children has given them a sympathetic knowledge of the habits and joys of childhood.

Froebel, for instance, believed that every child should have a garden; he should cultivate it himself and it should be his own from season to season. Nor should he receive too much dictation as to how he shall plant or arrange it. There is nothing more interesting to a child than the miracle of growth. He watches with delight the stirring of the soil, the growth of the plant, the final fruit, and the seed. And all the lessons that come to the little gardener are of a softening and developing kind. He must be patient with bad weather and watchful of foes; he must provide water, root out weeds, and keep the soil continually loose and rich. If an outdoor garden is out of the question, one can always provide a window-box where the child can grow flowers and vegetables.

Secondly, the care and companionship of animals should be a part of every child's life. Not only should he see animals but he should learn to take care of them and feel responsible for them. If he accepts the charge of a bird, a puppy, or a kitten, let it be understood that he is to let nothing interfere with his care of it. Few childish faults should be so carefully checked and immediately punished as neglect of a dumb animal, for nothing is more likely to develop into a positive vice later.

Still another contribution to the life of a child is made by telling stories. The veriest baby takes pleasure in rhymes and jingles, attracted doubtless by the music of the voice that is repeating them and the regular cadences of sound. Soon the story comes to mean much more, for out of it are evolved the ideals toward which the child unconsciously grows. From the story he forms his notions of pain, joy, heroism, endurance, loyalty, and everything else that opens his heart and quickens his imagination. For a further discussion of this subject see the article on STORY-TELLING.

And lastly, a word about those helpful educational agencies—music and poetry, time and order, love and duty, joy and labor—all in the companionship of other children. To play with a child is a well of joy and a continual rejuvenation to mother and teacher.

CONCLUSION

That the kindergarten has become an established part of our educational system there can be no doubt. Everything in our country is working for it. The greatest impetus of late has been given by the child-study movement in which specialists, teachers, and parents have united. Everywhere women are becoming conscious of their responsibility for the normal, happy development of children, even though they be gathered from the slums and alleys. The kindergarten system is being enlarged and co-ordinated constantly so that on the one hand it may supplement the home, and on the other prepare for systematic training in the school.

THE MONTESSORI METHOD

"Charles W. Eliot of Harvard makes the broad charge against American education that it is training the memory and the powers of analysis but that it is not training the five senses. To this condition Dr. Eliot attributes the fact that the American's senses are not trained to act with precision, that his habits of thought permit vagueness, obscurity and inaccuracy, and that his spoken or written statement lacks that measured, cautious, candid, simple quality which the scientific spirit fosters and inculcates."

This most valuable training of the senses is embodied in Dr. Montessori's system of education which has been so greatly misunderstood by some of our American educators.

Dr. Montessori's system of education differs from many others in the fact that it is not a simple theory, but a definite system which has been put into practice not only in Rome but in other countries.

Dr. Montessori was the first woman to receive the degree of Doctor of Medicine from the University of Rome. For two years after leaving the university she made a special study of the education of sub-normal children. While working with them she became convinced that the same principles could be applied to the education of normal children with remarkable results. She returned to the university, devoting herself to the study of experimental psychology and carrying out researches in pedagogical anthropolgy. She spent seven years in this research work, and in 1907 was given the opportunity to try out her theories by the establishment of the first "Casa dei Bambini" in Rome. As a result people began to flock to Rome from such remote countries as India, Japan, and Australia to learn this new method of educating children. Schools have been established with marked success in Switzerland, England, Australia, Spain, and other countries. In America there now are about a hundred schools conducted by teachers trained by Dr. Montessori. Four international training courses have been given: two in Rome in 1913 and 1914 and two in the United States in 1915 at the Panama Pacific Exposition in San Francisco.

Three books on the method have been published by Dr. Montessori: *The Montessori Method, The Pedagogical Anthropology,* and *Dr. Montessori's Own Hand Book.*

Still another book will soon be issued, setting forth the results of further experiments in elementary education. It will contain a description of the elementary didactic material which is even more remarkable than that designed for the younger children.

Dr. Montessori's aim is to place education on a scientific basis. "Science has hitherto stopped at the welfare of the body, but on the same positive lines science will proceed to direct the development of the intelligence, of character, and of those latent creative forces which lie hidden in the marvelous embryo of man's spirit."

Her whole method is based on *voluntary* rather than *forced* attention. "When you have solved the problem of controling the attention of the child you have solved the entire problem of its education."

The aim of other methods of education is to attract and hold the attention of

the child. This constant forcing and holding of the attention is extremely fatiguing to the child.

In the Montessori method the activity of the child is respected and our aim is to let the child develop himself, not to force a certain number of facts into his brain. In order to obtain this "voluntary attention," a special didactic apparatus has been obtained. Auto-education becomes possible, for it is in the constant repetition of the various exercises which the child performs voluntarily that auto-education is taking place.

The same object will not hold the voluntary attention of all of the children, so they must be given a freedom of choice in their work, each child choosing that work which corresponds to his inner need. The didactic material permits of an organization of work. "Freedom without organization of work would be useless. The child left free without means of work would go to waste."

The child is gradually prepared and initiated into his work. The material is presented to him in a definite, logical progression; first the simple exercises, then more and more difficult ones as his mind becomes ordered and his intelligence awakens.

Contrary to the prevailing idea that no lessons are given, Dr. Montessori asserts that nothing is too humble to be taught, and most careful and exact lessons are given the children not only in the proper use of the material but in the care of the person, the children being taught to wash, dress, and undress themselves, and in the care of the environment, scrubbing the tables, dusting, sweeping, putting the cupboards in order, setting the tables and serving food. The lessons are individual, concise, and simple, with particular emphasis upon the object to which the teacher wishes to call the attention.

The lesson is divided into three periods: (1) Naming; (2) Recognition; (3) The pronunciation of the word.

In order to teach the names of the colors, red and blue, the teacher chooses the red and blue color spools. Showing the child the red spool she says, "This is *red.*" slowly and distinctly emphasizing the word "red." Then showing him the other color: "This is *blue.*" To make sure that the child has understood, she says: "Give me the red." "Give me the blue."

She next holds the color up and says: "What is this?" The child replies, *"Red."* "What is this?" The child replies, *"Blue."* And the lesson is ended.

The teacher must become an observer in a truly scientific sense. She must have that infinite patience, love, and faith that the true scientist manifests. She must divest her mind of all preconceptions and be ready for any renunciations. And above all she must have the power to interpret what she sees. Her aim is to direct, not to repress, the efforts of the child, and she must interpret his manifestations so correctly that she sees his need in each separate stage of his development, and helps his psychical and physical awakening. To do this she must understand the technique of her method, a method that follows the natural physiological and psychical development of the child.

Biographical Chart. To record the physical development of the children, Dr. Montessori has prepared a biographical chart in which is recorded the weight, height, chest, head, and body measurements of each child, taken at stated intervals, and also a complete history of his physical development and of his social and moral environment.

Three general divisions may be observed in this system of education:

I. Motor education.
II. Sensory education.
III. Language.

The care and management of the environment afford the principal means of motor education. A set of frames is used to teach the children to button, lace, hook, and tie bows which particularly coördinate the muscles of the hand.

Sensory education and the education in language are provided for by the didactic material. Every detail of this material has been most carefully planned. The size, shape, and color were determined only after years of experimentation. A determined, precise quantity of material is necessary to bring about a spontaneous generalization of ideas. With insufficient material we have no spontaneous generalization; with too much, the activities become dissipated. This holds true also for abstraction.

Sense Education. The didactic material for the education of the senses consists of:

1. Three sets of solid insets shown in the illustration. See Figures 1, 2 and 3.

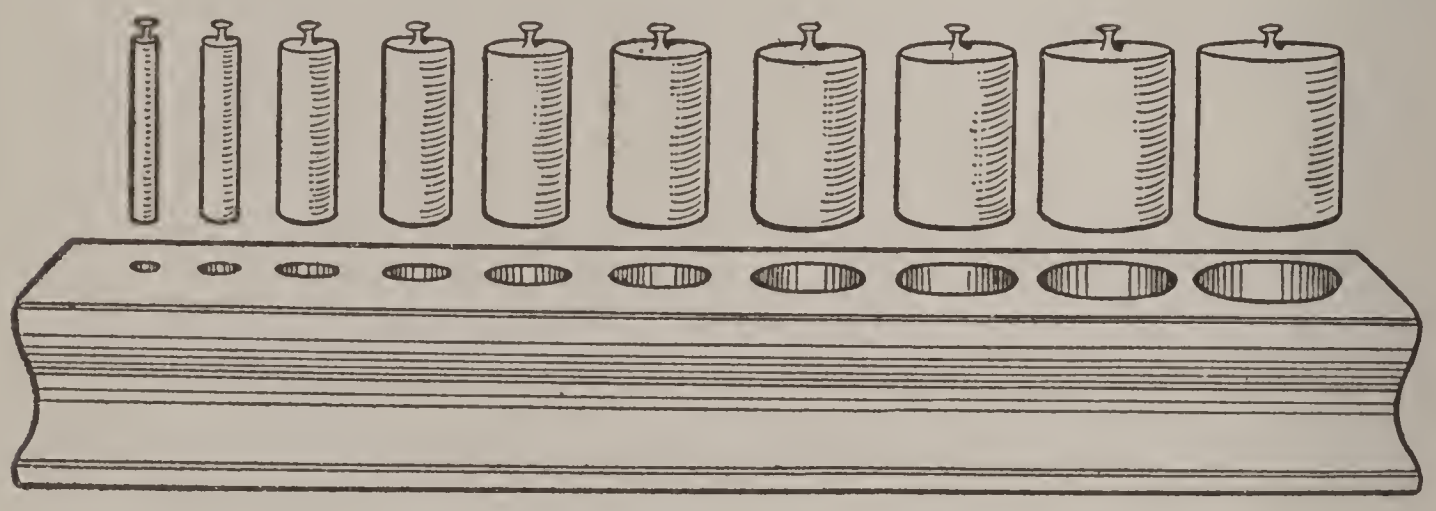


FIG. 1. CYLINDERS DECREASING IN DIAMETER ONLY.

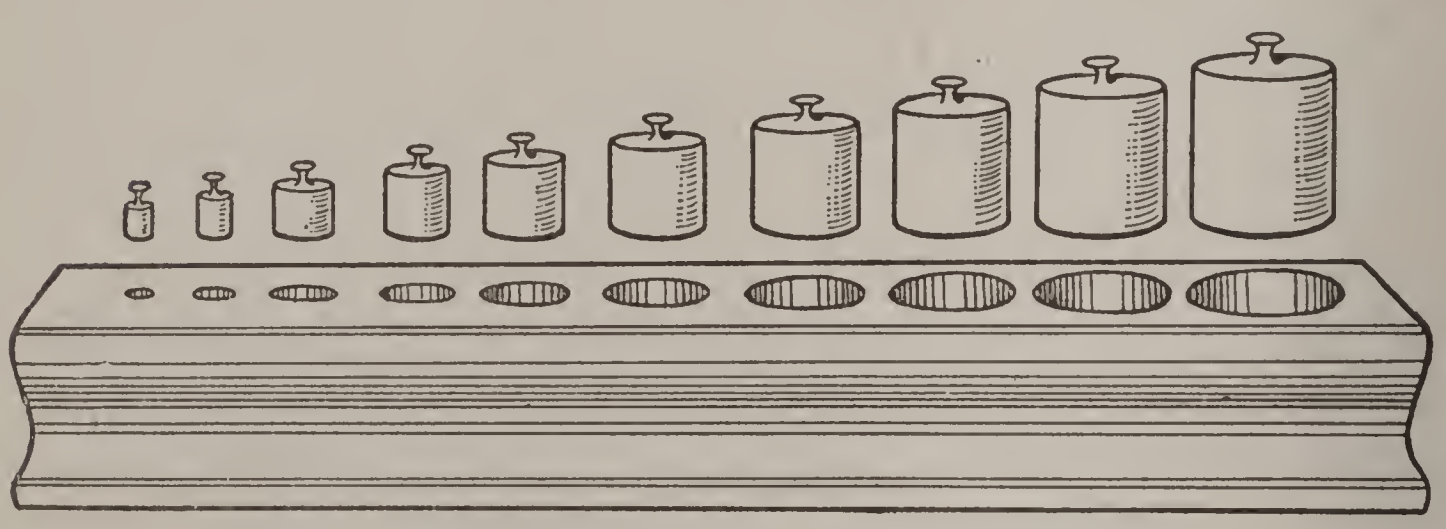


FIG. 2. CYLINDERS DECREASING IN DIAMETER AND HEIGHT.

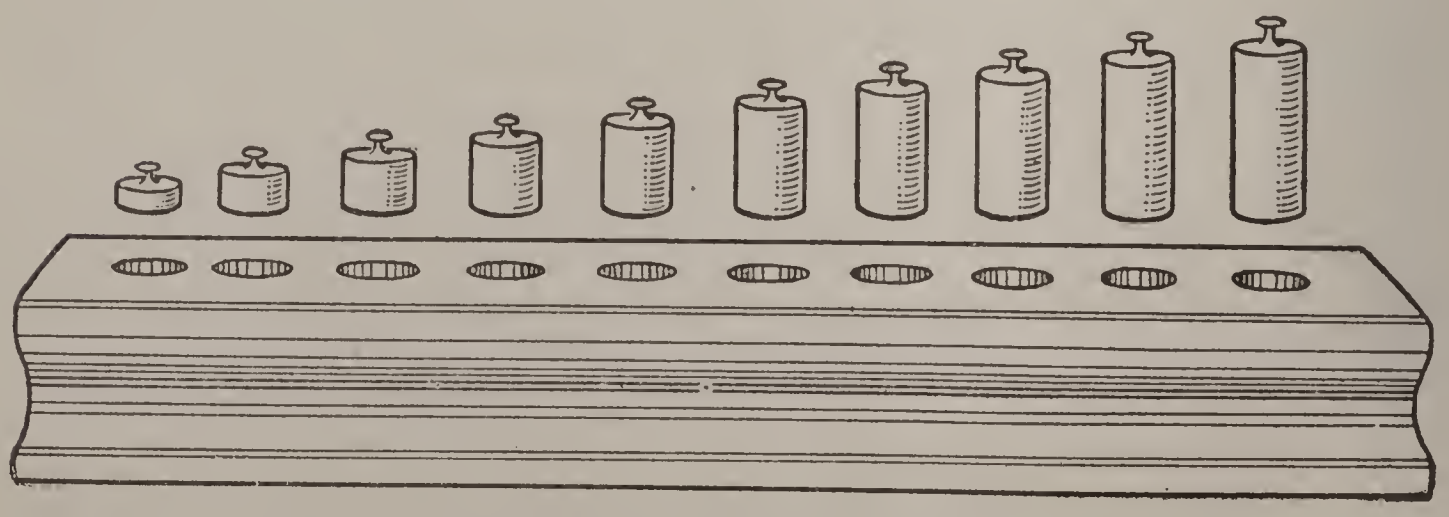


FIG. 3. CYLINDERS DECREASING IN HEIGHT ONLY.

These are three solid pieces of wood in each of which is inserted a row of ten small cylinders, all furnished with a button for a handle. In one set, the cylinders are of the same height but differ in other dimensions. In the second set they decrease in all dimensions. In the third set they all have the same diameter but vary in height. Their purpose is to educate the eye to the difference in dimensions. A control of error lies in the material itself.

II. For further training in dimensions, and for teaching size, thickness, and length, there are three sets of solids: (1) Pink cubes; (2) Blue prisms; (3) Rods colored pink. See Figures 4, 5 and 6.

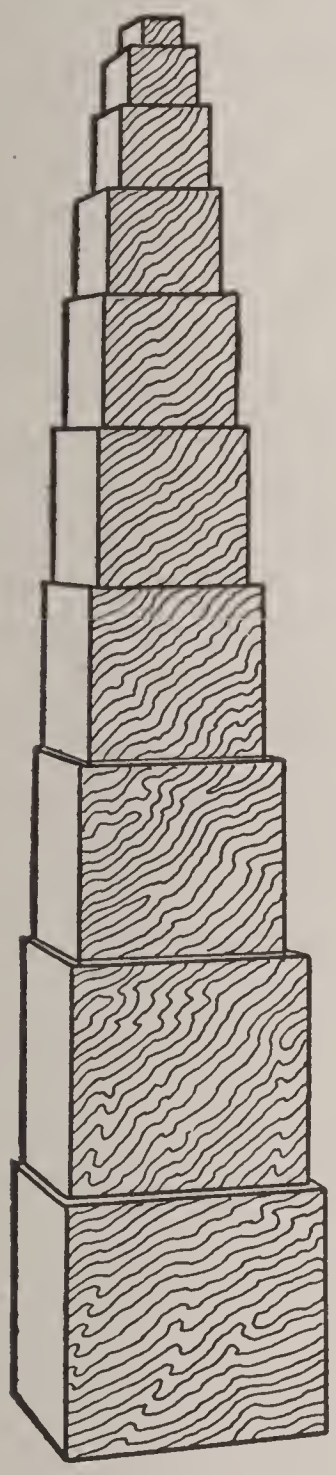


FIG. 4. THE TOWER.

The ten wooden cubes colored pink, the size of the cubes graduating from 10 centimeters to 1 centimeter, the child scatters on a rug and builds a tower.

The ten wooden prisms colored dark blue (length 20 centimeters, square sections from 10 centimeters a side to 1 centimeter a side), the child scatters on a rug, and, beginning with either the thickest or the thinest, places in their right order of gradation.

The third set consists of ten rods, colored rose pink all of which have the same square section of 4 centimeters a side, but they vary in length from 10 centimeters to 1 meter. The child places them on a rug and then arranges them either from the shortest to the longest or *vice versa,* thus training the eye to difference in length.

III. For the initiatory training of the *tactile sense* there are two rectangular tablets with rough and smooth surfaces. The child washes his hands, then dips his fingers in tepid water to make the finger tips very sensitive. He is taught to touch very lightly first the rough and then the smooth surface. After examining the board with the two contrasting surfaces the child is offered another board of strips of sandpaper of different degrees of roughness.

Following these is a series of stuffs of various kinds—velvets, satins, silks, woolens, cottons, coarse and fine linens, which the child learns to feel and identify.

IV. For the education of the *baric sense* (sense of weight) there are small wooden tablets of differing weights. The child is blindfolded and takes two of the tablets in his hand, letting them rest at the base of his outstretched fingers. He judges their weight and places the heavier tablet on the right and the lighter on the left.

V. For the *chromatic sense* there are two boxes containing 64 colored tablets. Each box contains eight shades of the eight colors —orange, red, yellow, green, purple, blue, gray, and brown.

The first exercise consists in pairing the colors. The child is given at first only three pairs to match, then the number gradually is increased until he can pair perfectly the whole set of 64.

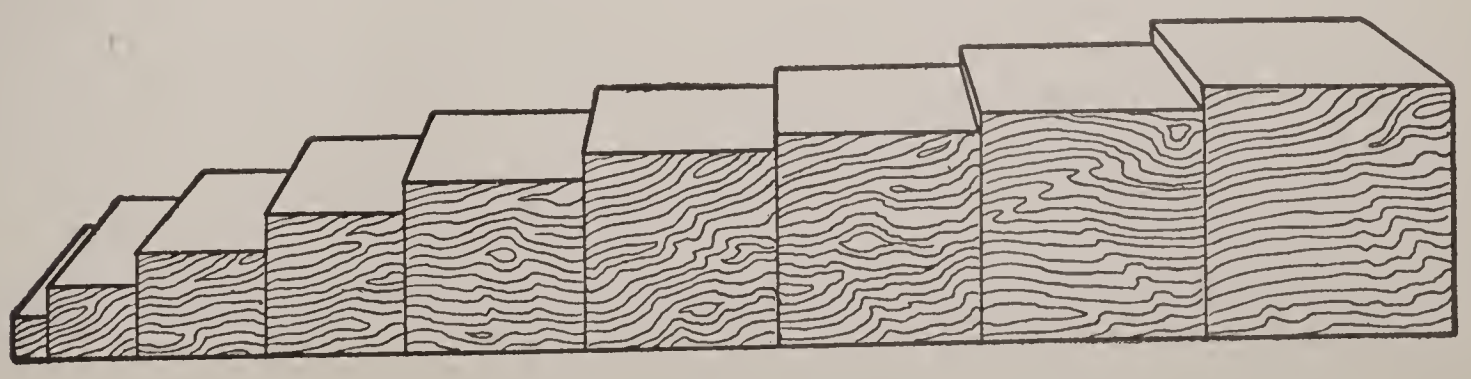


FIG. 5. THE BROAD STAIR.

When he does the pairing correctly he is given the shades of one color only, which he places in order of gradation from the darkest to the lightest, until he becomes very expert in placing all 64 colors in perfect gradation.

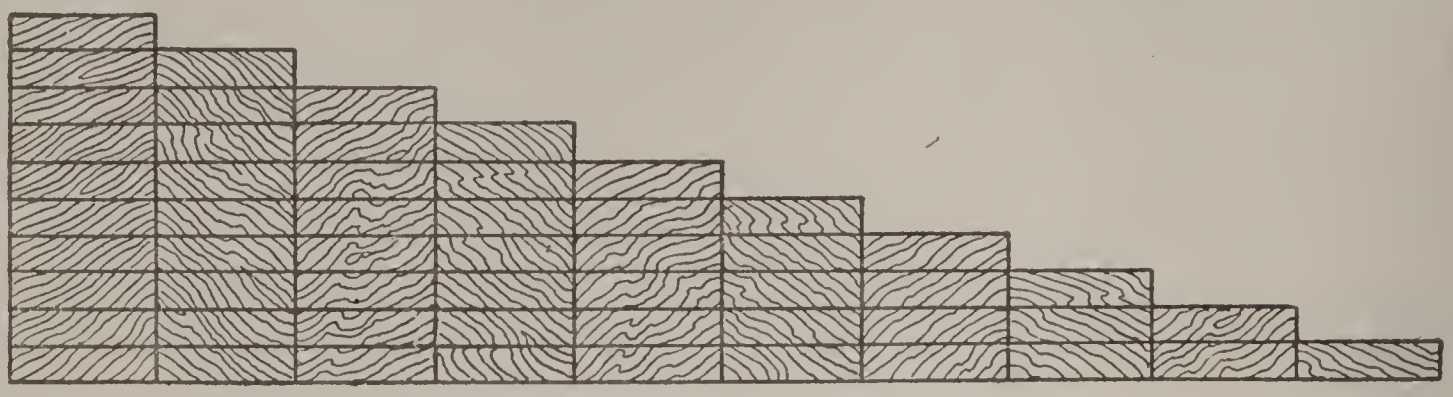


Fig. 6. The Long Stair.

VI. For the recognition of form and further exercise in touching there is a chest of drawers containing drawers of plane geometric insets. See Fig. 7.

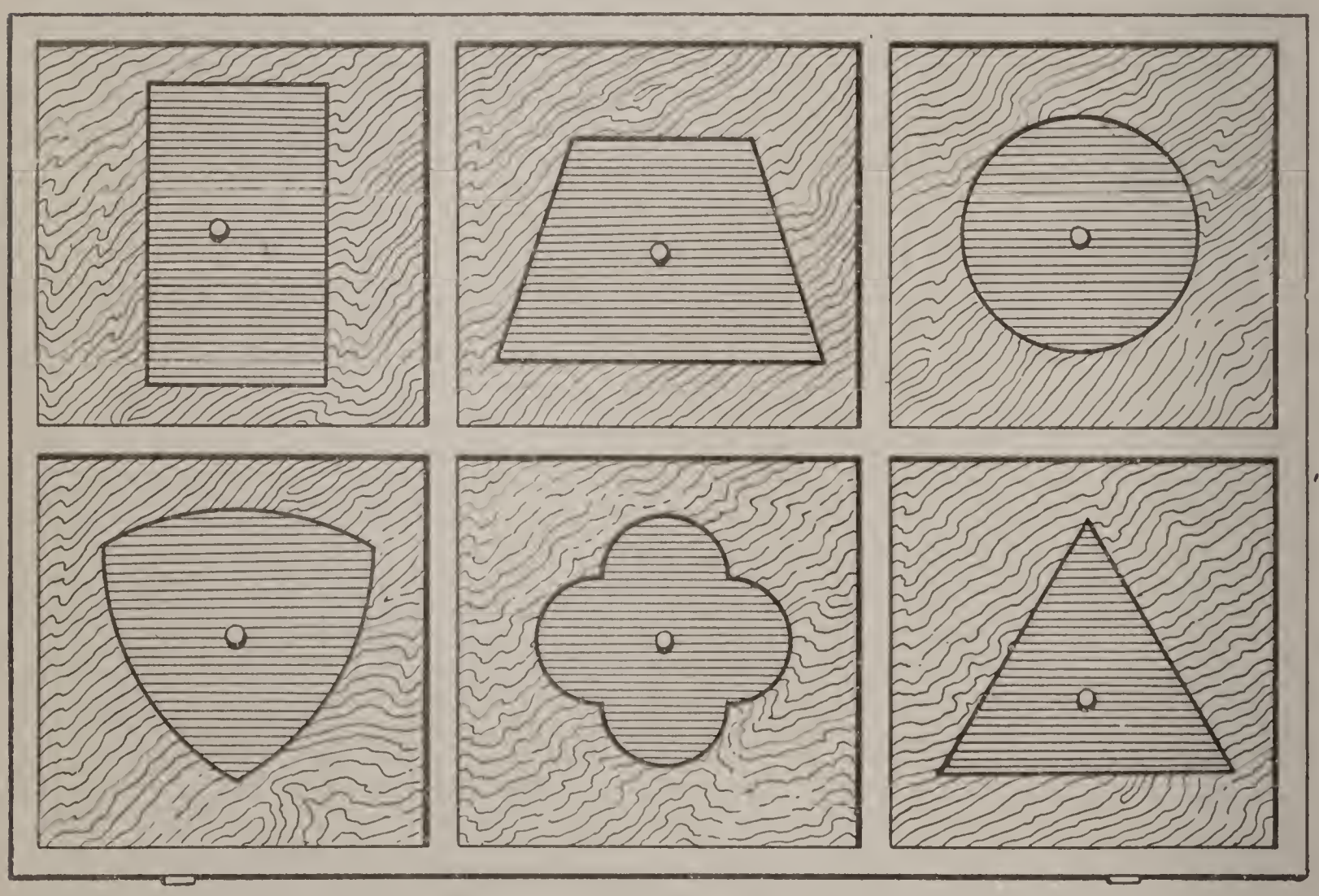


Fig. 7. Frame to Hold Geometrical Insets.

Each drawer contains six square wooden frames, each frame having a large geometric figure inserted in the center, colored blue and provided with a small button for a handle.

The figures are arranged in the drawer according to analogy of form.

1. 6 circles decreasing in diameter.
2. Square and 5 rectangles.
3. 6 triangles.
4. 6 regular polygons.
5. Oval, ellipse, rhombus, rhomboid, and trapezoid.

The exercise consists in taking out and replacing these forms. It trains the eye to the recognition of form and helps greatly the sense of touch, for the child learns to

touch the outline of the geometric figures with the tips of his middle and index fingers. This exercise is most important in the development of writing for it is the touching which prepares the hand to trace an enclosed form.

VII. As a further development in form recognition, three series of cards are designed on which are pasted geometric forms in paper. The exercise is to place the insets from the drawers upon these cards—an exercise which leads to a great refinement of the sense of form.

VIII. For the *sense of hearing* there is a collection of twelve cardboard cylinders. When shaken they produce sounds of varying intensity from loud to almost imperceptible sounds. The exercise consists in arranging the cylinders in pairs, according to identity of sound, and then in gradation of sound from loud to soft.

It is well to note here that in all this education of the senses there is a general rule of procedure.

1. Recognition of identities.
2. Recognition of contrasts.
3. Discrimination between objects very similar.

To secure better concentration, isolate the sense as far as possible.

Following the sound boxes a double series of musical bells, forming an octave with tones and semitones, is used. First the child pairs the similar sounds. He strikes do and finds a corresponding do.

Later he learns to place in order the sounds of the musical scale, and continues his study in music with notes and boards specially designed as an introduction to musical reading.

One of the most charming exercises in the school, and a potent factor in sound training, is the "silence."

The children are taught to sit in their chairs maintaining as perfect a silence as possible. Each child is called by name in a whisper and responds to his name by rising very quietly and coming to find the voice that calls him. This demands close attention on the part of the child and a wonderful control of his movements in order to make no noise.

Language. Very careful attention is given to the teaching of exact nomenclature. When the child has recognized the differences between the qualities of objects, the teacher fixes the idea of this quality with a word, as, "large," "small," "thick," or "thin." The child obtains a great accuracy in the use of words.

As a result of this special training his senses have been refined. "His observation of things has been thorough and fundamental. His powers of observation and recognition have greatly increased. His mental images are not a confused medley, but are all classified, forms, distinct from dimensions." All this education is a preparation for the first stages of essential culture—writing, reading and number.

Writing, Reading, Arithmetic. By the various exercises in motor control and sense training the minds and hands of the children are already prepared for writing, and ideas of quantity, identity, difference, and gradation which form the basis of all calculation, have been maturing for a long time in them.

Writing is obtained by the use of sandpaper letters. One letter at a time is presented to the child who is taught to trace, carefully and lightly, the outline of the letter with the middle and index fingers of his right hand, at the same time pronouncing the sound of the letter.

Simultaneous with this process of feeling the letters the hand of the child is prepared to manage a pencil, through the use of the geometrical metal insets shown in the illustration. See figure 8.

The insets, which are of blue metal, each with a small handle, fit into a pink metal frame. The child first takes the frame of the figure he wishes to draw, places

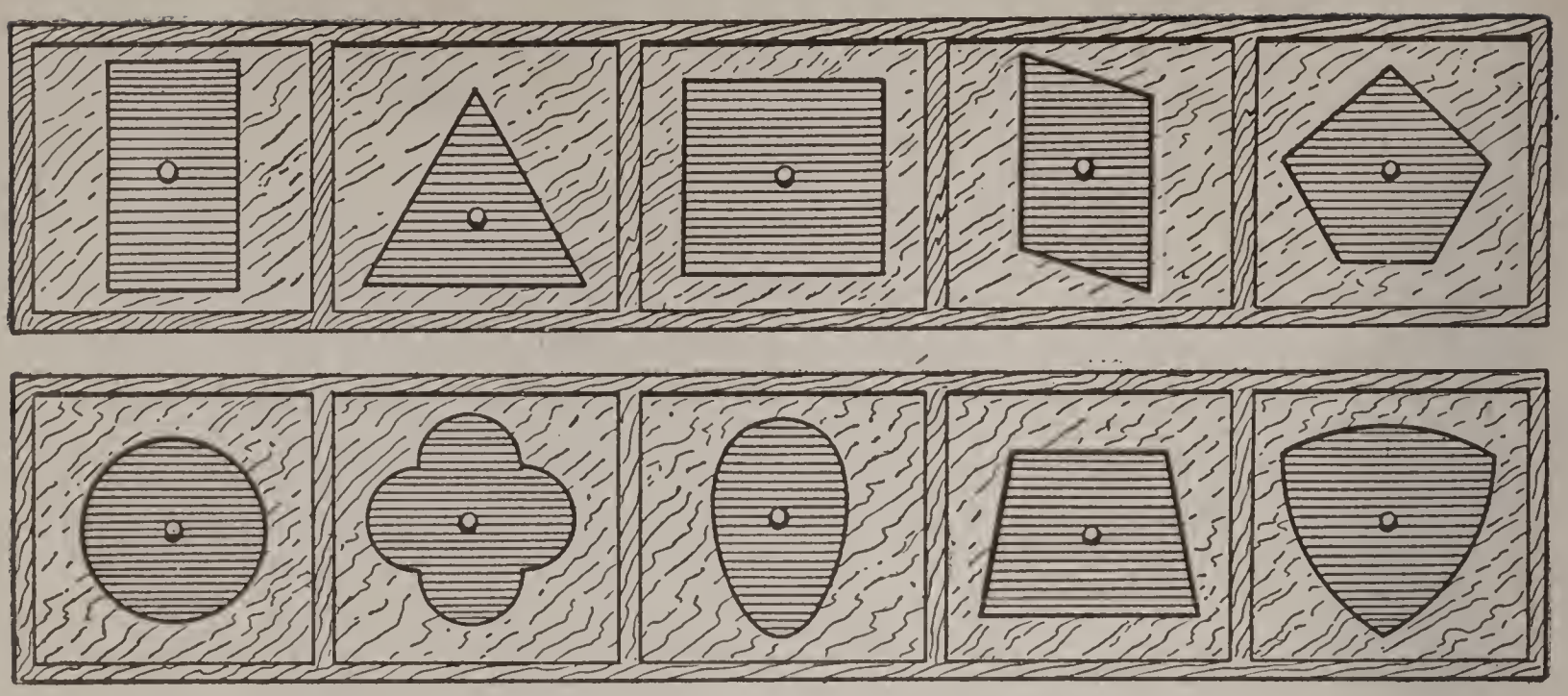


FIG. 8. SLOPING BOARDS TO DISPLAY SET OF METAL INSETS.

it upon a sheet of paper and traces the outline with a colored crayon. He then places the inset exactly on top of the outline he has drawn, and with a different colored crayon draws around the inset. The next step is the filling in of these figures with close parallel strokes. In this process the child is using every stroke necessary for writing as he makes curves and straight lines in tracing the outlines of the different figures. At first the outlines are irregular and the strokes uneven. When they can fill in the figures perfectly they are given simple designs to color. At first simple geometric designs, then designs of flowers, leaves, fruit, animals, landscapes, etc.

The children select their own colors. These designs make an excellent record of the child's progress in observation of color and in the control of his hands.

The combination of these two processes of feeling—the sandpaper letters and the filling in of the designs—results in a spontaneous outburst of writing. The child writes easily and with a perfection unusual in a little child first beginning to write.

Reading and writing come almost simultaneously in this method. The child is given a movable alphabet of pink and blue cardboard letters—the consonants in pink and the vowels or phonograms in blue—with which he composes words as soon as he is familiar with the sounds of the letters.

Owing to the unphonetic character of the English language, it is necessary to use, with the movable alphabet, phonograms and sight words.

We make the phonograms of blue cardboard—at, ell, ing, ot, etc.—and present them to the child in the same way as the letters. The child takes great delight in building words by placing his consonants in front of the phonogram. For instance, he makes words as s-at, f-at, p-at, t-ell, f-ell, s-ell, r-ing, s-ing, br-ing, h-ot, p-ot, l-ot, or combines the phonograms in making words like *un* d-*er* st-*and, en*-t-*er*-t-*ain* m-*ent*.

We also use word cards for sentence building. The acquisition of words in this way is very rapid and the eagerness and ability of the children to read by themselves is amazing.

Arithmetic. The child's mind is not prepared for number by certain preliminary ideas given in haste by the teacher, but by a gradual acquisition of ideas of quantity, and conceptions of identity and difference.

To enter directly upon the teaching of arithmetic we use the long stair of ten rods, each rod alternately colored red and blue. The one rod is 10 centimetres in length, the two rod twice that, etc., the ten rod being ten times the length of rod one (see figure 5).

When the child is taught to place the rods in their proper order of gradation from 1 to 10, he learns to count on the stair.

We present the first three rods to him, holding up the one rod and saying,

"this is the one rod; this is the two rod; this is the three rod." Then we go through the other two stages of the lesson.

"Give me the one. Give me the three. Give me the two. Count three—1, 2, 3."

"Which rod is this?"

The identification and writing of figures is taught in the same way that the letters are taught. There is a set of sandpaper figures from 1 to 10 arranged on cards. The second exercise with the arithmetic stair is the placing of these number cards on the stair. Each figure is placed upon its corresponding rod, first on the separate rod, then in order of gradation, from 1 to 10.

The processes of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division can be taught with great success on the arithmetic stair.

For addition, the child puts together all the rods making ten, adding the one rod to the nine rod, the two rod to the eight. He makes the discovery that

$$9+1=10. \qquad 8+2=10. \qquad 7+3=10. \qquad 6+4=10.$$

The children work on the floor with the stair, sometimes laying out the entire set of rods like a long train and counting them. They are left free to make up their own problems after they are shown the initial process and taught the correct signs. Their problems are sometimes as difficult as this, $20\div2+5-3=12$.

Two counting boxes, each divided into five compartments, provide the child with another means of counting. He places a number in each compartment and then counts the number of sticks corresponding to that number and places them in the compartment. He realizes the value of 0, for 0 is nothing and nothing is put in the compartment containing the zero.

There are also counting frames containing cards on which are printed numbers from 10 to 90. These numbers are fixed in such a way that the figures from 1 to 9 can be slipped in covering the zero. One slips on the 10 and makes 11, and then we can proceed on up to 101, and even as far as 909.

Rhythm. The foundation of rhythm lies in the walking of the line. Balance must be obtained before rhythm can be established. The children learn to balance by walking a chalk line, elliptical in form, marked on the floor, carefully putting one foot in front of the other as a tight rope walker does. Music is added as soon as sufficient balance is obtained; a very slow march, then more and more complicated rhythms, and finally free interpretations of rhythm are obtained.

Nature Study. As much time as possible is given to nature study, the children tending their own gardens and caring for their pets. A considerable amount of drawing, painting, and clay modeling is done.

Discipline. As the organization of work becomes more perfect and the children more concentrated, discipline establishes itself and obedience comes naturally as a result. The child's disorderly acts become less frequent as he masters himself and a self-discipline is evident.

"Whoever visits a well kept school is struck by the discipline of the children. There are thirty little beings, from three to seven years old, each one intent on his own work: one is going through a sense exercise; one an arithmetical exercise; one is feeling sandpaper letters; still another is composing words. Some are seated at tables, some on rugs on the floor. Every now and then comes a cry of joy—"Miss Edna, come and see what I have done." But as a rule there is entire absorption in the work in hand.

There has been much discussion about the value of the Montessori method for the American child. However, if the American educator would but follow the scientist and lay aside his preconceptions and prejudices and his conceit in his own achievements, and give a fair and unbiased trial to this method, he will take the first step toward giving that scientific spirit to Americans which Dr. Eliot considers so deplorably lacking in our American education.

—*Edith R. Little.*

READING

Your work as a teacher of reading is not done until you have taught the children three things:

1. How to read.
2. What to read.
3. To read.

In olden times many lived richly and accomplished great deeds without the ability to communicate with their fellowmen by means of written language; but in these modern days the ability to read and to write accurately and fluently is among the necessities of life. Each day civilized man has occasion to look through arbitrary symbols to the thought which marshalled them in some particular array. A glance at the market reports guides him in his business, a reference to the time-table determines the train he will take, the headlines of his newspaper show him what he wishes to read, the chapter from some book gives him just the pleasure or inspiration that he seeks.

In the child's elementary course the most important study is Reading. When he has really learned to read, all the recorded knowledge of the past and present is open to him. Instead of being limited to what his hands reach, his eyes see, his ears hear, all the world, past and present, is his—not only the world of reality but the world of ideals as found in literature. He is free to select his friends from the wise and good.

"Who hath a book
  Hath but to read,
And he may be
  A king indeed.
His kingdom is
  His inglenook.
All this is his
  Who hath a book."

But it makes a world of difference what is read. No book leaves the reader as it found him. Booker T. Washington's *Up from Slavery* leaves one with a greater respect for manual labor. *The Ebb and Flow of the Emigrant Tide,* by Dr. Steiner, rouses one to an appreciation of the great opportunity America has to assimilate the foreigners that come to her shores, and to a recognition of the wonderful changes coming about in Europe as a reflex influence of emigration to America. Mark Twain's *Joan of Arc* inspires a greater admiration for pure womanhood. The Gulick *Hygiene Series* give a more intelligent desire for sanitary conditions and greater pride in individual health. Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde* impresses the danger of yielding alternately to the conflicting tendencies toward good and evil found in everyone. The reading of George Eliot's *Romola* makes one realize that the slightest deviation from absolute truth is fraught with far reaching consequences for evil.

As to the effect of reading on language, it is easy to know what is being read with interest if one listens to the conversation of the reader. To take an extreme case: when "fierce mad on you," or "from silk" are used, it is evident that it is Myra

Kelly's *Little Citizen* which has been read. After a study of *Snowbound* an attempt to describe a snow scene will show distinctly how sight and speech have been influenced by the reading. Such a book as Howard Pyle's *Robin Hood* has been observed to influence not only the thought and speech of the boys, but even their games. In history we learn how the reading of Marco Polo's travels influenced Columbus in his desire to go to Cathay.

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," and as he reads, so he thinks. Granting that reading, beyond its essential use in the practical affairs of life, is such a powerful element in determining thought, speech, habit, and character, it is of the utmost importance that what is read should be well expressed, and true to the highest ideals of life.

Purpose. The purpose of instruction, then, should be to enable the student to interpret the printed page readily and rapidly, and so to cultivate his taste that he will read with pleasure only that which is valuable and worthy. There is grave danger of neglecting the second point, the cultivation of judgment and taste, and giving instead excessive attention to the technical part of the work.

The formation of good taste and sound judgment in literature should be begun in the home before the child enters school. The parents should use exact, rich, and varied language so that the child's acquaintance with words may not be pitifully meager. All the wealth of language and information which the home may aid the child to acquire will help to prepare him for intelligent reading. The child leads with his ceaseless "What? Where? Why?" and the parent should respond truthfully, simply, and clearly to his varied and superficial interests. The child's observations should be widened, deepened, and encouraged, so that he knows the oak from the maple, the dandelion from the buttercup, the robin from the woodpecker. If the parent is open-eyed to the beauties of nature the child may learn to see and enjoy them with him, and will begin the accumulation of nature observations which are essential to the appreciation of the innumerable references to nature so abundant in literature.

The love of rhyme, and rhythm, and pleasing sounds, so necessary to the full enjoyment of great literature, should be cultivated and encouraged by having the little ones learn those classics of childhood, the *Mother Goose Rhymes,* and by reading and reciting beautiful poems to them again and again.

The innate and universal love of story should be met by telling over and over again a limited number of stories which are good in construction, and which have a present and future value to the child—a present value in enjoyment and training and a future value in allusion. The parent or child will refer to the story on appropriate occasions as, when one comes out in some new splendor, the remark, "John is the grandest tiger in the jungle," will recall the delight of Little Black Sambo in his beautiful blue trousers, red coat, green umbrella, and purple shoes with the crimson soles and crimson linings.

When a little one is foolishly cross, quote to him:

"We get out of bed with a frowzly head
And a snarly, yarly voice.
We shiver and scowl, we grunt and we growl
At our bath and our books and our toys;

"And there ought to be a corner for me
(And I know there is one for you)
When we get the hump—
Cameelious hump—
The hump that is black and blue."

Before the rhyme is finished the average child is good humoredly laughing over *How the Camel Got His Hump* and forgetting his own little annoyances.

When the child doesn't want to go to bed, "Are the children all in bed? Now it's eight o'clock," by power of suggestion may send him cheerily along.

"Good night,
Sleep tight,
Wake up bright
In the morning light,
To do what's right
With all your might,"

makes a happy good night.

The allusions to the stories and rhymes which are the common property of the child on the one side and the parents and teachers on the other, like the possession of a common secret, cement their friendship.

When to Read. The child should early hear the stories which have so gripped the hearts of our great writers that references are made to them in their writings. It is too late to teach the story of *The Babes in the Wood* when the child meets in Lowell's *First Snowfall,*

"I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
Where a little white headstone stood,
How the flakes were folding it gently
As did robins the babes in the wood."

It is too late to tell the story of Aladdin when the child comes in *Snowbound* to

"We had read of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave
And to our own his name we gave."

It is too late to tell the story of Jacob when the reader finds in *Evangeline,*

"Wild with the winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel."

It is too late for the story of the man sent to spy out the land when the child comes to

" 'Tis not the grapes of Eschol that repay
But the high faith that failed not by the way."

These references are of value to the reader only as they illuminate the page by instantly calling up the stories as he knew them in his childhood, trailing with them the pleasurable emotions with which he had received them and the coloring which they have taken on from his childhood thoughts.

What to Read. Some of the literary points which should guide in the selection are: First, the story should have a definite, attractive beginning; second, everything should be eliminated which does not forward the story. Then, as the child follows the story teller, he is being trained in concentration, in consecutive thinking, in making a point and knowing that it is made, and in unconsciously learning by concrete examples some of the principles of good art. Long descriptions should be avoided, for they do not appeal to the child, but descriptive epithets should be repeated, as is so beautifully exemplified in *The Odyssey.* To illustrate, in the story, *The Stolen Charm,* the furry little fox cub and the fuzzy little puppy remain "the furry little

fox cub" and "the fuzzy little puppy" in telling the story until the furry little fox cub was a grown-up fox and the fuzzy little puppy was a grandmother dog.

The cumulative repetition story of *The-House-that-Jack-Built* type delights the child as does the face of a friend in a strange crowd. It is a relief to his powers of attention. It breaks the story into comprehensible parts. It is the kind of a story most easily retold by the child, and the one the teacher can first use in teaching him to read. It emphasizes the art use of repetition with variation.

The love of good literature should thus be well begun before the child comes to school and the good work started then should be greatly advanced by the primary teacher. She must all the time have before her the ideals—teaching how to read, teaching when to read, and teaching what to read.

Her work begins with the story which she tells and retells until the children are ready to play it and in turn to tell it themselves. The first days she begins with memory gems, perfect in rhyme and rhythm and true to child life and child fancy, and teaching needed lessons in a happy manner.

"Take off your cap and hang it up
Today," the teacher said,
"But don't take off your thinking cap;
Just leave that on your head."

Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
And back of the flour is the mill;
Back of the mill is the sun and shower,
And the wheat, and the Father's will.

I love little pussy
Her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her
She'll do me no harm.

Who hath seen the wind?
Neither I nor you;
But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing through.

Who hath seen the wind?
Neither you nor I;
But when the trees bow down their heads
The wind is passing by.

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle light.
In summer quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

If a lady, on the street,
Or a gentleman I meet,
From my head my cap I take
And a bow like this I make.

These rhymes the teacher repeats to the children, making sure that they understand them, and then drills them until each one can recite them distinctly, with correct expression. This work, in addition to the pleasure it affords and the suggestion for

conduct it carries, trains the children in oral expression, and when these rhymes are used for reading material they know how they should be read. There should be frequent reviews of the memory gems, the first child called upon giving any one he chooses, the next giving a different one, and so on, no child being permitted to recite one which has already been recited during that period. By conversations the teacher learns the interests of the children; by information lessons she increases their knowledge and teaches them the directions which are to guide them in the school-room. Much of all this—the stories, the rhymes, the information, and the directions—will later be material for reading.

METHODS OF TEACHING READING

All teaching of reading should be characterized by simplicity and sincerity. The method will be determined by the end sought. As the most frequent use of the ability to read is in rapid silent reading for information or pleasure, and much of the progress in life is dependent on speed and accuracy, more attention must be given to such instruction. On account of the great speed at which he can read, Theodore Roosevelt in the midst of a busy official career is able to keep himself well informed on current literature. A much more limited use of this power to read is that others may receive benefit or pleasure from the oral expression. Many elements enter into the oral reading which are not essential to rapid silent reading and are even hindrances to it. Oral reading is an additional and a higher art. Ideally in silent reading the reader should look through the combinations of words to the thoughts they symbolize, not consciously noting their forms or sounds. Methods of instruction which impede the gaining of thought are seriously faulty in that they limit the individual's power to advance in culture. If only oral reading is taught, or if too great emphasis is placed upon it, the child becomes conscious of the sounds even when reading silently, thus impeding his speed in grasping the thought. Therefore the first formal step in teaching the child to read is to show him that the chalk may tell him what the teacher wishes him to do just as well as the spoken word. So he is trained to stand, sit, pass, run at the written word just as readily as at the spoken. Day after day the amount which the children can read silently is increased.

PRIMARY READING

Every reading lesson—even from the very first—should have a worthy thought content, couched in good language.

The immediate bearing of the stories and rhymes upon the reading is that they furnish material for reading lessons, and aid the child in expressing what he reads. The more far reaching effect is that they give a motive for reading. The child who loves stories will desire to be able to read them for himself, and he reads not for words but for connected thought. If the stories and rhymes are really excellent ones, the child acquires standards of taste by which to measure what he reads, and those which are inartistic will not appeal to him. Finally, if the right ones have become his, they prepare him for the happy allusions to the classic literature of childhood so abundant in great books.

Methods

The *Alphabet Method* was based on the idea of thoroughness, and the fact that a child is not really master of a word until he can spell and write it. But there is so little connection between the names of the letters and the sounds of the spoken word that naming the letters is more of a hindrance than a help in getting new words, and the habit of observing the letters impedes the reading. It is only a partial method, as the reader must learn to grasp words, phrases, and sentences as wholes before he can read fluently. All that is good and essential in the alphabet method is retained in the spelling work.

The *Word Method* was a distinct advance, as by that method the word was taught as a whole and was immediately associated with the idea. But again it tended to make necessary the learning of each one of the thousands of words as a distinct act of memory, and failed also in that it trained the reader to give attention to the individual words rather than to the thought of the words in combination. While much more rapid than the A B C method, it was still painfully slow. Yet there are certain unphonetic words which should be taught by the word method, so that, as a partial method, it will always have a place.

The Sentence Method. Then the idea was emphasized that we do not really read until we grasp a complete thought as expressed in a sentence, and it was found that the child would learn to read the sentence as easily as he would the word. So the child began to read with the sentence. It is evident to any thoughtful person that, while this is a very wise beginning, as a method it requires supplementing.

The Concentration Method. Observing how quickly a child learns anything he wishes to know under the impulse of interest, it was suggested by a great teacher that if a word or sentence were written for the child whenever a desire for it arose, that he would unconsciously and gradually master the art of reading. This again is placing the emphasis on a great truth which should be utilized in all education, but which will prove inadequate for a complete system of reading instruction.

The Phonic Method. Each and all of the above methods fail in giving the child independence so that he can go far beyond what is taught him. So another partial process has been evolved called the phonic method. By this system as now taught the child soon learns the sound value of each letter and the pronunciation of common combinations, thus enabling him to make out new words for himself. If this method is used exclusively the danger is that the verbal fluency which it produces will be separated from thinking about what is said.

The Literature Method. This method is merely placing the emphasis on the subject matter by insisting that it should have always a worthy thought content. The method begins with memorizing a rhyme or learning a story and then reading it. In the reading of the selection sentences are picked out first, then phrases, then words. All that is valuable in the sentence method and in the word method is utilized, but the literature method calls for the additional power gained by applied phonics, and in writing and spelling utilizes the elements of value in the A B C method. It is a fusing of all with the emphasis on the getting of connected thought.

Blackboard Work

Teachers usually talk too much. Sometimes giving directions with the chalk instead of with the spoken word interests the children. It helps greatly in securing a wholesome quiet, and it gives legitimate reading lessons from the first.

The following may be used in connection with morning exercises: The teacher writes on the blackboard; the children read silently and show their understanding by what they do. "Good morning, children." All the children rise and say, "Good morning, Miss A." The teacher writes, "Please close the door, Charles." Charles does so. The teacher writes, "Thank you, Charles." Charles replies, "You are welcome, Miss A." The teacher writes, "Place the flags, Mary." Mary places a tiny flag in the holder on the front of each row in which all the children are present.

In preparation for a painting lesson, the teacher writes and the children read quickly and quietly:

"Take your paint brush."
"Take your paint box."
"Take your paint cup."
"Leaders, stand." They then pass paper and rags.
"Please pass the water, Alden."
"Thank you, Alden." Alden replies, "You are welcome, Miss A."

From their out of doors study of trees the children have brought in leaves from the trees studied. The teacher has printed on heavy strips of manila such sentences as, "Find a maple leaf," "Bring me a poplar leaf," etc. As the teacher holds up one of the sentences, the children glance at it and then one of the children shows that she has found the leaf desired by holding up the maple leaf, or the teacher holds up, "Bring me a poplar leaf," and that is done.

Seat Work

Directions for seat work are written on the board for the half day:

1. Dress dolls.
2. Make a purple border.
3. Study spelling.
4. Play "Match."
5. Build spelling words.

When it is time for seat work the teacher says on the blackboard, "A Class, 5," "B Class, 4," and the children glance at the blackboard and do what is required.

"Study spelling" means to write each word twice.

"Match" is a game which helps them to learn new words. In their desk they have an envelope containing several pieces of cardboard on which is pasted a picture, as of a hen, a dog, a duck, a turkey, or other familiar object. Just below the picture is the name of the object written in a good round hand, and on two or three other slips the same word without the picture. The child places the pictures in a row across the top of his desk and then places the words below the pictures with which they belong. At inspection time (which should follow every period of seat work) the teacher at a glance sees that no mistakes have been made, and then she says, "Put pictures in envelope." Then she points to any word on the first desk and the child quickly tells what it is, and so on around the class. After one such lesson they know that they must think the words, and they thus happily teach themselves many object words while quietly playing the game.

This is suggestive of innumerable ways in which silent reading may be utilized to forward the work instead of using exercises devised merely for drill.

Individual Seatwork. Each child should have a pair of scissors, a box of crayola and a pot of paste at his desk. Each one should be provided with a bright colored inch square cardboard, a circle one inch in diameter, an inch triangle and an oblong one inch by two inches. After the names of the forms and the names of the primary colors have been learned, directions like the following may be given for silent reading and seat work.

The assignment may be written on cards no two of which read the same, so each child must read and interpret for himself. Here are two of the cards:

Draw two red circles Draw seven green lines Draw three oblongs Draw four yellow triangles	Draw four inch lines Draw three blue squares Draw two yellow oblongs Draw five green triangles

Reverse side

I drew ..... red circles, ... green lines, ... oblongs and ..... yellow triangles.	I drew ..... inch lines, ... blue squares, ... yellow oblongs and ..... green triangles.

The child takes a sheet of his drawing paper, places it on his desk the long way

from left to right, folds the lower edge to meet the upper edge, creases it, opens, folds the lower edge to meet the central crease, the upper edge to meet the central crease, opens it. The creases now divide his paper into four oblong spaces which help him to keep his work orderly. He uses his forms to trace the triangles, etc., he uses his crayolas to color them. After he has done the drawing as directed, he turns his paper over and copies the words on the reverse side, properly filling in the blanks. Then he stands in front of the class and reads what he has written, holding his paper so that the class can see that the drawing coincides with what he reads.

Dramatizing

Beginning with the first grade, the universal impulse to act out whatever grips the imagination should be utilized to make vivid the story. As the purpose is to get at the children's ideas of the story and lead them to read more purposefully, the dramatizing should not be too much directed. Just enough of suggestion should be given to make it go. After the dramatizing the children return to the reading with clearer pictures and more feeling, and are ready to read with more adequate expression. The teacher should conscientiously avoid making "show-off" work of the dramatizing. The more simple and unconscious the children are in the work the greater the educational value.

Intermediate Grades

The work begun in the first grade should be definitely continued and advanced in the succeeding grades. In the early grades the memory gems are still taught orally. In the upper grades they are written upon the blackboard to be memorized. The story work is continued with stories appropriate to the child's development, and the finer points in the art of telling brought out. In phonics the drill should be kept up on what has been taught in the first grade, and the knowledge acquired utilized in pronouncing new words. At the end of the fourth grade the children should know all the sounds of the letters, their names, and their diacritical markings. In the fifth grade work with the dictionary should be begun with definite instruction in finding words, making out pronunciations, and selecting definitions which fit the text. In the later grades some illuminating lessons in etymological meanings should be given, and drill on some of the simpler rules of pronunciation.

Children will sometimes manifest great readiness in making out new words if there is only some slight difficulty to be overcome, and then seem utterly helpless with a dictionary or with a vocabulary pronunciation of some word of foreign derivation which is quite different from the spelling. Flexibility and power will be increased by drill in pronouncing the syllables, beginning with the last, before attempting the word as a whole. Thus, in di vid′ u al′ i ty is read ty i al′ u vid′ di in. Another aid to the development of power is in occasionally giving combinations to pronounce which are not really words, as zome, zomat′ic, glaim′et, 1 2′ 3 4. Children thus trained will be surer in their interpretation of pronunciations when consulting the dictionary, and they will not show the inflexibility in placing accents which is so distressing and difficult to overcome.

The children should be made as independent as possible, but they should not be sent to the dictionary for a large number of words in a lesson, either for pronunciation or for definitions. When a child has difficulty with a word the sympathetic and attentive teacher knows by intuition just what help to give, as "Italian *a*," "hard *g*," "accent on the second syllable," and she gives just the help needed, no more, no less.

Certain common errors call for special drill on lists of words, as:

1. *in* for *ing,* as in writing, thinking, saying, etc.
2. *oo* for *u,* as in Tuesday, news, abuse, fuse, etc.

3. Short *a* for short Italian *a,* as in ask, task, grass, lath, etc.

4. Caret *u* for tilde *e,* as in er, her, girl, berth, fir, etc.

5. Certain individual words habitually mispronounced, as *catch, recess, primary, just, every, February.*

Pride in pronunciation is most desirable. But what is attempted in the school is often a failure because of the ridicule in the home. So, if the sympathy and coöperation of the home can be secured, results for good will be more than doubled. This can sometimes be gained by saying to the parents, "We are trying to correct ourselves of saying ketch for catch," or whatever the word is, and if the parent is wise he will aid in every way, even though "ketch" has served his turn for half a century.

Silent Reading

As already illustrated, much is made of silent reading in the first work; in fact, silent reading is made to precede all oral reading, so that a child does not attempt to speak without knowing what he is to say. But definite drills should be given all through the grades. To illustrate: The children read silently to get the story so that they may tell it. In the reading lesson the teacher asks questions and the pupils read silently until they find the answer. They read to determine some disputed or obscure point. They read to find the main point in a paragraph.

A careful discrimination should be made between information reading (which should always be read silently) and selections from the "literature of power," which can be fully enjoyed only when all the charm of phrasing, of sounds, of rhymes, of rhythm, of varied periods, is brought out in oral reading. As a sound is not a sound unless there is the ear to hear it, so a poem is not poetry until its beauties of sound as well as of thought are expressed by the human voice. The material used for the reading lessons should be entirely from pure literature, and the crowning result should be to read well orally the selection which has been so opened up to them by the study that they really enjoy it.

The preparation of nearly every lesson from arithmetic to history calls for more or less silent reading, and in teaching the children how to study these lessons the teacher is giving them invaluable instruction in reading. She writes upon the board a question, "How did the first settlement at Plymouth differ from that at Jamestown?" and the children read and reorganize their material to meet this new point of view. Or she writes a series of questions covering a topic to be studied, or an outline. Again a page is assigned and the children read to make their own outline, or list of questions, or to determine the most important point treated. Only as the children are trained to read rapidly and purposefully are they really being developed into students. If unguided, many will memorize words and think they are studying.

Expression in Reading

The great effort in silent reading should be directed to aiding the pupils to get the thought of the selection clearly. The pupil may understand all the individual words clearly and yet be far from grasping the thought as expressed by their combination. But the pupil may clearly understand the ideas and yet fail to read well orally. He must not only understand what he reads; he must re-think the thought at the moment of speaking it and have the right motive for saying it, so that his audience may understand what he says, and feel as he feels about it.

How can the teacher know that the pupil is holding the thought at the moment of speaking and has the right motive for his reading? By the phrasing, time, inflection, emphasis, directness, and voice. It will be possible only for the teacher well prepared for the lesson and with a quick ear and a real knowledge of phychology to detect instantly just what is wrong and why.

Phrasing. Because we think in more or less complete ideas, our speech is broken into corresponding phrase. The reader's phrasing shows how nearly his interpreta-

tion coincides with the author's thoughts. To illustrate: *The Boy of Ratisbon* offers to the careless reader many opportunities for blundering in phrasing. "Just as perhaps he mused, 'My plans that soar to earth must fall,' " is a common reading. If the reader is asked, "What does *soar* mean?" he sees that his reading was inexcusable. Again in the familiar rendering " 'Well,' cried he, 'Emperor, by God's grace we've got you Ratisbon,' " the punctuation renders the reading impossible to the observant reader and the teacher can ask according to the grade studying the poem, "What does 'by God's grace' modify?" or "To what does 'by God's grace' belong?" "What is Ratisbon?" The most common fault in phrasing is closing the thought before the unit of thought has been expressed. The teacher then asks, "Is that all you ought to say?" By holding the thought clearly and fully herself, she is ready for a sympathetic recognition of the reason for the child's failure.

One point which the teacher should understand clearly is that pauses in reading and from punctuation marks do not coincide. The reader should pass rapidly over many a comma without pausing, and make many pauses where there are no marks of punctuation. " 'Yes, sir,' I said," calls for no pause after "Yes." "Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient," and "List to the mournful traditions still sung by the pines of the forest," call for pauses where there are no punctuation marks.

The teacher should not tell a child where to phrase a selection. The child's phrasing is one of the evidences of how he is thinking, and the thinking is what needs correcting. He can change his phrasing by imitation or by direction without changing his conception of the ideas one whit. His phrasing and the length of the pause depend upon the thought and the desire to impress it upon his hearer, to give time to meditate upon what has been said, and to prepare the mind for what is to follow.

Time. When the child is master of the ideas, the rate at which he reads is a clear indication of his judgment as to the importance of what he is reading. If he reads too slowly he is overimpressed with the importance of the thought. Questions and condensed paraphrasing will help to correct the error.

If the child reads too rapidly, as is generally the case, it is because he is not sufficiently impressed with the importance of the thought at the moment of speaking. Expansive paraphrasing, questions, and illustrations are needed to better his estimate of the thought.

Never tell a child to read faster or slower. Give help as intelligently as when teaching arithmetic. The teacher is there to teach and should not forget how greatly she is helped by hearing clear explanations of a piece of literature and good oral interpretation, and she should not demand too much of the pupils.

Inflections. Vocal punctuation is independent of grammatical punctuation. The voice does not necessarily rise at commas and fall at periods. Rules for inflection are valueless. The inflection indicates the motive the speaker has in using that particular combination of words, and if the inflection is wrong the motive must be changed. The teacher should clearly understand the significance of the inflections used. The rising inflection indicates incompleteness. It is used when the mind is looking forward to what is to follow, as in subordination or anticipation; in the absence of a desire to assert strongly because what is said is trite, repetitious, or unimportant; in uncertainty, doubt, appeal, entreaty, confusion, or hesitation; and in direct questions.

Falling inflection indicates completeness. It is used to express finality when the mind is asserting strongly that of which it is certain, when giving definite conclusions, and for momentary completeness when any word, phrase, or clause calls for a separate affirmation.

Circumflex inflection indicates a double motive.

Never tell a child to use a certain inflection. His inflection tells you his motive; lead him to determine the author's motive. He can change his inflection by imita-

tion or direction without changing his thought (as previously stated), but that is valueless. If there are foreign pupils who make excessive use of the rising inflection, the teacher must carefully avoid calling attention to it before the school, for it is as contagious as the measles. But in private work, by imitation and direction, the child can be taught to think and speak without constantly raising the voice at the end of his sentences.

Emphasis. Emphasis is any way of making clear the central idea, as by time, by inflection, by force, or by any combination of these means of expression. Absence of emphasis indicates lack of discrimination. Condensed paraphrasing helps to show what is the most important part of the sentence. If lack of emphasis is habitual in the speech of the child, individual and private drill on sentences which call for strong emphasis will be helpful.

If the emphasis is misplaced it may be merely haphazard. This calls for a more thoughtful study of the text. If it is the result of a wrong interpretation, question for the author's meaning.

Emotions. The emotional effect is the highest and most important consideration in a piece of literature. Great care should be exercised to choose selections which are within the children's ability to feel and express.

To secure correct expression, first lead the children to make the thought their own, and to let their imagination dwell upon it. Encourage them to show how they feel about what they read. This may be done by eliminating discouraging criticisms and being a sympathetic and attentive listener when they read. By using dramatization and by changing conversation into dialogues, the children will be helped in emotional expression as well as in comprehension. Finally, as no one will surpass his ideals, the teacher should present good models of reading. For, after all, nothing else is so effective as example.

The Voice. Few teachers can venture to give voice training. But each teacher should seek to have her own voice neither loud and harsh, nor so low and monotonous as to be heard with difficulty. Her tone should be vital, varied and expressive.

In the desire to be natural, readers often give great emotional ideas in a commonplace voice. It must be clearly recognized that great lines, like

"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State,
Sail on, O Union, strong and great,"

are spoken in an exalted mood and call for richness and fullness of tone. Really thinking noble and elevated thoughts and yielding one's self to the emotions which accompany them tends to give the voice significance and beauty.

The Reading Lesson

Selection. The lesson selected should be within the child's best efforts as to thought, emotion, and language. From the reader select the lessons with a definite purpose. They should be timely. *October's Bright Blue Weather* should come early in October that all the rest of the month may be glorying in its beauties. Dickens' *Christmas Carol* should be studied some weeks before Christmas that the children may be inspired to think of Christmas "as a good time, a kind, forgiving time," etc. *The Elves and the Shoemakers* fits in with Hallowe'en, suggesting to the children that their fun may just as well be conducive of pleasure to others as of discomfort. Tennyson's *The Charge of the Light Brigade* and Taylor's *The Song in the Camp* go together historically. When a method of study is being emphasized, as in teaching analysis of poems, similes, metaphors, subjects of paragraphs, dramatizing, or characteristics of an author, several lessons should be given until it becomes to the child a method of attack.

Teacher's Preparation. Before a reading lesson is assigned to the class the teacher needs to be ready to teach it. Her preparation will include mastery of

1. The phraseology.
2. All allusions.
3. The purpose for which the selection was written.
4. The construction.
5. The points in which it is great and good.

She must also study the selection until it appeals strongly to her. And lastly, she must determine how it may be most effectively introduced to her class, just what the assignment should be, and on what study the emphasis should be placed. The wise teacher will not attempt to teach all the fine literary points illustrated in any one piece of literature.

Introduction to the Lesson. The purpose of the introduction is to create a strong interest in the selection to be studied, or to clear away difficulties which may be too discouraging. The introduction may consist of telling the story, of giving the historical setting, of reading it to the class, of showing some picture or object connected with the selection, or of any other legitimate means of arousing an enthusiasm sufficient to hold pupils to sustained effort.

The Assignment. The assignment must be quite within the student's ability, for there is pleasure in feeling that a task is well done and an unwhoiesome, discouraged attitude results from attempting excessive work. It must be definite in just what is required, and if references are to be consulted, must state just where the pupils will find the information desired that time may not be wasted, and effort may not be fruitless.

If the selection is long, the assignments must be not "forty lines" or "two pages," but by parts which are units in themselves, so that the construction is observed. Finally, the assignments must be varied, and definitely purposeful. If possible, a written assignment is better than an oral one.

THE RECITATION

In the recitation the teacher must not neglect seeing that the work assigned has been faithfully done, as few pupils are conscientious enough to prepare work which is not noted by their teacher. The children should learn that it is to their credit to ask for help in overcoming the difficulties which they have met and been unable to master.

Then there should be definite instruction. The teacher, out of her richer experience, wider outlook, and deeper insight, should lead the children to a more inspiring and comprehensive knowledge of the selection than they can attain to unaided.

Finally comes the oral interpretation. Each child in his turn steps to the front to give the class the benefit of his thought and feeling. He stands erect, holding his book in his left hand; and, when he has the place and is ready to read, he glances at the teacher, who by nod or smile indicates that all is satisfactory and he may proceed. All this takes but a few seconds, as, in a well disciplined school, the children in their eagerness to read waste no time. Then, however faulty the pupil's position may become under the excitement of reading, the wise teacher says nothing.

The teacher aids the child powerfully by listening sympathetically and training the class to do the same. All criticisms should be constructive and encouraging—never such as make a child either discouraged or self-conscious. The class should be trained to note:

1. Did the reader comprehend what he read?
2. Did he re-think it at the moment of reading?
3. How did he feel about it?
4. Did he read with directness—that is, to his audience?

Having definite points to listen for holds the attention of the class and gives interest while one after another reads.

After a number of selections have been studied, each pupil should be encouraged

to choose one selection and to work at it until he thinks he is ready to read it to the class.

Later, the children should select short readings which are not a part of the school work and endeavor to utilize what has been taught them of methods of studying literature in preparing such selection independently to present to the class.

One feature may profitably be added to the work of reading:

To facilitate interpretation.

To overcome self-consciousness.

To strengthen power of expression.

This is the formation of the habit on the part of the pupils of telling, without the book and in their own words, the story or the thought which is found in the selection. Some excellent suggestions in this connection are found elsewhere in an article on STORY TELLING.

THE UPPER GRADES

The reading work of the upper grades is largely a study of literature, and the work should enable the pupil not only to know some of the great writings but to know something of why they are good, so that, as he reads independently, he may have standards of judgment as to the value of what he reads.

In *The Last Leaf* and *The Boys* pupils have an illustration of humor that is kindly; in *Snowbound* and *The Huskers,* of descriptions which really make pictures; in *Evangeline,* of story telling in which every incident mentioned forwards the story; in *Snowbound,* delicate character sketching; in *Ichabod Crane,* fuller and more vivid portraiture; in *The Great Stone Face,* character development; in the *Christmas Carol,* character change and interplay of conversation. *Evangeline* is a fine illustration of knitting the whole together by the introduction, suggesting the atmosphere of the whole, and the conclusion pointing back to the introduction, as it ends the sad, sweet story. In *The Tales of the Wayside Inn* there are beautiful examples of varied metre which pupils should feel and respond to rather than name and classify. They have had from the first beautiful examples of metaphor, simile, personification, and alliteration. In *The Burial of Moses* they have the majesty of measure and sound to fit the great theme; in *The Song of the Chattahoochee* they have the construction clearly shown: I (v. 1), the life purpose of the river; II (vs. 1, 2, 3, 4), the hindrances to living up to its purpose; III, the accomplishment of its purpose. In this poem also the charm of well chosen words has been exquisitely shown. Heroism is brought out in *Horatius,* patience and loyalty and altruism in *Evangeline,* the value of high ideals in *The Great Stone Face.* Each great selection studied in some way enriches the pupil's life. Then, in addition to the regular lesson, the teacher should share with the children whatever she is reading for her own pleasure or profit, as well as have certain selections carefully chosen and well prepared to read to the school.

PHONICS

Knowledge of Phonics Essential

A conscious or sub-conscious knowledge of phonics is essential to a reader. Without it he would have to learn each word as a separate entity. All readers acquire some knowledge of phonics, often without realizing it. This can be tested by asking any group of people to pronounce combinations of letters which do not make real words; as *zote, ditten, lation.* The readiness with which they say *zōte, dĭttĕn,* and *lāshŭn,* shows that they possess at least a subsconscious knowledge of the phonetic value of *z, t, ō, d, ĭ, ĕ, l, ā, tion,* and have a working knowledge of the effect of final *e* in making the vowel before the consonant long in *zote,* and know the influence of the consonant after a single vowel making the vowel short as in *"ditten."*

If every reader will in time acquire a crude working knowledge of phonics, why teach it?

There is a tremendous difference between the assurance, comfort and power of one who has been well taught in phonics, and the fumbling, insufficient use of phonics possessed by the untaught. Then the knowledge which the reader acquires by experience comes late, while clear knowledge of phonics and their habitual use should come early.

Utility of Phonics. With a good working knowledge of phonics one can pronounce the great majority of English words, as English is largely a phonetic language. Over eighty-five per cent of the words and syllables which the primary child meets in his reading are phonetic.

Much of the most essential knowledge of phonics may be happily acquired in the first grade.

There is a certain working energy in the little first graders which should be wisely utilized. The little folks come to school to work and should be given what they recognize as work, joyous, successful, motivated work. If they are permitted to establish the habit of guessing at words or of depending upon being told their pronunciation, it becomes exceedingly difficult later to make them independent.

Purpose of the Work

The purpose of the teaching of phonics is to give the child independent power in working out the pronunciation of all phonetic words which are in his speaking or hearing vocabulary.

By-Products. As in manufacturing the by-product sometimes rivals the original commodity, so in teaching phonics there are other important gains—anyone of which is of sufficient value to justify the work aside from the main purpose—independent power in pronunciation.

Training the Hearing. The first by-product is the training of the hearing to greater exactness. The little child says "botato" instead of "potato", "tum" for "come", because he does not hear the difference between his pronunciation and that of others. It is wholly a question of mis-hearing.

Such errors are not to be classed with "git", "ketch", "ev'ry", "Toosday" and the like which are the result of imitating current mispronunciations.

Then there are such errors as "dis" for "this" which are sometimes caused by not hearing accurately, sometimes by imitation, and sometimes by not knowing just how to form the *th*. In the instance of the little girl who said "dis" until she was four years old and then one day noticed that the lady with whom she was talking said "this", it was clearly a matter of hearing; for she said "this" several times and then laughingly said, "I used to say 'dis' for 'this'."

Distinct Enunciation. The second by-product is the more distinct enunciation which grows out of the better hearing, the better knowledge of how to form the sounds, and the conscious effort to give them distinctly.

An Aid to Spelling. A third by-product of very appreciable value resulting from the phonic work is its aid to spelling. Although nothing is said about spelling in the first half of the first grade, the children begin forming words with their helpers early in the year. No study is needed on these words. They know how to spell them, because they have made them. (This method of doing this will be illustrated farther on). For example; when the children have made the words

then
hen
Ben
men,

with their helpers, *m, b, h, th,* and *en* they will have no further trouble in spelling these words. If asked to write the word *ten,* they recognize the helpers *t* and *en.*

As such a large percentage of English words is phonetic the child's knowledge of phonics when he has been well taught makes it necessary for him to learn to spell only the irregular or unphonetic words or words where a sound has more than one symbol to represent as *k, c* or *ch; c,* or *s,* etc. But as he has made association of sound with symbol his misspelling because phonetic will be logical and therefore intelligible.

To illustrate, a learned professor said to a first grade teacher, "I acknowledge that your teaching of phonics has given my son wonderful power in reading; but I wish you would teach him the alphabet and give him some lessons in spelling. He can't spell." "Can't he?" said the teacher. "Test him and see."

The father began at once to pronounce words for the boy to spell, and was astonished that the little fellow spelled word after word easily and correctly.

"I take off my hat to the method," he said, "No one could ask for better work than that."

In these sentences the spelling of the underscored words would need to be taught:

Once upon a time *there were* three little pigs.
One morning the mother said, "You must go out and make *your* living."
The first little pig met a man with *some* straw.
He said, "*Please give* me *some* straw."

Method of Teaching Phonics

Separate Place on Program. The teaching of phonics should not be made a part of a reading lesson, but should have a set period on the program and the daily lessons should be given as regularly as the clock points the hour.. It must be treated as important work, as something fundamental, not merely incidental.

Concrete Basis. The teaching of phonics should have a concrete basis. Therefore the work should not be begun until the children have acquired a small reading vocabulary which they recognize readily at sight.

The child then has a small reading vocabulary, a larger speaking vocabulary, and a still larger vocabulary which he understands when he hears the words used. For example; he can recognize the words *father* and *mother* when the teacher writes them on the blackboard, but in talking he speaks of *brother, sister, grandfather, uncle, aunt, cousin.* He understands when he hears his father talk about his son, his grandmother talk about her grandchild though he has no occasion to speak these words himself. Still more he understands not merely these individual words he can follow much of the conversation of his elders with a fair degree of comprehension, so that they need frequently to remind themselves that "Little pitchers have ears."

Slow Sounding of Words. The first step is to make the child conscious that words are made up of separate sounds. The teacher begins by slowly sounding occasional words as

"*M a ry* may close the door."
"Henry, please bring me a *b oo k.*"
"Charles may be the *c a t,*" etc.

This slow speaking leads the children to observe that words are made up of combinations of sounds, and soon they begin not merely imitating the slow speaking of the teacher, but trying out some original work for themselves although not asked to do so.

Then emphasis in oral work is put upon the initial sounds. For example, the teacher may dismiss the class by saying, "All whose names begin with *J* (giving sound, not name, of the letter) may pass to their seats." Then, "All whose names begin with *M* may pass," etc.

1. Soon the children begin to note for themselves the initial sounds and report to the teacher.

"I saw a *d oll* in the window."
"Here is a *f lower* for you, Miss X."
"Let's play *b all.*"
"I heard a *b ird* sing this morning."

This voluntary work on the part of the little people is exceedingly valuable. It trains their ears to hear sounds accurately. Good teaching leads to self-teaching. Self-teaching is the effective teaching.

2. In their listening and in their desire to report they get exact names for things—the sparrow and the robin are no longer just birds; the oak and the willow no longer just trees; and the rose and the pink, no longer just flowers. Everything which leads to exact names is highly valuable, as we are so made that we take little interest in a person or a thing for which we have no name, and big folks and little folks are mightily alike in this respect.

3. The children are unconsciously making their enunciation more distinct in this play.

4. They are getting more and more clearly the notion that words may be analyzed.

5. The sounds which they get clearly, with the recognition of the fact that words admit of analysis is the concrete basis on which the work with phonics must rest.

A Phonic Game.

A phonic game which is useful at this stage of the work.
Teacher—I am thinking of a name that begins with *M.*
Child—Is it Mary?
Teacher—No, it is not Mary.

Child—Is it Martin?
Teacher—No, it is not Martin.
Child—Is It Marion?
Teacher—Yes, it is Marion.

This work comes in the early weeks of school. Take all the time that is needed for it.

Symbol with Sound. The second step is making the association between the symbol and the sound. The consonant with which this work is begun is the initial letter in at least three words which the children have been taught as sight words; as *mother, my, make, Mildred.*

The teacher writes these four words in a column on the blackboard, then points to each word speaking them with the children and strongly emphasizing the initial sound.

make
mother
my
Martha

Next she calls upon the children to pronounce the words, but to whisper the part which they cannot see. Then, when the children start to pronounce the word she indicates, she quickly covers all but the initial letter, so they sound that strongly and whisper the rest of the word. She then asks, "What sound do you hear first in each of these words?"

"M," they reply, giving always the sound of the letter, never its name.

Now they have made the association between one symbol and its sound. But to be really effective this association must be made a part of their thinking. So the teacher asks the pupils to tell her other words which begin with the *m* sound; and to make even the weakest little fellow successful she has some suggestive objects and pictures in sight. There is a chocolate mouse on her desk, Henry sees it and says *"M* ouse."

Jack puts his hand into his pocket and out it comes holding a marble. *"M* arble," he says.

Susan points to Martha and says, *"M* artha."

Phonic Scrap Book. The children are now ready to begin a Phonic Scrap Book, each one for himself. This is very valuable work because it keeps the children thinking their phonograms concretely. It helps them to teach themselves. It motivates the learning to write. The result is a book of which they are justly proud, and which has real significance to them at the same time it utilizes their natural collecting instinct. But along with all these other good points, it projects the work of the school into the home, and enables the mothers to understand what is going on in the school and to give intelligent help.

The teacher says, "Now each one of you look in the magazines at home to-night and see if you can find a picture of something that begins with *m* to bring to school to-morrow. Mother will help you."

Mothers will help. They are anxious to help; but how can they cooperate when it is so difficult to find out what the children are doing at school. Here is something definite. The child wants a picture of something that begins with the sound of *m*, like a *m-ouse* or a *m-an*. What a happy time they have together in the search.

The next morning at school the children produce their treasures.

Harry steps out in front of the class and shows a picture of a mitten.

"M itten", says the class, "That is right."

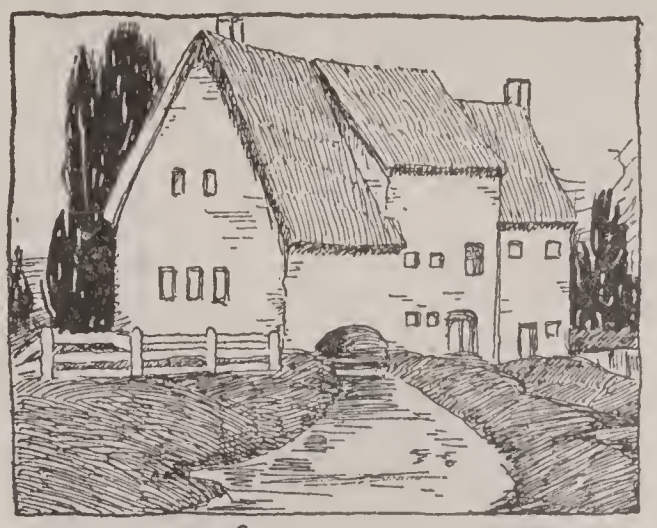
Charles holds up a picture of green watermelon from a seed catalogue.

"M elon", sing out the other little people, "That is right."

Susan holds up her picture.

h

holly



house

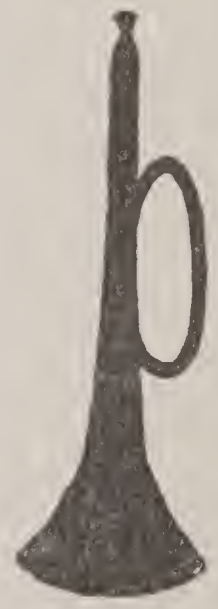
h

handkerchief

hat

hobby-horse

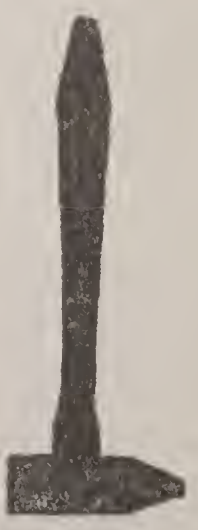
h



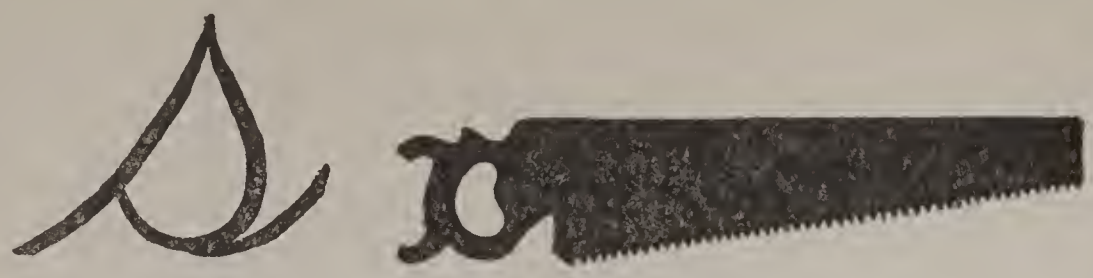
horn

hoe

hands



hammer

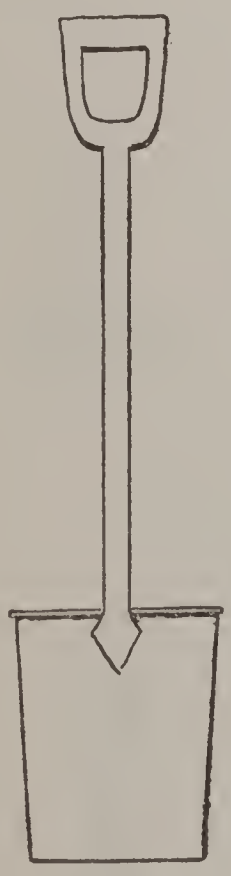


saw

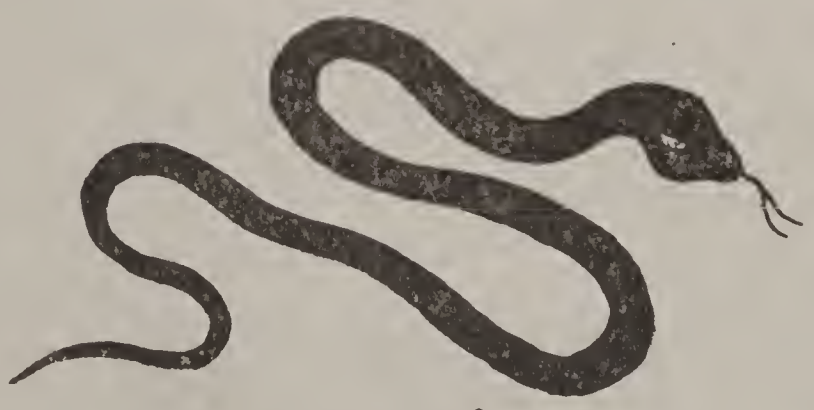
squirrel

sweater

spoon

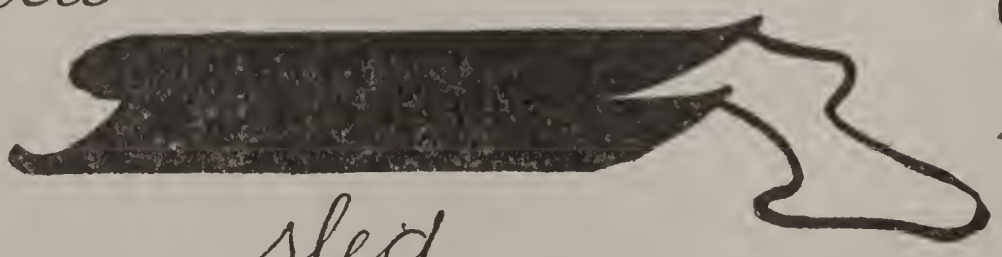


spade



snake

spool



sled

"*B* aby", says the class, "That isn't right."

"O but it is right. It is *M* arion."

"Sure enough it is," says the teacher.

"We couldn't find anything else, so mother said I might have baby Marion's picture," says Susan triumphantly.

So the children pass judgment on each picture.

But the teacher remembers that Carl's mother doesn't understand English, that Sardinia's mother is too busy to help her little daughter, and that in Jan's home it is doubtful if a picture can be found; so faithful school mother that she is, these little folk have had access to the box of suggestive pictures which she has been clipping from every available source all summer long to be ready for this and other work in the fall.

Not one of her little people shall be allowed to form the habit of failing or be made to feel that his home is less fortunate than that of others.

The paste is all ready—a tiny jar on each desk, or at least a little dab on a bit of paper on each desk. Likewise a splint to use in applying the paste. Each child has his sheet of drawing paper. The teacher gives each one a printed *m* made with her printing outfit to paste on the upper right side of his page about an inch from the right hand edge as this is to be one page of a book, and a written *m* the same size to put on the upper left hand corner. When the children have pasted the *m*'s on neatly, each one lays his *m*-picture where he thinks it should go. The teacher helps them to get it suitably placed, knowing that other *M* pictures will soon be asking for a place on this same page. Then each little fellow pastes his picture on. The teacher writes the name under the picture, for as yet these little people have had no writing lessons.

As each new consonant sound is learned, pages are added to the Phonic Book.

Order in Which Initial Consonants Are Taught. The order in which the consonants are presented to the class depends upon (1) ease in making the sounds, (2) words which are taught the class, and (3) need in immediate use.

Utilizing the Knowledge Gained. Just as soon as a consonant is learned the child should use it to help himself in distinguishing words which begin with that symbol from words not so begun. Assuming that he has been taught *mother* and *father* among other words, these two words look much alike. If he hesitates or is in danger of blundering, point to the *m*. At sight of the *m* his lips take the right position to start the word.

The Third Step. After a few consonants have thus been learned, the next step is to learn the sound value of some common combinations *at, en, og,* etc.

These are taught in the same concrete manner as were the initial letters.

Assuming that the children have been taught the words *cat, rat* and *fat,* and that they have been taught the consonants *c, r, f,* the teacher writes the three words in a column.

rat
cat
fat

"What does," pointing to *c*, "this say?"

"*C,*" they reply, giving sound of letter.

"What does the rest of the word say?"

"*At*" their previous work and play prepare them to answer promptly.

After each word has been analyzed in the same way, for there must be no seven league boots used in this work, the teacher has the children show how many at's there are on the board. They erase the at's one at a time.

The other combinations are taught in a similar way.

The Fourth Step. Synthesis. As soon as the pupils have mastered a few initial

consonant sounds and some of the common combinations as helpers, they must use their knowledge to the limit in reading, in making out new words, and in constructing words themselves.

To illustrate, the teacher writes a helper four times in a column on the blackboard and asks each child to think of a word with the "helper" in it; as,

en
en
en
en

A child whispers his word to her and she says, "That is right," and puts the initial letter or letters before the helper to make the word he has suggested until the *en's* become

Ben
then
ten
men

The erasing or "cleaning house" is always made use of to drill still farther.

"John may erase *ten.*"

"Sarah, erase *Ben,*" etc.

Blind Man. Game for further drill at this stage. The words on the board are:

fit	can
knit	than
sit	fan
bit	pan
hit	man

Mary blinds. The class choose a word.

"Ready, Mary. We are thinking of a word with the helper *an.*"

"Is it can?" pointing to can as she asks.

"No, Mary, it is not can."

"Is it fan?" pointing.

"No, Mary, it is not fan."

"Is it than?" pointing.

As Mary has had three trials the class reply, "No, Mary, it is *man.*"

Mary points to man. Then someone else is blindman.

Another Game—My Son John Keeps a Grocery Store—The children may begin this game now and yet they will find pleasure and profit in it for all the rest of the year. This is a game for drill on consonants.

Teacher, "My Son John keeps a grocery store." He is having a sale on *S* sounding it, and writing it, on the blackboard.

"Is it sausage?"

"No, it is not sausage."

"Is it salt?"

"No, it is not salt."

"Is it sardines?"

"Yes, Henry, it is sardines."

Henry having guessed sardines becomes the father of the grocer and the game goes on.

Special Difficulties to Be Met in Teaching Phonics.

One of the most difficult points in teaching the consonants is the tendency on the part of the child to add a vowel sound to the consonants; as *bŭ* for *b, tŭ* for *t*, etc. This is not only incorrect, but it lessens the value of a sound so incorrectly given, as *bŭ* is little more helpful than its name *bē* in sounding out words. *Mŭ* is a hindrance

rather than a help in sounding *Mary* or *met*. Whispering the sounds helps prevent the adding of the vowel sound.

The teacher must not only know each sound so that her own speech is correct, but she must observe the position of the vocal organs in giving the sound. Some of the class will need personal help with individual sounds. Indeed the phonic work is individual work and rarely concert work.

Some child will have trouble with *th*. He must be shown that the tip of the tongue presses against his upper teeth as he sounds it.

If his trouble is *l*, let him see that he must put the tongue up against the roof of the mouth.

The teacher must study each child who has difficulty with a sound to discover whether defective hearing, defective seeing, carelessness, bad habits, or defective speech organs is the cause.

Seat Work. In addition to the building words which has already been suggested, the children may occasionally lay letters on their desks to form families of words as:

atch
m atch
c atch
p atch

When this is done the work should always be inspected and the thinking tested, so that the children will never be permitted to form words without any thought association. Fluency in calling words divorced from their meaning is a danger to be avoided in all phonic work. The teacher points to any word on a child's desk and he instantly speaks the word and uses it in a sentence; as *catch*. "I can catch a ball."

The first few times the inspection will be slow and difficult, but presently the pupils will know that the teacher respects their seat work and demands thinking to accompany it. Then the inspection will be very rapid.

Soon the teachers may write four helpers on the board for each child.

John	Martha	Henry
in	ink	et
in	ink	et
in	ink	et
in	ink	et

Then the children independently form words as

John	Martha	Henry
tin	think	wet
fin	ink	met
pin	sink	set
min	pink	pet

This work the teacher inspects just as she did the letter laying work, so John says, as she points to his last word, "I am thin." Martha, as the teacher points to her third word, "My dress is pink," etc.

Drills. There should be brief daily drills in sounding the initial and combinations which have been taught. The children's interest may be sustained with limited types of drills if the work is kept concrete to the child.

The teacher may keep the phonograms which have been taught on cards placed in a border around the room. This echo drill is a good one.

m	ing	et	atch	et	it

First Child "M. Martha."
Class echo "M. Martha."
Second Child "ing, thinking."
Class "ing, thinking."
Third Child "el, telephone."
Class "el, telephone."

As each child tries to give a fresh word which has not been given before, the class are kept interested and alert.

The child who is not ready when his turn comes is left to stand and think out his word while the rest go on, so that no one is allowed to form the habit of failing.

Bringing in words for the others to pronounce is rather astonishing in showing what words are in the children's vocabularies. At the same time it is admirable in teaching them to teach themselves and their classmates. Children learn much more from each other than from their elders.

Another Drill Game. "I am thinking of a word that has the helper *alk,* writing it on the blackboard.

alk "Is it *talk?*"
talk "No, it is not *talk,*" replies the teacher writing each word as given
"Is it *walk?*"
walk "No, it is not *walk.*"
"Is it *chalk?*"
chalk "Yes it is *chalk.*"

Game for Higher Grades or late in year. I am thinking of a word which rhymes with *hatch.*

"Is it something used to light a fire?"
"No, it is not *match.*"
"Is it something my mother uses when I tear my pants?"
"Yes, it is *patch.*"

Drill Lists printed on light weight manila paper are very useful. The light weight of the paper admits of folding so that only the combination known as *helper* shows so that the teacher may assure herself that each child has the helper clear before he attempts pronouncing the words of the list.

The class therefore have only one difficulty to overcome in the pronunciation of each word.

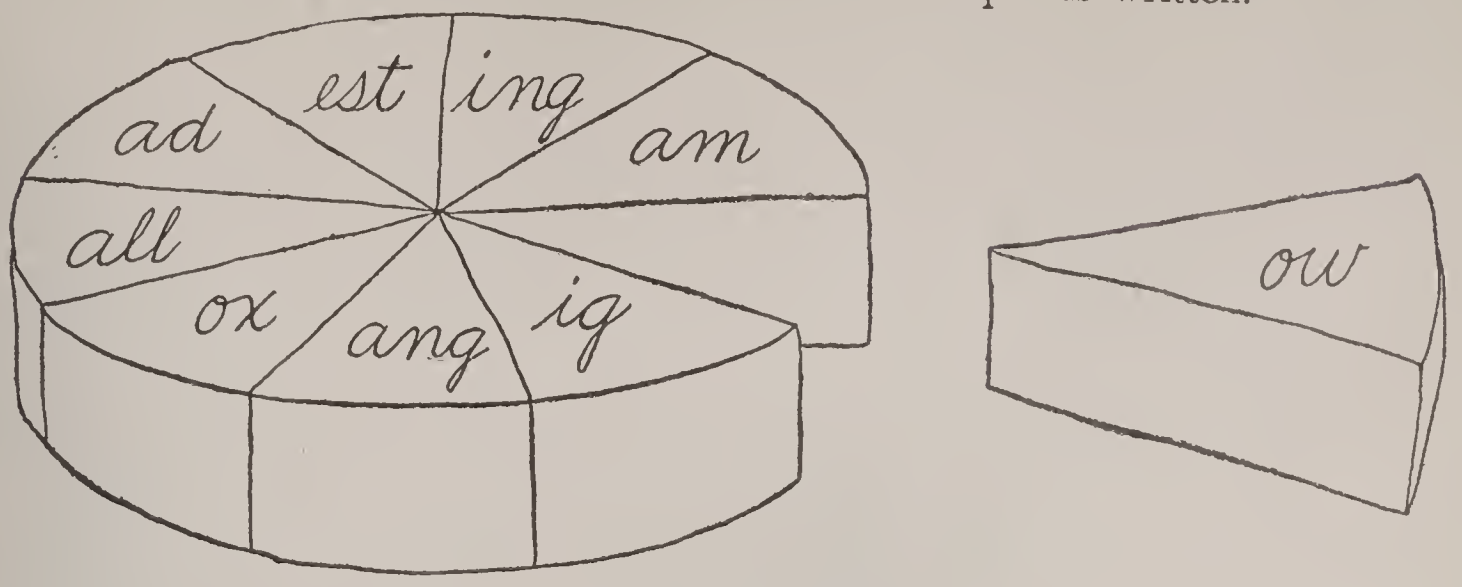
s ing
r ing
br ing
w ing

j ig
b ig
w ig
f ig
d ig

The small number of words used on these drill lists enables the teacher to have the children look not just at the word for pronunciation but through it for meaning.

Mary, *"Jig.* I can dance a jig."
Walter *"Wig.* My sister wore a wig to a party," etc.

FANCIFUL DRILLS.—*The Phonic Cake.* The teacher draws a large cake on the blackboard, cuts it into slices, on each of which a helper is written.



PHONIC CAKE

Each pupil helps himself to a slice by saying the helper and giving a word; as Mary said "*ow*, bow," so she has taken the *ow* slice. The teacher simply erases the lines as each child chooses.

The Lollipop Party. The teacher draws a house with steps leading up to it. On each step a helper is written. Each child as he comes to the party walks rapidly up the steps making a word for each helper.

"Won't you come to my house to a party?" asks the teacher.

Of course they will, everyone of them.

Then each one chooses from the blackboard a bright colored lollipop on which is a word for them to work out.

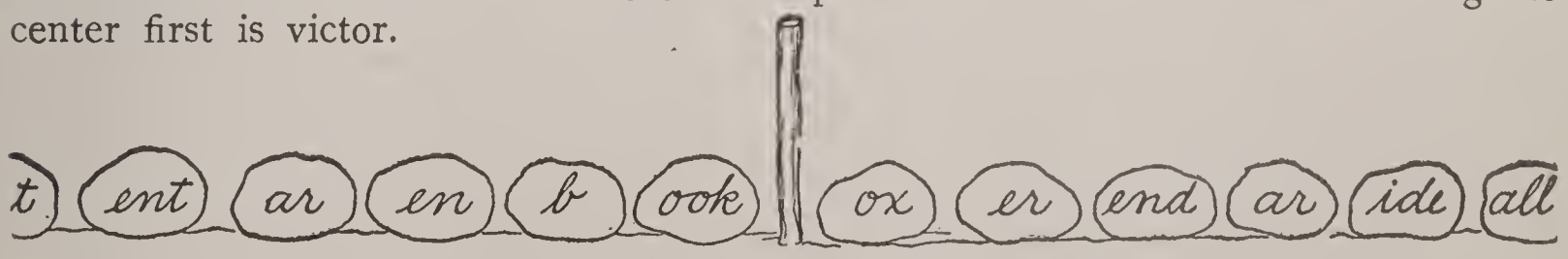
Circus Day. "Balloons! Balloons!"

"How much are they?"

BALLOONS

"Three words—only three words"—
I'll take the red one, *nest, west, chest.*"
"I'll take the green one *dog, fog, hog.*"

Potato Race. Two pupils start one at left and one at right and make a run for the centre. Each must name each helper and erase it. The one reaching the center first is victor.



POTATO RACE

This may be varied by having the contestants use each helper in a word, before erasing.

Order of Drills. The drill on a special helper may follow a lesson in which a new word or words containing it has been learned, or the drill may be given to help definitely on words which will be met in the following reading lesson.

Before leaving the primary grades the children should learn the consonant sounds and such combinations as are common enough to be really valuable. They should know the long and short sounds of the vowels and Italian *A*. But no diacritical marks should be used. The drill on work given in first grade should be continued and enlarged in second grade and in third grade, and the pupils held rigidly to independence in using these tools for working out the pronunciation of words.

Principles of Pronunciation. Certain principles of pronunciation should be learned concretely, because by observation the pupils discover that *be, by, no, go,* etc. have the long sound of the vowel.

They see that the addition of a consonant as in *bed, got, nod,* etc., makes the vowel short.

They note that final *e* though silent makes the vowel before the consonant long; as *note, bone,* etc.

They see that where there are two vowels together one is silent and the other is usually long; as *read, see, braid,* etc.

As a teacher explained to her pupils, the two vowels are like two little children who come up together to speak to the teacher. One of them keeps quiet, and the other is spokesman and he just tells his name.

Order of Teaching the Helpers. The order of teaching the helpers is determined by the need—that is the combination which will help most with the review of known words or in the teaching of new words.

For example, if the rhyme,

Good night,
Sleep tight,
Wake up bright,
In the morning light,
To do what's right,
With all your might.

is to be taught, clearly the *ight* family is the one to drill upon.

If *Jack and Jill* is to be read the helpful phonic drill will be on the *ill* and *own* families.

Drill, short, snappy interesting daily drill is essential that no point of vantage gained be lost, and new territory acquired daily.

The following list is simply suggestive:

ack	arn	ard	eep	it	ine	ot	oon
all	ave	ace	est	id	ink	od	oil
am	ain	ade	eel	ib	ick	op	ope
an	aid	ar	eap	ig	ime	old	oad
and	b	ag	eep	ip	ink	ow	oke
ab	c (as k)	et	elt	ind	im	oi	ut
ad	d	ed	eed	ing	ish	oy	ump
at	f	ew	end	ight	irl	ong	un
aw	g	eat	k	ice	v	ood	unt
ap	h	en	l	ill	w	ome	up
air	j	ell	m	ide	th	ox	ush
ark	ank	een	n	ife	wh	oak	um
ay	ail	elf	p	ite	ch	ock	uff
ake	ang	er	r	ift	sh	out	ust
art	ash	ee	s	ile	st	ool	uff
ace	ang	ear					

The Forward Step in the Fourth Grade

The step from third grade to fourth grade is a big one. The attitude of the fourth grade child differs from that of the primary child. He is no longer a little fellow in his own estimation. Not only is all of the work presented to him more difficult but he should recognize it as different and worthy of his best effort.

There is great danger of teachers' missing some of the essential steps in the upward climb which the fourth graders must make.

The readers are much more difficult than those of the third year—words new, in sentences long and, to the child, obscure meet him in every lesson. The teacher is a bit appalled herself as she puts the list of words on the blackboard which require preparation in order to read the new lesson intelligently. She must work them out with him to make him successful.

So at first she writes them in syllables, has him pronounce them in syllables in order, beginning with the last syllable, and so utilizes his primary phonics without letting him feel that it is "baby work." Then she marks the accented syllable and they pronounce the word.

Gradually she introduces the diacritical marks. Soon the dieresis over the *a* says long Italian *a,* the macron indicates a long vowel to them, the breve, the short vowel, etc.

In the fourth grade the children should be taught thoroughly the sound values, of most of the letters, with their diacritical markings.

Drill charts like those on the following pages should be mastered. A good way to drill on these is to have the child say

"Long a, as in *āle,* ā, ā."

"Short a, as in *ăt,* ă, ă."

thus getting the marking, the name of each sound, and the phonetic value of each symbol. Each sound should be given twice. The child might be right on the sound once accidentally. If he is right both times it is proof of his accuracy.

Much of the music and charm of speech depends upon giving each vowel its exact value—its tone value and its time value.

Long *a* for example is a diphthong. At the end, the sound of long *a* becomes short *ĭ* or long *ē*. If the sound is given more than its normal time value it becomes *āē*. This you will often hear in the speech of languid people. It must be avoided if the speaking is to be correct and pleasing.

The same is true of long *i*. Prolonging the sound gives *ä* at the beginning and *ē* at the end, spoiling the beauty of the sound and suggesting physical weakness or affectation on the part of the speaker.

In sounding *o* the lips should remain steadily well rounded and over emphasis of its vanishing sound *ŏŏ* should not be made.

Long Italian *a* properly used by practically everybody in the word *father*. So that what sounds unnatural to many in *laundry, haunt* and other commonly mispronounced words, sounds all right in *ah* and *father*. The mouth should be opened widely and permit this pure and beautiful sound to escape freely.

Long *u* presents a real difficulty, as in so many parts of the United States long *oo* is used in its place. It is a diphthong. The initial sound varies from *y* in *unit* to short *ĭ* in *suit*. As in an initial sound, and after *p, b, m, v, f, g,* hard *c* there is little difficulty in securing the correct sound. After *n* as in *new*, *s* as in *suit*, *th* as in *enthusiasm, l* as in *lure, j* as in *juice*, *d* as in *duty*, there should be the avoidance of *yew* sound in the extreme attempt to over accurate, and the *ōō* sound of the careless speaker. If one must err, the latter blunder is preferable.

The short sounds should be given explosively and nicely discriminated one from another.

While unaccented syllables should not receive undue attention *lĕss* and *nĕss,*

should never degenerate into *lĭss* and *nĭss*. *Gït* and *Kĕtch* should not be allowed as substitutes for *gĕt* and *cătch*.

Short *a* is a given explosively; short *o* is a given explosively and should not be given as á.

Short Italian *ä* is a given quickly. It is somewhat between *ä* and *ă*. It is a very common sound in correct speech.

Tilde *e* presents a real difficulty as it is so commonly sounded as *u* in *burn*. Only careful speakers observe this distinction. Like the Italian *a's* its accurate and easy use is a pretty sure indication that the speaker is an educated person. This being true it is quite worth ones while to master it. The sound is a union of short *e* and caret *u*. It is always followed by *r*, in a monosyllable or in an accented syllable; but is not used when the *r* precedes a vowel as in *hero*, or another *r* as in *error*.

Verbs, however in which *er* is found usually retain the sound in inflected forms, and derivative words.

Dictionary Work.

The Alphabet. When the child wishes to use the telephone directory, or the dictionary, to consult the encyclopedia or use an index he needs to know the alphabet in order, some drills and games to assure this knowledge are valuable.

Most of people know their alphabet in groups; as

a, b, c, d, e, f, g;
h, i, j, k, l, m;
n, o, p, q, r, s, t, u;
v, w, x, y, z.

This knowing them by mouthful groups is convenient.

Drills. *Drill One.* Two pupils with pointers race to see which can point most quickly to a given letter; as *q, r, e, y,* etc.

Drill Two. With the alphabet on the blackboard before them to use, if they wish, as our purpose is teaching not testing, ask, "Which comes first *m* or *n?*" "*d* or *f?*" etc.

Name in order the three letters which follow *m*, *b*, etc.

Game. *Alphabet Relay Race.* The class stand in two lines at right angles to the front blackboard. On the ledge of the blackboard is a piece of crayon and an eraser for each row.

The teacher gives directions. "Write the letters of the alphabet in order. The first pupil will write the first letter, place the crayon in the chalk trough, and run to the back of the line. The next pupil will write the next letter and do the same. If an error is made the one who corrects it may do so in addition to writing his one letter. The side that gets through first wins.

Ready. One, two, three. Go.

Then begin with the last letter and the relay race is run to write the alphabet in the reverse order from *z* to *a*.

Three Letter Relay. Exactly the same as the above, except that a list of letters is written on the blackboard space between that which is to be used by the two rows of contestants and each one is to write in order the three letters following or the three preceding those in the given column:

Left Hand Group	Three Following Letters	Right Hand Group
e f g	d	e f g
n o p	m	n o p
w x y	v	
	e	
	n	

I	II	III	IV	V
ā	āle	e̲	the̲y	pain, day, break, veil, o-bey′, etc., § 113
ā̇	sen′ā̇te	e̲	os′pre̲y	Mon′day, etc., § 124-5
ă	ăm	. .	. . . . .	plaid, guar′antee, § 116
ă̇	ă̇c-count′	. .	. . . . .	§ 126
â	câre	ê	thêre	air, bear, heir, prayer, § 114
ä	ärm	. .	. . . . .	calm, half, haunt, § 117, 133
ȧ	ȧsk	. .	. . . . .	§ 119
ȧ̇	so′fȧ̇	. .	. . . . .	§ 127
ē	ēve	ï	po-lïce′	feet, beam, de-ceive′, key, field, etc., § 149
ē̇	ē̇-vent′	ï	fï-as′co	§ 156
ĕ	ĕnd	. .	. . . .	feath′er, heif′er, friend, bur′y, etc., § 150-151
ĕ̇	re′cĕ̇nt	. .	. . . . .	§ 158
ẽ	ev′ẽr	ã,ī: li′ãr, elix′īr; õ,ȳ: ac′tõr, zeph′ȳr		§ 157
ī	īce	ȳ	mȳ	vie, height, aisle, rye, eye, ay, etc., § 179
ĭ	ĭll	ў	pit′ў	for′eign, guin′ea, bis′-cuit, sieve, etc., § 181
ō	ōld	. .	. . . . .	oh, roam, foe, grow, sew, beau, etc., § 200
ō̇	ō̇-bey′	. .	. . . . .	§ 210
ŏ	ŏdd	ạ	whạt	knowl′edge, hough, etc., § 204
ŏ̇	cŏ̇n-nect′	. .	. . . . .	§ 211
ô	ôrb	ạ̈,au; aw	ạ̈ll, auk, law	ex-traor′di-na-ry, geor′-gic, broad, etc., § 202
ŏ̇	sŏ̇ft	. .	. . . . .	§ 205
oi	oil	oy	boy	§ 212
o͞o	fo͞od	o̤, ṳ	do̤, rṳde	group, drew, fruit, ca-noe′, rheum, etc., § 214
o͝o	fo͝ot	o̤, ṳ	wo̤lf, fṳll	would, § 215
o͟u	out	ow	cow	§ 216
ū	ūse	. .	. . . . .	beau′ty, feud, pew, lieu, view, cue, etc., § 241-3
ū̇	ū̇-nite′	. .	. . . . .	§ 250
ŭ	ŭp	ȯ	sȯn	does, blood, touch, etc., § 246
ŭ̇	cir′cŭ̇s			pi′ous, por′poise, at′om, na′tion, etc., § 251
û	ûrn	ẽ,ī: hẽr, bīrd; õ,ȳ: wõrk, mȳrrh		earn, guer′don, jour′nal, § 247

VI	VII	VIII	IX	X
b	be, bib	. .	. . . . .	rob′ber, § 132
ch	chin, much	. .	. . . . .	match, Chris′tian, right′eous, etc., § 139
d	do, did	. .	. . . . .	bdel′li-um, sad′dle, § 145
d̆ŭ	ver′dure (-d̆ŭr)	. .	. . . . .	gran′deur, § 109
f	fife, if	ph	phan′tom	laugh, etc., § 167, 235
g	gig	ḡ	fog̱′ḡy	ghost, guard, plague, § 168
gz	ex-ist′ (ĕg-zĭst′)	x̱	ex̱-ist′	§ 260
h	hat, hold	. .	. . . . .	who, § 176
hw	when (hwĕn)	wh	when, what	§ 258
j	jug, jig	ġ,dġ	ġem, hedġe	pi′geon, etc., § 188
k	kill, kind	₡,₡h	₡at, ₡ho′rus	kick, bis′cuit, hough, ob-lique′, etc., § 191
ks	tax (tăks)	x	tax, wax	§ 259
kw	queen (kwēn)	qu	queen	§ 219
l	lev′el	. .	. . . . .	hol′low, kiln, § 193-4
m	mem′o-ry	. .	. . . . .	drachm, phlegm, thumb, ham′mer, etc., § 196
n	nine	. .	. . . . .	sign, gnat, hand′some, knot, mne-mon′ics, pneu′ma, § 197
ŋ	bank (băŋk)	n̲	ban̲k	song, etc., § 198
ng	long	. .	. . . . .	tongue, etc., § 198
p	pin, papa	. .	. . . . .	hap′py, § 217
r	rap, roar	. .	. . . . .	mer′ry, rhi-noc′er-os, myrrh, mort′gage, § 220-3
s	so, this	ç	çell, viçe	sci′ence, schism, hiss, psalm, lis′ten, sword, § 225, 231, 234
sh	ship, hash	çh	ma-çhine′	o′cean, schist, so′cial, con′scious ex-cur′sion, e-qua′tion, § 232-3
t	tea, tart	. .	. . . . .	baked, thyme, debt, in-dict′, yacht, bought, phthis′ic, § 235-9
th	thin, wealth	. .	. . . . .	phthi′sis, etc., § 236-9
~~th~~	this (~~th~~ĭs)	. .	. . . . .	§ 236-8
t̆ŭ	na′ture (-t̆ŭr)	. .	. . . . .	§ 109-235
v	van, re-vive′	. .	. . . . .	of, Ste′phen, § 255, 167, 218
w	we, wood	. .	. . . . .	quit, sua′sion, etc., § 256-7
y	yard, be-yond′	. .	. . . . .	on′ion, etc., § 263-5
z	zeal, haze	s̲	is̲, has̲	dis-cern′, dis-solve′, czar, rasp′ber-ry, xe′bec, § 266, 226-7
zh	az′ure (ăzh′ŭr)	. .	. . . . .	rouge, pleas′ure, vi′sion, ab-sci′-sion, tran-si′tion, etc., § 267

Left Hand Group	Three Preceding Letters	Right Hand Group
i j k	l	i j k
t u v	w	t u v
o p q	r	o p q
	x	

The privilege of playing these games will not only motivate the drills but cause the children to take themselves in hand in securing the necessary readiness.

The entire class may race in a contest to write (1) the entire alphabet in order forward or backward as directed. (2) forward or backward from a given letter. If at the blackboard, the pupils face the teacher until the signal is given, then place crayon in tray and face again when work is completed. If at seat, rise.

Now the children are ready for direct work with the dictionaries in the latter part of the fourth grade or beginning of fifth grade. It is unwise to begin too early or before thorough preparation has been made as the children are easily swamped and discouraged, and courage is one of the most valuable virtues for the teacher to cultivate in her child garden. It is difficult to teach a child anything which he thinks he knows, so dictionary instruction should precede its attempted use.

The children at first are drilled very simply. "See how quickly you can open your dictionary to *y*, to *b*, to *r*," etc.

After a little of this drill take a word they really wish to know something about; as *bivouac*, if it is a fifth grade and your are teaching the *Psalm of Life*. The teacher passing about the room so that she can observe the pupils' success gives directions:

"Find the b's."
"Find the bi's."
"Find the biv's."

and so on, letting them see that this wonderful book follows the exact order of the letters in the word.

When they find the word, their previous training should enable them to work out the two pronunciations— bĭv'wak, and biv'-ŏo ăk. If this work precedes the poem the teacher may tell them that they are going to use the second pronunciation in a poem tomorrow. If they are at that point in the study she may test their ears to determine which pronunciation Longfellow used.

After the matter of its pronunciation is settled, the word's meaning as a noun should be learned.

At first only these two uses of the dictionary should be made to get the pronunciation or the definition or both; and it is well if the work is supervised until the children have developed facility in finding the words, accuracy in working out their pronunciation, and good judgment in selecting the definition which fits their need.

Then a few lessons might well be given in searching for words which the pupil knows how to pronounce but doesn't know how to spell.

Later in the school course the abbreviations which help one so greatly, the various uses of the word defined, the etymology of the word, the history of the word; and the vast amount of valuable information in compact, orderly form may be shown the pupils.

While acquiring the dictionary habit, we must not overwork the dictionary, as we want the pupils to regard it as a helpful friend. Very often the teacher should still mark the pronunciation of occasional words on the blackboard, or give the child just the aid he needs quickly; as, if he is struggling with *interminable* and saying *interminable,* tell him that the accent is on *ter,* etc.

Also in definitions there are always many occasions when the rich experience a teacher has had with a word makes her worth more than any dictionary in opening it up to the child.

Strive to make the children skilful and happily successful in using that very useful tool—the dictionary.

Having taught the pupils to be somewhat skilful in use of the dictionary, they should be encouraged to judge of the pronunciation of a new word by their knowledge of phonics, and then verify or correct their decision by referring to the dictionary.

Especially should they try to get the meaning of new words from the context as they read, and then have the pleasure of testing their judgment by the use of the dictionary.

TYPE STUDIES OF POEMS

Teach a child to love a great poem and you have enriched his life. There are many poems which require little or no teaching. Make them accessible and let the children read them and re-read them as they will. Many of the ballads and simpler poems are in this class; for example the Robin Hood ballads, *The Arab's Farewell to His Steed.*

Other poems require a question or two, a suggestion, or a few words of explanation only to enable the child to get what is in the poem for him. *The Highwayman* by Alfred Noyes, and *The Law of the Jungle* by Kipling are examples.

Most people recognize that some pleasing reading or helpful interpretation, or some real study under the guidance of an enthusiastic teacher accounts for their enjoyment of certain poems.

Children need a teacher for many great poems if they are to get much out of them, or if they are to read them at all. The following poems belong to this class:

Each poem studied presents a different type, and if carefully considered, each study will help in the appreciation of many others.

POEMS TO BE MEMORIZED. There is a bond in common knowledge, in common admirations, in common emotions. Because English boys and American boys know *The Burial of Sir John Moore*, *The Charge of the Light Brigade,* the *Leatherstocking Tales,* because Shakespeare and the St. James Version of the Bible are their common heritage, the two peoples are better able to understand each other. The great mass of American children go to the public schools where certain teaching is universal; this teaching is a great unifying influence in our democracy. When that which is common is literature the bond is still stronger because of the effect upon the thought, the language and the emotions. It is for this reason that we should throughout our land make certain selections the common property of our children.

I AM AN AMERICAN

The following poem, which is published by the permission of the author, should be implanted in the mind and heart of every boy and girl in America.

The poem was written in the early part of 1916 when there was more or less feeling against the government manifested throughout the country. The author, Mr. Elias Lieberman, is the head of the English Department in the Brunswick High School of Brooklyn. Mr. Lieberman was born in Russia and came to America with his parents when seven years of age. The poem first appeared in *Everybody's Magazine.*

"My purpose in writing the poem," the author states, "was to bring to the colors in patriotic service all Americans, especially those of the Melting Pot variety. Whatever message *I Am An American* conveys comes straight from my own heart. My own parents emigrated to America from Russia, and I have never forgotten, nor can forget the inestimable blessing of a childhood and manhood on American soil with the wonderful opportunities America holds out for all."

I Am An American.

I am an American.
My father belongs to the Sons of the Revolution,
My mother, to the Colonial Dames.
One of my ancestors pitched tea overboard in Boston Harbor,
Another stood his ground with Warren;
Another hungered with Washington at Valley Forge.
My forefathers were America in the making;
They spoke in her council halls;
They died on her battlefields;
They commanded her ships;
They cleared her forests.
Dawns reddened and paled.
Stanch hearts of mine beat fast at each new star
In the nation's flag.
Keen eyes of mine foresaw her greater glory:
The sweep of her seas,
The plenty of her plains,
The man-hives in her billion-wired cities.
Every drop of blood in me holds a heritage of patriotism.
I am proud of my past.
I am an American.

I am an American.
My father was an atom of dust,
My mother a straw in the wind
To his serene majesty.
One of my ancestors died in the mines of Siberia,
Another was crippled for life by twenty blows of the knout.
Another was killed defending his home during the massacres.
The history of my ancestors is a trail of blood
To the palace gate of the Great White Czar.
But then the dream came—
The dream of America.
In the light of the Liberty torch
The atom of dust became a man,
And the straw in the wind became a woman
For the first time.
"See," said my father, pointing to the flag that fluttered near,
"That flag of stars and stripes is yours;
It is the emblem of the promised land.
It means, my son, the hope of humanity.
Live for it—die for it!"
Under the open sky of my new country I swore to do so;
And every drop of blood in me will keep that vow.
I am proud of my future.
I am an American.

The theme is presented from the standpoint of two persons speaking in the first person.

First the one with the long line of American ancestry speaks, thrilling the wisdom of our statesmen, the accomplishment of our workers, and the greatness of our land—proud of the part his ancestors have had in it all—proud of his past.

Then the voice from the Melting Pot speaks, recalling the suffering, the injustice, the ignominy of the land from which he came, looking upon the freedom and the opportunity which are his in this new home, with an emotion of patriotism, the purity and intensity of which vibrates in the words.

"But then the dream came—
The dream of America.
In the light of the Liberty torch
The atom of dust became a man,
The straw in the wind became a woman
For the first time.
'See,' said my father, pointing to the flag that fluttered near,
'That flag of stars and stripes is yours,
It is the emblem of the promised land.
It means, my son, the hope of humanity.
Live for it—die for it!'
Under the open sky of my new country I swore to do so;
And every drop of blood in me will keep that vow."

The children will miss the measured lines, the rhyme, the familiar meters; but this is a pleasing introduction to poetry unconfined by such limitations.

Its extreme simplicity is charming. Its sincerity is evident. Its appeal is instantaneous. No attempt at fine writing detracts from its straightforward directness. The unity is perfect.

The passage of time is effectively expressed in

"Dawns reddened and paled."

Alliteration is naturally used in "sweep of her seas," "plenty of her plains," "proud of my past," and just as naturally omitted in the description of the hardship and misery of the old life in Russia, reappearing in the happier part of the new life in "star and stripes," "and hope of humanity."

The balance and contrasts are fine:

My father belongs to the Sons of the Revolution,	My father was an atom of dust.
My mother to the Colonial Dames.	My mother a straw in the wind.
One of my ancestors pitched tea overboard in Boston Harbor.	One of my ancestors died in the mines of Siberia.
Another stood his ground with Warren.	Another was crippled for life by twenty blows from the knout.
Another hungered with Washington at Valley Forge.	Another was killed defending his home during the massacres.
My forefathers were America in the making.	The history of my ancestors is a trail of blood to the palace gate of the Great White Czar.
Growth of the flag.	The flag the emblem of the Promised Land.
Every drop of blood in me holds a heritage of patriotism.	Every drop of blood in me will keep that vow of patriotism.
I am proud of my past.	I am proud of my future.
I am an American.	I am an American.

By the time the children have read and re-read the poem to discover these points it will be fixed in their memory if they have been trained to read to remember.

They will delight in impersonating the two characters and giving the poem as a dramatic recitation.

A PSALM OF LIFE

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

WORK Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each tomorrow
Find us farther than today.

Art is long, and Time is fleeing,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

NOW Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time:—

FOR Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.

OTHERS Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

—*Longfellow*

This is a poem which has made a tremendous impression upon a great number of people. Samuel Longfellow, the poet's brother, said, that if the ideas seem

commonplace now, it is because this poem has made them so. Think what it means to have the words of a poem so grip a people that its ideas become their common property.

The secret of the power of this poem is its sincerity—the poet is not speaking for publication, but to himself—this is the philosophy of life on which he purposefully would build up his own character and govern his own doings.

There are lines that require explanation.

"Mournful numbers" must be explained. Otherwise it would mean nothing unless it might be a hard time over an arithmetic lesson. The child must be told that there was too much of the "Hark from the tomb a doleful sound," in the hymns of that day; too little of cheerful, hopeful enthusiasm for life in the poetry and philosophy of the time.

Longfellow in this poem reasons out for himself the ideals by which he purposes to live.

The word *bivouac* is a most interesting word and came into the vocabulary of most of us in the setting of this poem. It comes from the German *bei* and *wachen*, to *watch nearby,* and means the hurried rest near the field of battle.

Go through the poem first to be sure that the lines are understood. "Muffled drums" may need explaining.

Tell the children that Longfellow was living at the Craigie House and that the room he occupied had been used by Washington during the Revolutionary War, and that that fact undoubtedly inspired the lines:

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime," etc.

The line "Let the dead past bury its dead," is a beautiful interpretation of a phrase in the Bible (Matt. 8:21, 22 and again in Luke 9:59, 60) which has puzzled many. It is recorded that when Christ called one of the disciples to follow him, the man said, "Let me first bury my father." This sounded like a very reasonable request, but when we realize that this is an Orientalism for delay, and that the father was doubtless a man in the prime of life and health, the reply which Jesus makes, "Let the dead bury the dead. Follow me"— seems beautifully reasonable. Longfellow enriches the incident for us by showing us its universality of application, and making it touch our lives.

So many of us waste our lives in dreaming of the great things we shall do by and by; or by letting the sins and the failures of our past like a ball and chain attached to a leg, impede progress.

The whole poem is a call to press forward to the heights.

Now we are ready for a very helpful analysis of the poem which can by questioning be profitably made by the children themselves.

The first three stanzas will tell them that our purpose in life is so to act that we are making progress day by day.

The next three stanzas remind us that life is short, and that if we would be self-starters we must act in the only time we have—now.

The last three stanzas give the motive which should lead to noble action—the sake of others.

The last stanza of this group is an inspirational summing up of the theme.

The whole condensed like attar of roses is:

I, II, III, Work
IV, V, VI, now
VII, VIII, IX for others.

COLUMBUS

When Christopher Columbus started out on his voyage of discovery from the Old World, which resulted in the discovery of the New World, he was putting to the test what many men believed in regard to the shape of the earth, but which no man had yet risked his life to prove. He was upheld by a profound religious faith in his mission. Thus intellectual and spiritual strength armored him against opposition from without and discouragements from within.

No other member of the company was so well equipped to swing out from the familiar landmark—the Gates of Hercules— and the last known land—the gray Azores— to sail on day after day, over seas, not merely unknown, but inhabited by the most horrible of monsters—those of the imagination. To add to the distress of the sailors, their compass no longer pointed unswervingly to the pole star. Through countless ages the stars had been the sailors unwavering guide, but the nightly heavens no longer showed the familiar constellations. These new heavens bore no significance to them. To add further to their distress the winds in these latitudes blew westward, ever westward, or dropped to helpless calms. How could they ever hope to return from these "dread seas!"

Little wonder that the men grew "ghastly, wan and weak." Little wonder that they pled with Columbus to return. Little wonder that mutiny developed against the inexorable foreigner.

The great wonder is that Columbus withstood their entreaties; that he was fearless against their mutiny; that he—the one man against the world—"Gave that world its grandest lesson: "On and on!"

Such a wonderful deed could not fail to arouse the imagination of the poets. No other has told the story of the great adventure and its significance so adequately as has Joaquin Miller in this poem:

Columbus

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind, the Gates of Hercules;
Before him, not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said, "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why say, Sail on! sail on! and on!"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly, wan, and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave dashed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why you shall say at break of day,
"Sail on, sail on, sail on and on!"

They sailed and sailed as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said,
"Why now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.

The very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say."
He said, "Sail on, sail on, and on!"

Then pale and wan he kept his deck,
And pierced through darkness, ah, that night
Of all dark nights! and then a speck—
A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
It grew a star lit flag unfurled!
He gained a world! He gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On and on!"

This vivid and impassioned poem is a masterpiece, and should be the precious possession of every American child. But it is too condensed, too dramatic, too big with emotion to be grasped by the children unaided.

After the necessary geographical and historical knowledge has been acquired, the poem should be read to the children by one who clearly understands the situation. It should be read with discreet control, knowing the splendid climax, read with genuine appreciation and feeling.

It is not necessary to moralize. It is not necessary to remind them that men sail by faith only when they can no longer sail by sight; but it is necessary that they should enjoy the dramatic story, hear the impressive music of the words, and thrill with admiration of the splendid courage and achievement.

When they know the poem and love it, and its great lesson is tugging at their hearts, it would be ungrateful to give no thought to the one who wrought the masterpiece. A poet cannot rise to such heights of appreciation of greatness without having that within himself which makes him worth knowing.

The Author. The author of *Columbus,* Cincinnatus Heine Miller, was born in a prairie schooner, on the border of Indiana, Nov. 10, 1841, as his restless family were faring westward toward the land which his writings have helped to make famous.

When the lad was eleven years old the family were again on the road. This time to Oregon—a journey of three thousand miles, requiring over seven months of time.

The first book he could recall was *Fremont's Explorations,* read aloud by his father until Cincinnatus knew it by heart.

So by inheritance, by the influence of books, and by his family life he was fated to a life of adventure. At thirteen he ran away to the mines. Later, in a fight with the Modocs, he was so injured that his mind was for a time like that of a child. This saved his life, and he was adopted by an Indian woman; but he soon ran away and continued his strange experiences. After a time he went back to his home. "I went home, went to college some, studied law at home some, but ever the lure of the mountains called and called, and I could not keep my mind upon my books. But I could keep my mind upon the perils I had passed. I could write of them and I did write of them every day."

In a book *Joaquin et al,* he wrote of Joaquin Murietta, a Mexican brigand. As the result of the jests of his fellow lawyers over this book the name Joaquin superseded his Christian name. The name given in ridicule remained to become one of honor.

On a visit to England in 1870, he published privately a little book of *Pacific Poems,* which he had offered in vain to practically every publisher in London. The English people recognized the truth and originality of the poems. He sprang at once into fame, and was heralded as America's greatest poet.

He was a unique personality; he tried life in many ways, until his death in 1913; but it is as a genuine lover of our rugged mountain regions, as a poet, the Poet of the Sierras, that the name of Joaquin Miller will be remembered.

His life experiences were such that he would feel keenly his kinship to the great adventurer, and could appreciate the character and achievement of the great discoverer. Of all that he has written nothing is finer than his *Columbus*, the noblest of all the poems written for the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America.

AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies
  And amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
  Above the fruited plain;
    America! America!
  God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
  From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet
  Whose stern impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
  Across thy wilderness!
    America! America!
  God mend thine every flaw
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
  Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes tried
  In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved
  And mercy more than life!
    America! America!
  May God thy gold refine
Till all success is nobleness
  And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
  That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities rise
  Undimmed by human tears!
    America! America!
  God shed His Grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
  From sea to shining sea!

—*Katherine Lee Bates.*

By permission of the author.

Beautiful as this poem is, it is still more interesting when we know the circumstances under which it was written.

The author, Katherine Lee Bates, made her first western trip in the summer of 1893. She visited the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago. It was the first time in the history of expositions that the exhibits had been housed in buildings not only beautiful in themselves but with their beauty greatly enhanced by their surroundings and by the harmony of their architecture and coloring. Because the buildings looked as if built of pure white marble the whole was called the White City, and because it so far exceeded what the imagination had conceived of before, it was sometimes spoken of as the Dream City.

From Chicago where she had been thrilled by the great experience of seeing such a wonderful exposition and meeting within its gates men and women of all nations, Miss Bates made the further trip to Colorado, thus traveling over miles and miles of the rich land of America.

As from Colorado Springs, she made the ascent of Pike's Peak the great fields spread out to the east shrunk to garden plots. Up and up she went until from the highest point she could see to the north, to the west and to the south the ragged mountain peaks snow crowned, melting into purple in the distance.

Under the inspiration of this wonderful experience as she stood on the summit the lines came to her,

"O beautiful for spacious skies
  And amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
  Above her fruited plain!
    America! America!
  God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
  From sea to shining sea!"

Before she left Colorado Springs not many days later, the poem was completed.

The first stanza refers to the material beauty with which God has blessed our country and under the religious emotion which the mountains inspired she prayed for that greatest blessing which could come to our nation, really to feel the brotherhood of man.

The next two stanzas touch upon two mountain peaks of our glorious history.

"O beautiful for pilgrim feet
  Whose stern impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
  Across thy wilderness."

Beautiful not merely for that band of men and women who made Plymouth Rock famous, but for the sturdy, red blooded men and women who opened up the western world and by their self-sacrifice made life easier for those that followed. The poet seeing the greatness of these pioneers, sees frankly also the danger of mistaking license for liberty, and so prays,

"Confirm thy soul in self control,
  Thy liberty in law."

The second great mountain peak of history which looms before her vision is the Civil War, when under the influence of a great moral awakening men fought to save the Union and to free the slave. This stirred her heart to pray that

"All success be nobleness.
  And every gain divine."

The White City, which had shown to the world how much more beautiful a city might be, suggested to her the line

"Thine alabaster cities rise."

But she also felt keenly the ignorance, degradation, and suffering of great masses in the city where "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." With all true patriots she looks forward to the day when righteousness shall prevail and justice and mercy join hands in the brotherhood of man.

The unity of the poem is perfect. The title America the Beautiful is the theme of every line—either the beauty attained or the beauty to which she will attain as the world rolls more and more into the light—the beauty of the natural world, the beauty of her history, the beauty of her future.

The closing words of the first stanza and of the last stanza are the all inclusive prayer

"And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea."

"For how can one love God whom he hath not seen if he love not his brother whom he hath seen?" How enjoyable the phrases "purple mountain majesties," how descriptive "Stern impassioned stress," how pleasing "amber waves of grain," how inspiring the picture, "Thine alabaster cities rise undimmed by human tears."

The words sing themselves into our hearts and ring in our memories.

In the genuineness and purity of its patriotism, in the simplicity and charm of its diction this poem ranks with Julia Ward Howe's *Battle Hymn of the Republic*.

It has been set to music half a hundred times, but no music as yet is comparable to the poem itself.

EACH AND ALL

I Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown,
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;

II The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;

III The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine hight;

IV Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.

Theme All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

a I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn from the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;—
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.

b The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;

But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.

c The lover watched his graceful maid,
As mid the virgin train she strayed,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;
The gay enchantment was undone,
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth."—

Theme illustrated and emotionally appreciated

As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs:
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;—
Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

It is a rare child who would ever read *Each and All* if it were not taught him. It is a rarer child who would not enjoy it if well presented.

There are two purposes in teaching the poem. First, that he may get the great vital lesson that "no man liveth to himself."

The other purpose of the study is to make the reader value his own life experiences and use them in interpreting literature, while in turn literature enriches these experiences by showing him their worth, their significance, their beauty.

Listen to this lesson. The children have a copy of this poem lying face downward on the desk which they have never read.

Teacher.—Close your eyes and listen.

"Little thinks in the field yon red-cloaked clown
Of thee from the hill top looking down."

What do you see?

Pupil.—I see a circus clown.

Another.—I see a man in a red jacket out hunting.

Teacher.—Where are you?

(It is important that to get the author's point of view mentally we should also see things in the same physical relations, so we should be on a hill top, too.)

Pupil.—I am on a hill, looking off to the east.

Teacher.—Is it a real hill? Is it some place where you have been?

Pupil.—Yes, it is on my uncle's farm, near Elgin. I was there last summer.

Another pupil.—And I am out in Iowa where I used to live.

Each pupil observes that it is a real spot on which he finds himself, and not just a hill.

Teacher.—Close your eyes, and listen again. "The heifer that lows in the upland farm, Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm." What do you hear?

Pupil.—I hear a cow lowing away off to my right.

Teacher.—Is it a real cow?

Pupil.—Yes, it's a cow we used to have.

Teacher.—Close your eyes again.

"The sexton tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine hight."

What do you see?

Pupil describes his mental picture.

Teacher.—Let us go back to the first picture. What does the "red-cloaked clown" do for our picture?

Pupil.—It makes a bright spot.

Teacher.—Yes, and so adds to the beauty of the scene. I think Emerson has in mind a farmer working out in the field whose movements give life to the picture and whose garments give an added color to the landscape.

The farmer didn't know that he was pleasing our eyes, the heifer was not conscious of pleasing our ears, the sexton little dreamed that he was delighting the great Napoleon. Read the next two lines.

"Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent."

What does creed mean?

Pupil.—We have learned a creed. "I believe in God, the father," etc.

Teacher.—That is good. *Creed* comes from *credo*, I *believe*. When you find that some one you trust has told a lie it makes you almost doubt the truthfulness of everybody.

Read the next two lines.

"All are needed by each one;
Nothing is good or fair alone."

What is the name of the poem?

Pupil.—"Each and All."

Teacher.—Do you see these two lines give the theme of the poem? We might stop right here and have a very good poem. Emerson has given three illustrations of the theme, and then has stated it.

Read the next six lines.

Pupil.— "I thought the sparrow's note from heaven
Singing at dawn from the alder bough.
I brought him home in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky,
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye."

The children recall similar experiences when they have caged a wild bird only to be disappointed. They note that this is another illustration of the theme.

They read the next ten lines:

"The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,

I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar."

Again the pupils recall their experiences in taking home shells, pebbles, seaweed or wild flowers, only to find that their beauty and interest had vanished when taken out of their native setting, thus furnishing another illustration of the theme.

The lines

"The lover watched his graceful maid,
As mid the virgin train she strayed,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven by the snow white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage,
The gay enchantment was undone,
A gentle wife, but fairy none."

furnish another illustration of the theme.

Then having tried three times to take beauty out from its native setting and have it still remain beauty, having blundered in that, he makes two other blunders. He says,

"Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth."

and now having failed to find beauty a thing apart, he proceeds to consider truth as something to be considered apart from life's surroundings.

But

"As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs,
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs:
Pine cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;
Beauty through all my senses stole,
I yielded myself to the perfect whole."

Here the children have not only a great theme presented in beautiful form, but they have learned that they see and interpret literature through their own life experiences. Also they have been introduced to the great Emerson, who always elicited the best from his fellow men and gave them his best in return. His life is a most beautiful illustration of the ideal attitude of man to man.

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side

With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried *Abide, abide,*
The willful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurels turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay,*
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed *Abide, abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold.*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brookstone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
—Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet and amethyst—
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham.
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

—*Sidney Lanier.*

The enjoyment of many a piece of literature has been killed by over analysis, or dwelling too long upon it. A seventh grade girl once said, "I loved *Evangeline* when we read it in the literature class; I hated it when the grammar teacher made us parse and analyze it."

Of course she did and so would anybody who had any real literary appreciation.

Other teachers at times destroy a piece of great literature for the students by over literary analysis, and over study of minute details. We should hold the pupils to the study of a selection while the fire of enthusiasm mounts higher and higher, but stop before the flames begin to fall.

Because of the teachers who have not taught according to this principle there are those who fear all analytical and critical study of a piece of literature.

An analysis of this poem will help us to see how this exquisite poem shaped itself in the mind of the author, and will therefore enhance our own comprehension and artistic appreciation of a perfect piece of art.

In teaching the poem the student under guidance of skillful questioning will discover that the poem divides into three parts.

I. Stanza 1. The life purpose of the river stated.

II. Stanzas 2, 3, 4. Hindrances to the river's carrying out its life's purpose.

III. Stanza 5. The river true to the end.

Before the poem is mentioned the pupils should be clear in their geography, and know the source, and the course of the Chattahoochee, though the poem is true of any river that has its origin in the hills, flows through the plains and whose waters reach their eternity, the sea.

The next step is to clear up any points which the student does not understand. Let him ask the questions; others of the class may be able to round out his knowledge, if not there is the teacher.

Here are some of the things about which they will wish to know.

Hall and Habersham are two counties at the source of the Chattahoochee.

"A lover's pain." Intense joy has always its touch of pain.

Laving. Call to mind the verb *to lave.*

Lavatory, the word with which they are familiar and *laver* as used in the Bible. Says Longfellow in Miles Standish: "The sea at his feet was a laver."

Laurel, dewberry, quartz, are words which not all the students will picture quickly. "Made lures with the lights of streaming stone," is best understood by picturing the streaming of lights reflected in a river.

Now study for the alliteration, that is the repetition of sound for its artistic effect. Let the students mark these for themselves and choose for themselves the most beautiful. Flee From Folly, Laving Laurel, Willful, Waterweeds, etc.

Then quickly running through the poem for the rhymes, the student finds which lines rhyme with each other, and notes the wealth of rhyme, in that two lines of each stanza contain a double rhyme or even have three rhymes.

Next choose the most original line:

"Made lures with the light of streaming stone."

the most beautiful,

"And a myriad flowers mortally yearn." Not all will choose these among so many, but the selection of each child should be respected.

Then select the many beautifcl phrases, "dewberry dipped for to work delay," "friendly brawl." The poem is full of them. The individual who is appreciative of beautiful phrases wherever he meets them has not only an added source of happiness but one which will help him to better his own thinking and therefore his own English.

Lastly, let them tell you the thought in their own hearts that accompanied this study, and you will find that it is to them a picture of the ideal human life and each one is highly resolving to be true to his own life purpose.

They too will run where they may, they too will "split at the rock" when they meet the inevitable, they too will "accept their bed or narrow or wide," they too will recognize that it means much to the world if they, like the river are faithful.

Now read *Excelsior* to them where exactly the same lesson is taught though the picture is that of a youth in place of the river.

Excelsior

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed.
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said,
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!
This was the peasant's last good-night,
A voice replied far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monk of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveler by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice,
That banner with the strange device
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star.
Excelsior!

—*Longfellow.*

Now let them re-read the poem to see how much they can learn about the author through this poem. Three things will be clear to them; that he is charmingly sincere, that he is a genuine lover of nature, and that he is musical. They will be interested to know that it was difficult for him to choose between poetry and music for his life's work.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES

That one may get pleasure from a poem without understanding much of it is evident from our own childish memories of this poem. We had little comprehension of its meaning, but we were thrilled by the mystery, the solemnity, the music.

We deal more fairly with our pupils to-day. We insure them a background for their pictures, and the necessary information for the intellectual appreciation of the lines. And in so far as we do this we enhance the wholesome emotional effect.

Born in a land of bondage, his life saved only by the stratagem of his mother, brought up as a prince in the Egyptian court, yet retaining red-blooded manhood which made him loyal to his oppressed people, brave in demanding their release, patient with their childishness, fearless in their battles, holding them to a faith in God, yet humanly failing himself at a critical moment, the story of Moses is full of dramatic action and rich in thought material.

It is not safe to assume of any grade that the story is so familiar that re-telling is unnecessary. Watching the faces of the children will tell the teacher where to pass on rapidly and where to dwell on details to prepare the class for the appreciation of this poem.

The teacher who uses the map, or sketches as she talks, locating the birthplace in the Nile Valley, the Red Sea, the Wilderness, Mount Sinai. and the Land of Moab, separated from the Promised Land by the Jordan River, will help to make the story real.

In teaching the poem, one need not hesitate in supplementing the knowledge of the children. The test of the teaching is not the number of trips made to the dictionary and encyclopedia, but the enjoyment they get out of this organ recital of a great event, the illumination which it gives to the brief words of Deuteronomy, (so Moses, the servant of the Lord, died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day), and the enrichment by the poem of the story of Moses.

This is one of the poems which should first be read to the children so that they may get its music and its grandeur as few of them would get it from a commonplace reading. It should be so read to them that they may feel the enthusiasm which the poet expressed for the greatness of this man of old.

The O's which roll out in the opening lines give the emotional coloring of the poem. The mystery of the story begins with "And no man dug that sepulchre" and is dwelt upon in the three succeeding stanzas.

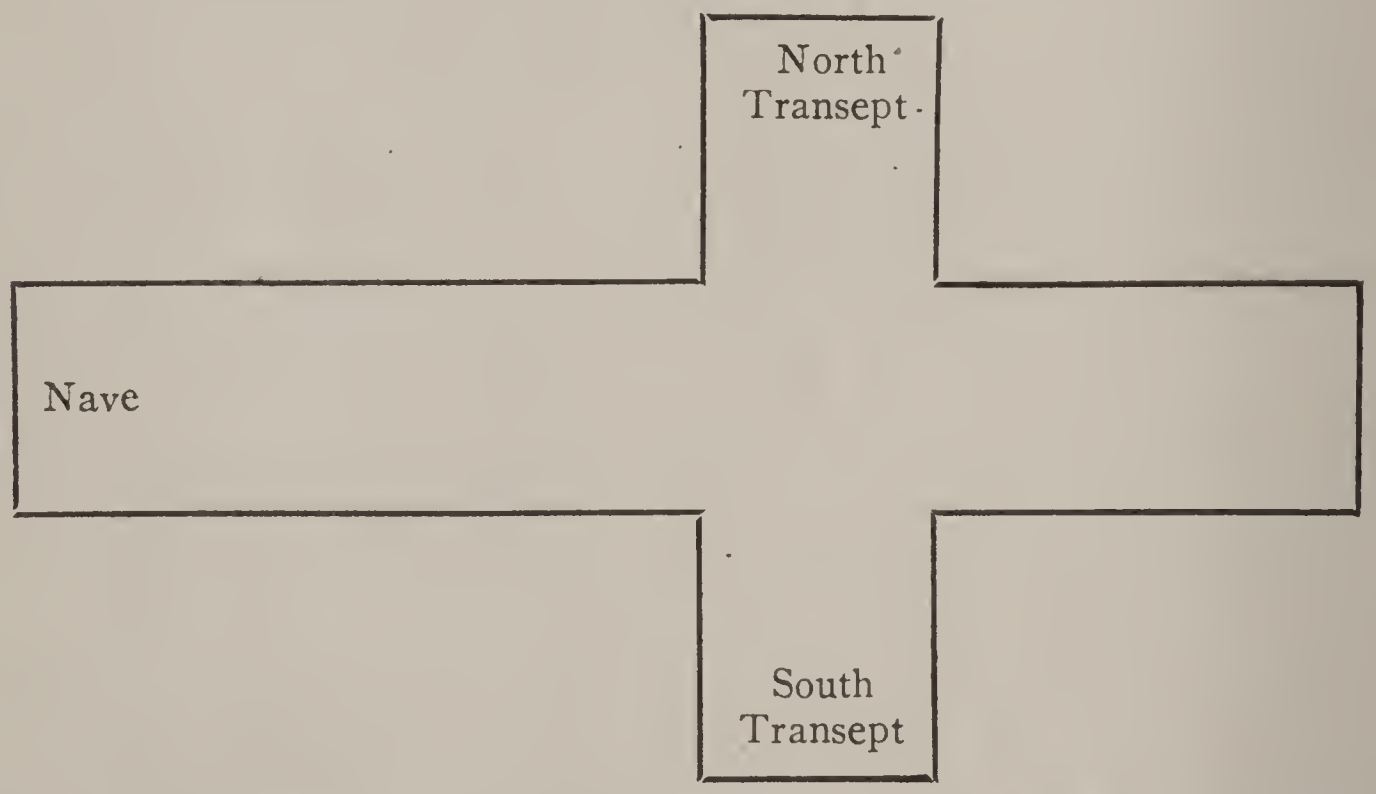
A military funeral is impressive to the imagination of even those who have never witnessed one, so the children respond quickly to the stanza,

> "But when the warrior dieth, his comrades in the war,
> With arms reversed, and muffled drum, follow the funeral car:
> They show the banners taken, they tell the battles won,
> And after him lead his masterless steed, while peals the minute gun."

Clearly Mrs. Alexander had Westminster in mind when she wrote the stanza,

> "Amid the noblest of the land men lay the sage to rest,
> And give the bard an honored place, with costly marble dressed,
> In the great minster transept, where lights like glories fall;
> And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings along the emblazoned wall.'

Tell the children that the cathedral is built like a great cross, the long body extending to the west, that the arms are the transepts.



In the north transept of Westminster Abbey are the graves and memorials of great statesmen, in the south transept are those of the poets.

Each transept has over the entrance a circular window made of colored glass in beautiful design, known as rose windows. Through these "lights like glories fall."

The children have been prepared to recognize Moses as a great warrior, they will tell you what are the great commandments God gave the world through him, but they will need to be told that "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth is great poetry."

Now they are ready for the impressive stanza with its beautiful figures.

> And had he not high honor?—The hillside for his pall;
> To lie in state while angels wait, with stars for tapers tall:
> And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes, over his bier to wave;
> And God's own hand, in that lonely land, to lay him in the grave.

The final stanza helps the unity of the poem by going back to the opening lines in its "O lonely tomb in Moab's land, O dark Beth-peor hill," and it suggests the irreverence and futility of attempting to explain that which has not been revealed.

The Burial of Moses

By Nebo's lonely mountain, on this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab, there lies a lonely grave;
And no man dug that sepulcher, and no man saw it e'er;
For the "Sons of God" upturned the sod and laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral that ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the tramping or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek grows into the blazing sun:

Noiselessly as the Spring-time her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills open their thousand leaves;
So, without sound of music, or voice of them that wept,
Silently down the mountain's crown the great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle, on gray Beth-peor's hight,
Out of his rocky aerie, looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking still shuns that hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard that which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth, his comrades in the war,
With arms reversed, and muffled drum, follow the funeral car:
They show the banners taken, they tell the battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed, while peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place, with costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept, where lights like glories fall;
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior that ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet that ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage as he set down for men.

And had he not high honor?—The hillside for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait, with stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes, over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land, to lay him in the grave.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land! O dark Beth-peor hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours, and teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace, ways that we cannot tell;
And hides them deep, like the secret sleep of him He loved so well.

—*Mrs. C. F. Alexander.*

This well known and much loved poem is the only one by this author which has lived.

These Type Studies are excellent models to guide the teacher in the study of other poems. In the chapter *Favorite Poems* there are a number of poems worthy

of special study. *Hiawatha's Wooing* will be enjoyed by pupils of the seventh grade. *Old Ironsides* is full of fire and patriotism. *To a Waterfowl,* not only contains beautiful pictures, but conveys a strong lesson as well. *The Burial of Sir John Moore* and the *Chambered Nautilus* will interest the pupils of the fifth and sixth grades. Fourth graders will enjoy *Jack Frost.* If studied in the winter, this poem will send them out to observe more keenly the many things that the frost does.

Frequently there are poems in the readers that should receive special attention. By showing the pupils how to get the most out of these poems, the teacher will increase their respect for the reading lesson while strengthening their taste for good literature.

FAVORITE POEMS

The Swing.

How do you like to go up in a swing,
  Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
  Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
  Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
  Over the countryside—

Till I look down on the garden green,
  Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
  Up in the air and down!

—*Stevenson.*

Freckles and Tan.

Say, what are these wee little freckles,
  And what in the world is the tan,
That color and sprinkle all over
  The face of our dear little man?

The tan is a heavenly mixture
  Of happiness, sunshine and joy,
That darkens the shade of the roses,
  That bloom in the cheek of our boy.

The freckles are scars from the kisses
  That angels in loving embrace
Have pressed, in a careless confusion,
  All over our little boy's face.

So here's to the boy with the freckles:
  The boy with the freckles and tan;
These glorious imprints of heaven
  Have labeled him, God's little man.

Copyright 1900—*Roland C. Bowman.*

Farmer John.

Home from his journey Farmer John
  Arrived this morning safe and sound.
His black coat off and his old clothes on,
"Now I'm myself," says Farmer John;
  And he thinks, "I'll look around."
Up leaps the dog; "Get down, you pup;
Are you so glad you would eat me up?"
The old cow lows at the gate to greet him;
The horses prick up their ears to meet him;
    "Well, well, old Bay!
    Ha, ha, old Gray!
Do you get good feed when I am away?"

"You haven't a rib!" says Farmer John;
  "The cattle are looking round and sleek;
The colt is going to be a roan,
And a beauty, too: how he has grown!
  We'll wean the calf next week,"
Says Farmer John. "When I've been off,
To call you again about the trough,
And watch you, and pet you, while you drink,
Is a greater comfort than you can think!"
    And he pats old Bay,
    And he slaps old Gray;
"Ah, this is the comfort of going away!"

"For after all," said Farmer John,
  "The best of the journey is getting home!
I've seen great sights—but would I give
This spot, and the peaceful life I live,
  For all their Paris and Rome?
These hills for the city's stifled air,
And big hotels, all bustle and glare;
Land all houses, and road all stones,
That deafen your ears and batter your bones?
    Would you, old Bay?
    Would you, old Gray?
That's what one gets by going away!"

"There money is king," says Farmer John;
"And fashion is queen; and it's mighty queer
To see how, sometimes, while the man
Is raking and scraping all he can,
The wife spends every year,
Enough you would think for a score of wives,
To keep them in luxury all their lives.
The town is a perfect Babylon
To a quiet chap," says Farmer John.
"You see, old Bay,
You see, old Gray—
I'm wiser than when I went away."

"I've found out this," says Farmer John—
"That happiness is not bought and sold,
And clutched in a life of waste and hurry,
In nights of pleasure and days of worry;
And wealth isn't all in gold,
Mortgage and stocks and ten per cent,—
But in simple ways and sweet content,
Few wants, pure hopes, and noble ends,
Some lands to till, and a few good friends,
Like you, old Bay,
And you, old Gray!
That's what I've learned by going away."

And a happy man is Farmer John—
Oh, a rich and happy man is he!
He sees the peas and pumpkins growing,
The corn in tassel, the buckwheat blowing,
And fruit on vine and tree;
The large, kind oxen look their thanks
As he rubs their foreheads and strokes their flanks;
The doves light round him, and strut and coo;
Says Farmer John, "I'll take you too,—
And you, old Bay,
And you, old Gray!
Next time I travel so far away!"

—*J. T. Trowbridge.*

Those Evening Bells.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.
And so 'twill be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!

—*Thomas Moore.*

The Children's Hour.

Between the dark and the daylight
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet;
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence,
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway;
A sudden raid from the hall;
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle-wall.

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen,
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you into the dungeon,
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever—
Yes, forever and a day;
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

Old Ironsides.

[The following lines were called forth by a rumor that the frigate Constitution was about to be broken up as unfit for service.]

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
  Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
  That banner in the sky:
Beneath it rung the battle-shout,
  And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean-air
  Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
  Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
  And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
  Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
  The eagle of the sea.

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
  Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
  And there should be her grave.
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
  Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms—
  The lightning and the gale.

—*O. W. Holmes.*

To a Mouse.

Wee, sleekit, cowerin, timorous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
  Wi' bickerin brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
  Wi' murderin pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
  Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
  An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen-icker in a thrave
  'S a sma' request:
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
  And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big a new one,
  O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
  Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
  Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash! the cruel coulter past
  Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble;
Now thou's turned out, for a' thy trouble,
  But house nor hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
  An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be in vain:
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
  Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
  For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, och! I backward cast my e'e
  On prospects drear!
An' forward, though I canna see,
  I guess an' fear!

—*Burns.*

To a Mountain Daisy.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
  Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my power,
  Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neibor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
  Wi' speckled breast,
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
  The purpling east!

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield,
But thou beneath the random bield
O' clod, or stane.
Adorns the histie stibble field.
Unseen, alane.

There in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share up-tears they bed,
And low thou lies.

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred!
Unskillful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
To misery's brink,
By human pride or cunning driven
Till, wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruined, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom!

—*Burns.*

For a' That and a' That.

Is there, for honest poverty
That hangs his head and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their sticks, and knaves their wine;
A man's a man for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts and stares and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that:
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

—*Burns.*

Forest Hymn.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems,—in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. Let me, then, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in His ear.

Father, Thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns; Thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They in Thy sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves in Thy breeze,
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow
Whose birth was in the tops, grew old and died
Among their branches,—till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of Thy fair works. But Thou art there; Thou fill'st
The solitude; Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music; Thou art in the cooler breath,
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with Thee.

—W. C. Bryant.

"Abide with Me."

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day,
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
Oh, Thou who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance, I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwelt with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of Kings;
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea:
Come, Friend of sinners, and abide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And though rebellious and perverse, meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee.
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my Guide and Stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O, abide with me!

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

—W. H. Lyte.

Creeds of the Bells.

How sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells!
Each one its creed in music tells,
In tones that float upon the air,
As soft as song, as pure as prayer;
And I will put in simple rhyme
The language of the golden chime.
My happy heart with rapture swells
Responsive to the bells, sweet bells.

"In deeds of love excel, excel!"
Chimed out from ivied towers a bell,
"This is the church not built on sands,
Emblem of one not built with hands;
Its forms and sacred rites revere;
Come, worship here, come, worship here;
In ritual and faith excel,"
Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.

"Oh, heed ye ancient landmarks well,"
In solemn tones exclaimed a bell;
"No progress made by mortal man
Can change the just, eternal plan:
With God there can be nothing new;
Ignore the false, embrace the true,
While all is well, is well, is well,"
Pealed out the good old Dutch church bell.

"Ye purifying waters swell,"
In mellow tones rang out a bell:
"Though faith alone in Christ can save,
Man must be plunged beneath the wave,
To show the world unfaltering faith
In what the sacred Scripture saith:
O, swell, ye rising waters, swell,"
Pealed out the clear-toned Baptist bell.

"Not faith alone, but works, as well,
Must test the soul," said a soft bell:
"Come here and cast aside your load,
And work your way along the road,
With faith in God, and faith in man,
And hope in Christ, where hope began:
Do well, do well, do well, do well!"
Rang out the Unitarian bell.

"Farewell, farewell, base world, farewell,"
In touching tones exclaimed a bell;
"Life is a boon to mortals given,
To fit the soul for bliss in heaven:
Do not invoke the avenging rod,
Come here and learn the way to God;
Say to the world farewell, farewell!"
Pealed forth the Presbyterian bell.

"In after life there is no hell"
In raptures rang a cheerful bell:
"Look up to heaven this holy day,
Where angels wait to lead the way;
There are no fires, no fiends to blight
The future life: be just and right.
No hell, no hell, no hell, no hell!"
Rang out the Universalist bell.

"To all the truth we tell, we tell!"
Shouted in ecstacies a bell:
"Come, all ye weary wanderers, see,
Our Lord has made salvation free!
Repent, believe, have faith, and then
Be saved and praise the Lord. Amen.
Salvation's free, we tell, we tell!"
Shouted the Methodistic bell.

—*George W. Bungay.*

Beautiful Hands.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They are neither white nor small,
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be;
Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands
More beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands.
Though heart were weary and sad,
Those patient hands kept toiling on,
That children might be glad.
I almost weep, as looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how those hands rested not
While mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're growing feeble now,
For time and pain have left their work
On hand, and heart, and brow,
Alas! alas! the wearing time,
And the sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
Those hands will folded be.

But oh, beyond this shadowy damp,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear;
Where crystal streams thro' endless years
Flow over golden sands,
And when the old grow young again
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

—*Anonymous.*

Hiawatha's Wooing.

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman;
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other!"

Thus the youthful Hiawatha
Said within himself and pondered,
Much perplexed by various feelings,
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,
Of the lovely Laughing Water,
In the land of the Dacotahs.

"Wed a maiden of your people,"
Warning said the old Nokomis;
"Go not eastward, go not westward,
For a stranger, whom we know not!
Like a fire upon the hearthstone
Is a neighbor's homely daughter,
Like the starlight or the moonlight
Is the handsomest of strangers!"

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,
And my Hiawatha answered
Only this: "Dear old Nokomis,
Very pleasant is the firelight,
But I like the starlight better,
Better do I like the moonlight!"

Gravely then said old Nokomis:
"Bring not here an idle maiden,
Bring not here a useless woman,
Hands unskillful, feet unwilling,
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,
Heart and hand that move together,
Feet that run on willing errands!"

Smiling answered Hiawatha:
"In the land of the Dacotahs
Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women.
I will bring her to your wigwam,
She shall run upon your errands,
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,
Be the sunlight of my people!"
Still dissuading said Nokomis:
"Bring not to my lodge a stranger
From the land of the Dacotahs!
Very fierce are the Dacotahs;
Often is there war between us;
There are feuds yet unforgotten,
Wounds that ache and still may open!"

Laughing, answered Hiawatha:
"For that reason, if no other,
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,
That our tribes might be united,
That old feuds might be forgotten.
And old wounds be healed forever!"

Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dacotahs,
To the land of handsome women;
Striding over moor and meadow,
Through interminable forests,
Through uninterrupted silence.
With his moccasins of magic,
At each stride a mile he measured;
Yet the way seemed long before him,
And his heart outrun his footsteps,
And he journeyed without resting,
Till he heard the cataract's laughter,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to him through the silence.
"Pleasant is the sound!" he murmured
"Pleasant is the voice that calls me!"

On the outskirts of the forest,
'Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,
Herds of fallow deer were feeding,
But they saw not Hiawatha;
To his bow he whispered, "Fail not."
To his arrow whispered, "Swerve not."
Sent it singing on its errand,
To the red heart of the roebuck;
Threw the deer across his shoulder,
And sped forward without pausing.

At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Making arrow-heads of jasper,—
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.
At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes;
Of the past the old man's thoughts were
And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there,
Of the days when with such arrows
He had struck the deer and bison,
On the Muskoday, the meadow;
Shot the wild goose, flying southward,
On the wing, the clamorous Wawa;
Thinking of the great war-parties,
How they came to buy his arrows,
Could not fight without his arrows.

Ah, no more such noble warriors
Could be found on earth as they were:
Now the men were like the women,
Only used their tongues for weapons!

She was thinking of a hunter,
From another tribe and country,
Young and tall and very handsome,
Who one morning, in the Spring-time,
Came to buy her father's arrows,
Sat and rested in the wigwam,
Lingered long about the doorway,
Looking back as he departed.
She had heard her father praise him,
Praise his courage and his wisdom;
Would he come again for arrows,
To the Falls of Minnehaha?
On the mat her hands lay idle,
And her eyes were very dreamy.

Through their thoughts they heard a footstep,
Heard a rustling in the branches,
And with glowing cheek and forehead,
With the deer upon his shoulders,
Suddenly from out the woodlands
Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker
Looked up gravely from his labor,
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,
Bade him enter at the doorway,
Saying, as he rose to meet him,
"Hiawatha, you are welcome!"

At the feet of Laughing Water
Hiawatha laid his burden,
Threw the red deer from his shoulders;
And the maiden looked up at him,
Looked up from her mat of rushes,
Said with gentle look and accent,
"You are welcome, Hiawatha!"

Very spacious was the wigwam,
Made of deer-skin dressed and whitened,
With the Gods of the Dacotahs
Drawn and painted on its curtains,
And so tall the doorway, hardly
Hiawatha stooped to enter,
Hardly touched his eagle-feathers
As he entered at the doorway.

Then uprose the Laughing Water,
From the ground fair Minnehaha
Laid aside her mat unfinished,
Brought forth food and set before them,
Water brought them from the brooklet,
Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,
Listened while the guest was speaking,
Listened while her father answered,
But not once her lips she opened,
Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened
To the words of Hiawatha,
As he talked of old Nokomis,
Who had nursed him in his childhood,
As he told of his companions,
Chibiabas, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
And of happiness and plenty
In the land of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peaceful.

"After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibways
And the tribe of the Dacotahs."
Thus continued Hiawatha,
And then added, speaking slowly,
"That this peace may last forever,
And our hands be clasped more closely,
And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Paused a moment ere he answered.
Smoked a little while in silence,
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
And made answer very gravely.
"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!"

And the lovely Laughing Water,
Seemed more lovely, as she stood there,
Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to say it,
"I will follow you, my husband!"

This was Hiawatha's wooing!
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs.

From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water;
Hand in hand they went together,
Through the woodland and the meadow,
Left the old man standing lonely
At the doorway of his wigwam,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to them from afar off,
"Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Turned again unto his labor,
Sat down by his sunny doorway,
Murmuring to himself, and saying:
"Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us!
Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
With his flute of reeds, a stranger
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger!"

Pleasant was the journey homeward,
Through interminable forests,
Over meadow, over mountain,
Over river, hill, and hollow.
Short it seemed to Hiawatha,
Though they journeyed very slowly,
Though his pace he checked and slackened
To the steps of Laughing Water.

Over wide and rushing rivers
In his arms he bore the maiden;
Light he thought her as a feather,
As the plume upon his head-gear;
Cleared the tangled pathway for her,
Bent aside the swaying branches,
Made at night a lodge of branches,
And a bed with boughs of hemlock,
And a fire before the doorway
With the dry cones of the pine-tree.

All the traveling winds went with them,
O'er the meadow, through the forest;
All the stars of night looked at them,
Watched with sleepless eyes their slumber;
From his ambush in the oak-tree
Peeped the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Watched with eager eyes the lover;
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Scampered from the path before them,
Peering, peeping from his burrow,
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Watched with curious eyes the lovers.

Pleasant was the journey homeward!
All the birds sang loud and sweetly
Songs of happiness and heart's-ease.
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,
"Happy are you, Hiawatha,
Having such a wife to love you!"
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
"Happy are you, Laughing Water,
Having such a noble husband!"

From the sky the sun benignant
Looked upon them through the branches,
Saying to them, "O my children,
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow;
Life is checkered shade and sunshine;
Rule by love, O Hiawatha!"

From the sky the moon looked at them,
Filled the lodge with mystic splendors,
Whispered to them, "O my children,
Day is restless, night is quiet,
Man imperious, woman feeble;
Half is mine, although I follow;
Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"

Thus it was they journeyed homeward;
Thus it was that Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis
Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,
Brought the sunshine of his people,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women
In the land of the Dacotahs,
In the land of handsome women.

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

A Sermon for the Sisters.

I nebber breaks a colt afore hes' old enough
to trabbel:
I nebber digs my taters till dey plenty big
to grabble;
An' when you sees me risin' up to structify
in meetin',
I's fust clumb up de knowledge-tree and
done some apple-eatin'.
I sees some sistahs pruzint, mighty proud o'
what dey wearin',
It's well you isn't apples, now, you better
be declarin'!
For when you heerd yo' market price, 't 'd
hurt yo' little feelin's:
You wouldn't fotch a dime a peck, fo' all
yo' fancy peelin's.

O sistahs—leetle apples (for you're r'ally
mighty like 'em)—
I lubs de ol'-time russets, dough its suldom
I kin strike 'em;
An' so I lubs you, sistahs, for yo' grace, an'
not yo' graces—
I don't keer how my apple looks, but on'y
how it tas'es.

Is dey a Sabbaf-scholah heah? Den let him
'form his mudder
How Jacob-in-the-Bible's boys played off
upon dey brudder!
Dey sol' him to a trader—an' at las' he
struck de prison:
Dat comed ob Joseph's struttin' in dat
streaked coat ob his'n.

My Christian frien's dis story proobes dat
eben men is human—
He'd had a dozen fancy coats, ef he'd 'a'
been a 'ooman!
De cussidness ob showin' off, he foun' out
all about it:
An' yit he wuz a Christian man, as good
as ever shouted.

It larned him! An' I bet you when he come
to git his riches
Dey didn't go for stylish coats or Phila-
delphy breeches;
He didn't was'e his money when experunce
taught him better,
But went aroun' a-lookin' like he's waitin'
for a letter!

Now, sistahs, won't you copy him? Say,
won't you take a lesson,
An' min' dis sollum wahnin' 'bout de sin
ob fancy dressin'?
How much yo' spen' upon yo'se'f! I wish
you might remember
Yo' preacher ain't been paid a cent sence
somewhar in November.

I better close. I sees some gals dis sahmon's
kinder hittin'
A-whisperin', an' 'sturbin' all dat's near
whar dey's a-sittin';
To look at dem, an' listen at day onrespec'-
ful jabber,
It turns de milk ob human kineness mighty
nigh to clabber!

A-A-A-MEN!

—Irwin Russell.

To a Waterfowl.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps
of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou
pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee
wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seekst thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmos-
phere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and
rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall
bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou 'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my
heart
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky they cer-
tain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

—William Cullen Bryant.

The Plaidie.

Upon ane stormy Sunday,
Coming adoon the lane,
Were a score of bonnie lasses—
And the sweetest I maintain
Was Caddie,
That I took unneath my plaidie,
To shield her from the rain.

She said that the daisies blushed
For the kiss that I had ta'en;
I wad na hae thought the lassie
Wad sae of a kiss complain:
"Now, laddie!
I winna stay under your plaidie,
I'll gaing awa hame in the rain!"

But, on an after Sunday,
When cloud there was not ane,
This selfsame winsome lassie
(We chanced to meet in the lane)
Said, "Laddie,
Why dinna ye wear your plaidie?
Wha kens but it may rain?"

—*Charles Sibley.*

The Deserted Village.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain;
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed!
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth where every sport could please,

How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play;
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed:
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove—
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these
With sweet succession taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms — but all these charms are fled.
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn.
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage tints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires the echoes with unvaried cries.

—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

MAKIN' AN EDITOR OUTEN O' HIM.

"Good mornin,' sir, Mr. Printer; how is your body to-day?
I'm glad you're to home, for you fellers is al'ays a runnin' away.
Your paper last week wa'n't so spicy nor sharp as the one week before;
But I s'pose when the campaign is opened, you'll be whoopin' it up to 'em more.
That feller that's printin' *The Smasher* is goin' for you perty smart;
And our folks said this mornin' at breakfast, they thought he was gettin' the start.
But I hushed 'em right up in a minute, and said a good word for you;
I told 'em I b'lieved you was tryin' to do just as well as you knew;
And I told 'em that some one was sayin', and whoever 'twas it is so,
That you can't expect much of no one man, nor blame him for what he don't know.
But, layin' aside *pleasure* for business, I've brought you my little boy Jim;
And I thought I would see if you couldn't make an editor outen o' him.

"My family stock is increasin', while other folks seem to run short.
I've got a right smart of a family—it's one of the old-fashioned sort:
There's Ichabod, Isaac and Israel, a workin' away on the farm,
They do 'bout as much as one good boy, and make things go off like a charm.
There's Moses and Aaron are sly ones, and slip like a couple of eels;
But they're tol'able steady in one thing—they al'ays git round to their meals.
There's Peter, is busy inventin' (though *what* he invents I can't see),
And Joseph is studyin' medicine—and both of 'em boardin' with me.
There's Abram and Albert is married, each workin' my farm for himself,
And Sam smashed his nose at a shootin', and so he is laid on the shelf.
The rest of the boys are all growin', 'cept this little runt, which is Jim,
And I thought that perhaps I'd be makin' an editor outen o' him.

"He ain't no great shakes for to labor, though I've labored with him a good deal,
And give him some strappin' good arguments I know he couldn't help but to feel;
But he's built out of second-growth timber, and nothin' about him is big,
Exceptin' his appetite only, and there he's as good as a pig.

I keep him carryin' luncheons, and fillin' and bringin' the jugs,
And take him among the pertatoes, and set him to pickin' the bugs;
And then there's things to be doin' a helpin' the women in-doors;
There's churnin' and washin' of dishes, and other descriptions of chores;
But he don't take to nothin' but victuals, and he'll never be much, I'm afraid,
So I thought it would be a good notion to larn him the editor's trade.
His body's too small for a farmer, his judgment is rather too slim,
But I thought we perhaps could be makin' an editor outen o' him.

"It ain't much to get up a paper, it wouldn't take him long for to learn;
He could feed the machine, I'm thinkin', with a good strappin' fellow to turn,
And things that was once hard in doin' is easy enough now to do;
Just keep your eye on your machinery, and crack your arrangements right through.
I used for to wonder at readin', and where it was got up, and how;
But 'tis most of it made by machinery—I can see it all plain enough now.
And poetry, too, is constructed by machines of different designs,
Each one with a gauge and a chopper, to see to the length of the lines;
And I hear a New York clairvoyant is runnin' one sleeker than grease,
And a-*rentin'* her heaven-born productions at a couple of dollars apiece;
An' since the whole trade has growed easy, 'twould be easy enough, I've a whim,
If you was agreed, to be makin' an editor outen o' Jim."

The editor sat in his sanctum and looked the
old man in the eye,
Then glanced at the grinning young hope-
ful, and mournfully made his reply:
"Is your son a small unbound edition of
Moses and Solomon both?
Can he compass his spirit with meekness,
and strangle a natural oath?
Can he leave all his wrongs to the future,
and carry his heart in his cheek?
Can he do an hour's work in a minute, and
live on a sixpence a week?
Can he courteously talk to an equal, and
browbeat an impudent dunce?
Can he keep things in apple-pie order, and
do half-a-dozen at once?
Can he press all the springs of knowledge
with quick and reliable touch,
And be sure that he knows how much *to*
know, and knows how to not know too
much?
Does he know how to spur up his virtue,
and put a checkrein on his pride?
Can he carry a gentleman's manners within
a rhinoceros' hide?
Can he know all, and do all, and be all,
with cheerfulness, courage, and vim?
If so, we perhaps can be 'makin' an editor
outen o' him.' "

The farmer stood curiously listening, while
wonder his visage o'erspread,
And he said: "Jim, I guess we'll be goin';
he's probably out of his head."

—*Will M. Carleton.*

Address of Mark Antony.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your
ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to
Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath
wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this am-
bition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without
cause:
What cause withholds you then, to mourn
for him?
O judgment! thou are fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with
me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

—*Shakespeare.*

The Boys.

Has there any old fellow got mixed with
the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making
a noise.
Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Cata-
logue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says
we are more?
He's tipsy,—young jackanapes! show him
the door!
"Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes! *white* if
we please;
Where the snowflakes fall thickest there's
nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the
mistake!
Look close,—you will see not a sign of a
flake!
We want some new garlands for those we
have shed,—
And these are white roses in place of the
red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may
have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old:—
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we
call "Judge;"
It's a neat little fiction,—of course it's all
fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker"—the one on
the right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you
to-night?
That's our "Member of Congress," we say
when we chaff;
There's the "Reverend"—What's his name?
—don't make me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful
book,
And the ROYAL SOCIETY thought it was
true!
So they chose him right in; a good joke
it was, too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-
decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical
chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syl-
labled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's
"The Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent
pith,—
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him
Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the
free,—
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of
thee!"

You hear that boy laughing?—You think
he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he
has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to
his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs
loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys,—always playing with
tongue or with pen,—
And I sometimes have asked,—Shall we
ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing
and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling
away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and
its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-
lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, THE
BOYS!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

RECESSIONAL.

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet!
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts its trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!
Amen.

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

Early Rising.

"God bless the man who first invented sleep!"
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I;
And bless him also that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself, nor try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly by patent right.

"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,"
Observes some solemn, sentimental owl.
Maxims like these are very cheaply said;
But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
Pray just inquire about his rise and fall,
And whether larks have any beds at all.

The time for honest folks to be abed
Is in the morning, if I reason right;
And he who can not keep his precious head
Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
Is up to knavery, or else—he drinks.

Thomson, who sung about the "Seasons," said
It was a glorious thing to rise in season;
But then, he said—lying—in his bed
At ten o'clock A. M.—the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake,—
Awake to duty and awake to truth;
But when, alas! a nice review we take
Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
Are those we passed in childhood—or asleep.

So, let us sleep, and give the Maker praise.
I like the lad who, when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,
Cried, "Served him right! it's not at all surprising!—
The worm was punished, sir, for early rising."

—*John G. Saxe.*

The Chambered Nautilus.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

The Destruction of Sennacherib.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath flown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And their idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

—Lord Byron.

The Burial of Sir John Moore.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly; at dead of night;
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought—as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow—
How the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock tolled the hour for retiring,
And we heard the distant and random gun,
That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory.
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But left him—alone with his glory!

J. Wolfe.

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

And your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveler in the dark.
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

—Jane Taylor

Lady Moon

"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?"
"Over the sea."
"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?"
"All that love me."

"Are you not tired with rolling and never
Resting to sleep?
Why look so pale and so sad, as for ever
Wishing to weep?"

"Ask me not this, little child, if you love me;
You are too bold.
I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told."

"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?"
"Over the sea."
"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?"
"All that love me."

—Lord Houghton.

All Things Bright and Beautiful

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,—
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,—
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
An order'd their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The morning, and the sunset
That lighteth up the sky.

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day;

He gave us eyes to see them
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who madeth all things well.

—Cecil Frances Alexander

Speak the Truth

Speak the truth!
Speak it boldly, never fear;
Speak it so that all may hear;
In the end it shall appear
Truth is best in age and youth.
Speak the truth.

Speak the truth!
Truth is beautiful and brave,
Strong to bless and strong to save;
Falsehood is a cowardly knave;
From it turn thy steps in youth—
Follow truth.

—Anonymous.

One, Two, Three

It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy that was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he,
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight
Out under the maple tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell you
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-go-seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three.

"You are in the china closet,"
He would cry, and laugh with glee—
It wasn't the china closet;
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key."
And she said: "You are warm and warmer;
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where mama's things used to be;
So it must be the clothes-press, grandma."
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Out under the maple tree—
This old, old, old, old lady
And the boy with the lame little knee—
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half-past three.

—H. C. Bunner

The Fairies

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We dare not go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather.

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home;
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watch dogs,
All night awake.

By the craggy hillsides,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn trees
For pleasure here and there;
Is any man so daring,
As dig them up in spite?
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We darn't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather.

—William Allingham

Pippa

The year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

—Robert Browning

Seven Times One

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
  There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
  Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old I can write a letter;
  My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better;
  They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing,
  And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah, bright! but your light is failing,—
  You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven
  That God has hidden your face?
I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
  And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
  You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marshmary buds, rich and yellow,
  Give me your money to hold!

And show me your nest with the young ones in it,—
  I will not steal it away;
I am old! you must trust me, linnet, linnet,—
  I am seven times one today!

—Jean Ingelow

A Boy's Song

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
There to trace the homward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from their play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay,
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

—James Hogg

Daffodils

I wandered lonely as a cloud
  That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
  A host of golden daffodils,
  Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
  Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
  And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
  Along the margin of the bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
  Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
  In such a jocund company;
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft when on my couch I lie
  In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
  Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils.

—William Wordsworth

Better Than Gold

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles, a thousand fold,
Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please;—
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
And share his joys with a genial glow,
With sympathies large enough to infold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in a humble sphere;
Doubly blessed with content and health,
Untried by the lusts or cares of wealth;
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot;
For mind and morals, in Nature's plan,
Are the genuine test of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labors close;
Better than gold is a poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumber deep,
Bring sleeping draughts to the downy bed
Where luxury pillows his aching head;
His simple opiate labor deems
A shorter road to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind
That in the realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore
The sage's lore, and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires passed away,
The world's great drama, will thus unfold,
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside charities come,
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble the home may be.
Or tried with sorrow by Heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And center there, are better than gold.

—*Alexander Smart*

Song of Life

A traveler on a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening-time,
To breathe its early vows;
And Age was pleased, in heights of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore—
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle on the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that Toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parched tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid the crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love
Unstudied from the heart,
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath;
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

Charles Mackey.

The Origin of the Opal

A dewdrop came with a spark of flame
He had caught from the sun's last ray,
To a violet's breast, where he lay at rest
Till the hours brought back the day.

The rose looked down, with a blush and frown,
But she smiled all at once to view
Her own bright form, with its coloring warm,
Reflected back by the dew.

Then the stranger took a stolen look
  At the sky so soft and blue;
And a leaflet green, with its silver sheen,
  Was seen by the idler too.

A cold north wind, as he thus reclined,
  Of a sudden raged around;
And a maiden fair, who was walking
    there,
  Next morning an opal found.

—*Anonymous*

Jack Frost

The Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So, through the valley, and over the height,
    In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
That make so much bustle and noise in vain
    But I'll be as busy as they!"

So he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he drest
In diamond beads—and over the breast
    Of the quivering lake, he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
    Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
    By the light of the morn were seen
Most beautiful things; there were flowers and trees;
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities with temples and towers; and these
    All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair.
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
    "Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;
And the glass of water they've left for me
    Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I'm drinking!"

—*Hannah F. Gould.*

Home, Sweet Home

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call,—
Give me them,—and the peace of mind, dearer than all!
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile!
Let others delight mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh, give me the pleasures of home!
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!

To thee I'll return, overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam;
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!

—John Howard Payne

The Concord Hymn

(Sung at the completion of the Concord Monument, April 19, 1836)

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone.
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made these heroes dare
To die, to leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

GEMS OF THOUGHT

The test of your Christian character should be that you are a joy-bearing agent to the world. —*Beecher.*

"To widen your life without deepening it is only to weaken it."

In the cultivation of soul, we are entirely our own master. Who is to say us nay, if we wish to grow and expand in tenderness, thoughtful consideration for others, love? —*Thomas Van Ness.*

Why do we so often prefer to believe in the *necessity* of suffering and weakness rather than in the possibility of strength and gladness?
—*C. B. Newcomb.*

"The careless use of other people's names is one of the evidences of untrained thought."

To him who has an eye to see, there can be no fairer spectacle than that of a man who combines the possession of moral beauty in his soul with outward beauty of form, corresponding and harmonizing with the former because the same great pattern enters into both. —*Plato.*

Things without remedy,
Should be without regard: what's done is done.
—*Shakespeare.*

Live not without a friend: The Alpine rock must own
Its mossy grace or else be nothing but a stone.
—*W. W. Story.*

Find your niche and fill it. If it be never so little, if it is only to be hewer of wood and drawer of water, do something in this great battle for God and truth. —*Spurgeon.*

Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities no doubt, crept in; forget them as soon as you can. —*Emerson.*

What men want is not talent, it is purpose; not the power to achieve, but the will to labor. —*Bulwer Lytton.*

Then you think the Judge will be satisfied if you say, "Lord, I had so many names in my visiting book, and so many invitations that it was impossible for me to attend to these things?" —*George Macdonald.*

Good impulses and good intentions do not make action right or safe. In the long run, action is tested not by its motives, but by its results.

—*David Starr Jordan.*

Our destiny is our own and it must be worked out—perhaps in fear and trembling—in our own way. If there be a cherished American doctrine the controlling question must be: Is it right? If yea, then let us stand by it like men; if nay, have done with it and move forward to other issues.

—*William McKinley.*

The man who has begun to live more seriously within begins to live more simply without. —*Phillips Brooks.*

Let us not concern ourselves about how other men will do their duties, but concern ourselves about how we shall do ours.

—*Lyman Abbott.*

However good you may be you have faults; however dull you may be you can find out what some of them are, and however slight they may be you had better make some—not too painful, but patient efforts to get rid of them.

—*Ruskin.*

Contentment comes neither by culture, nor by wishing; it is a reconciliation with ones lot, growing out of an inward superiority to our surroundings.

—*J. K. McLean.*

Do we know ourselves or what good or evil circumstances may bring from us? Thrice fortunate is he to whom circumstances is made easy, whom Fate visits with gentle trial, and Heaven keeps out of temptation.

—*Thackeray.*

For sure as the morning follows
The darkest hour of the night,
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Weakness on both sides, is we know, the motto of all quarrels.

—*Voltaire.*

Every man stamps his value on himself; the price we challenge for ourselves is given us. —*Schiller.*

You are either a magnet that attracts all things bright, desirable, healthy and joyous—or one that draws all things disagreeable, gloomy, unhealthy and destructive. —*Quigley.*

Here you stand at the parting of the ways; some road you are to take; and as you stand here, consider and know how it is that you intend to live. Carry no bad habits, no corrupting associations, no enmities and strifes into this New Year. Leave these behind, and let the Dead Past bury its Dead; leave them behind, and thank God that you are able to leave them.

—*Ephraim Peabody.*

There is but one good fortune to the earnest man. This is opportunity; and sooner or later, opportunity will come to him who can make use of it.

—*David Starr Jordan.*

So every sweet with soure is tempered still,
That maketh it be coveted the more;
For easie things, that may be got at will,
Most sorts of men doe set but little store.

—*Edmund Spencer.*

It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring very much about our own pleasures. We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves.

—*George Eliot.*

"Once open the door to trouble, and its visits are three-fold; first anticipation; second, in actual presence; third, in living it over again. Therefore never anticipate trouble, make as little of its presence as possible, forget it as soon as past."

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

Summer and winter are one to me,
And the day is bright, be it storm or shine,
For far away, o'er a sunny sea,
Sails a treasure vessel, and all is mine.
I see the ripples that fall away
As she cleaves the azure waves before;
And nearer, nearer, day by day,
Draws the happy hours when she comes to shore.
"But what if she never comes?" you say,
"If you never the honor, the treasure gain?"
It has made me happier, day by day,
It has eased full many an aching pain;
It has kept the spirit from envy free,
Has dulled the ear to the world's rude din.
Oh! best of blessing it's been to me,
To look for the hour when my ship comes in.

—*Whitelaw Reid.*

To seek knowledge is better than to have knowledge.

—*David Starr Jordan.*

The tissues of life to be, we weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of destiny, we reap as we have sown.

—*Whittier.*

If a good face is a letter of recommendation,
A good heart is a letter of credit. —*Bulwer.*

Who'er aspires unweariedly
Is not beyond redeeming. —*Goethe.*

What to us is gibe or frown?
What have we to cast us down?
Soul! Arise! assume thy crown:
Turn thy features from the wall,
Make the stature grand and tall,
See, the Lord is over all. —*Richard Realf.*

"Think of yourself as on the threshold of unparalleled success. A whole clear, glorious life lies before you. Achieve, achieve."

Never esteem anything as of advantage to thee that shall make thee break thy word or lose they self-respect.

—*Marcus Aurelius.*

"The cloudiest night has a hint of light
Somewhere in its shadows hiding,
And it's better far to hunt a star
Than the spots on the sun abiding."

So here has been dawning another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?
Out of eternity this new day is born;
Into eternity at night will return. —*T. Carlyle.*

Go often to the house of thy friend, for weeds choke up the unused path. —*Scandinavian Edda.*

Fame without happiness is but a sorry jest at best. What matters it to a thirsty man if his empty cup be of gold, or silver, or of finest glass?

—*Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.*

We pass for what we are. Character teaches above our wills. Men imagine that they communicate their virtue or vice only by overt actions, and do not see that virtue or vice emit a breath every moment.

—*Emerson.*

"A fool praises himself; a wise man turns the job over to a friend."

Give thanks for what is instead of dwelling upon what might have been.

—*Lucy H. M. Soulsby.*

True contentment depends not on what we have. A tub was large enough for Diogenes; but a world too little for Alexander.

—*Charles Caleb Colton.*

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellowman sincerely;
To act from motives purely;
To trust in God and heaven securely.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

One day at a time! Every heart that aches
Knowing only too well how long they can seem;
But it's never to-day which the spirit breaks,
It's the darkened future, without a gleam.

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?

—*Shakespeare.*

Dark is the world to thee,
Thyself art the reason why. —*Tennyson.*

Friendship is a plant which can not be forced. True friendship is no gourd, springing in a night and withering in a day.

—*Charlotte Bronte.*

Honest good humor is the oil and wine of a merry meeting, and there is no jovial companionship equal to that where the jokes are rather small and the laughter abundant.

—*Washington Irving.*

Art thou little, do thy little well, and
For thy comfort know
The biggest man can do his biggest work
No better than just so. —*Goethe.*

The best is yet to be
The last of life, for which the first was made.

—*Browning.*

"It is easier to *think* right than to *do* right."

He is a wise man who does not grieve for the thing which he has not, but rejoices for those which he has.

—*Epictetus.*

The deeper the feeling the less demonstrative will be the expression of it. —*Balzac.*

I have no answer for myself or thee,
Save that I learned beside my mother's knee;—
All is of God that is or is to be,
And God is good. —*John G. Whittier.*

"Everybody knows that the sun has spots on it, and yet some people always expect a ten-year-old boy to be about perfect."

Refinement that carries us away from our fellow men is not God's refinement. —*Henry Ward Beecher.*

True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you love to be treated yourself.

—*Lord Chesterfield.*

"I would rather be able to appreciate things I can not have, than to have things I am not able to appreciate."

He who has conferred a kindness should be silent, he who has received one should speak of it.

—*Seneca.*

For when the heart goes before like a lamp and illumines the pathway, many things are made clear that else lie hidden in darkness.

—*Longfellow.*

You and I must not complain if our plans break down if we have done our part. That probably means that the plans of One who knows more than we do have succeeded.

—*E. E. Hale.*

"A good word is as soon said as an ill one."
Our deeds still travel with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are.

—*George Eliot.*

It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll:
I am the master of my fate.
I am the captain of my soul.

—*W. E. Henley.*

Our fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free.
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done
And trust Thee for the opening one.

—*Whittier.*

Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own.

—*Lowell.*

There is nothing noble in being superior to some other man. The true nobility is in being superior to your previous self.

—*Hindoo Sayings.*

The man that will steal for you will steal from you, if he gets a chance.

—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

He who has learnt on solid grounds to put some value on himself, seems to have renounced the right of undervaluing others. —*Goethe.*

Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie,—
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.
—*George Herbert.*

We must not try to write the laws of any one virtue, looking at that only.
—*Emerson.*

No man can conceal himself from his fellows, for everything he fashions or creates interprets him. —*Hamilton Wright Mabie.*

As I watch men of affairs, I find one set who, as they say, make one hand wash another. They are rushing round at one o'clock to pick up the funds to pay the note which falls due at two. I find another set more thoughtful who know to-day what they are to do next Friday—know, as they would say, where they shall be next Saturday—who are thus prepared in advance for any exigency. —*E. E. Hale.*

Happiness, like mercy, is twice blessed; it blesses those who are most intimately associated in it, and it blesses all those who see it, hear it, feel it, touch it, or breathe the same atmosphere.
—*Kate Douglas Wiggins.*

God's poet is silence, his words are unspoken,
And yet how profound, how full and how far!
It thrills you, and fills you with measure unbroken,
And as soft and as fair and as far as a star.
—*Joaquin Miller.*

No one is really miserable who has not tried to cheapen life.
—*David Starr Jordan.*

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it to any-one else. —*Dickens.*

It is almost always when things are all blocked up and impossible that a happening comes. If you are sure you are looking and ready, that is all you need. God is turning the world around all the time.
—*A. D. T. Whitney.*

No greater fortune can befall a child than to be born into a home where the best books are read, the best music interpreted, and the best talk enjoyed, for in these privileges the richest educational privileges are supplied.
—*Hamilton Wright Mabie.*

At sixty-two life has begun;
At seventy-three begin once more;
Fly swifter as thou nearest the sun,
And brighter shine at eighty-four.
At ninety-five
Shouldst thou arrive,
Still wait on God and work and thrive.
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Every success in life comes from sympathy and co-operation and love.
—*Benjamin Ide Wheeler.*

It is easier to preach ideals than to look facts squarely in the face.
—*Arthur T. Hadley.*

Blow not into a flame the spark which is kindled between two friends. They are easily reconciled, and will both hate you.
—*From the German.*

Our opinion of people depends less upon what we see in them, than upon what they make us see in ourselves.
—*Sarah Grand.*

"King Hassan, well beloved, was wont to say,
When aught went wrong, or any labor failed,
'To-morrow, friends, will be another day!'
And in that faith he slept, and so prevailed."

You must do the duty next your hand, that is certain; but of ten duties next your hand you are to choose that which you do most happily, which suits you best, or for which God fitted you.
—*Edward Everett Hale.*

God must have loved the common people. He made so many of them.
—*Lincoln.*

It is true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects, for "constant dropping wears away stones; and by diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable; and little strokes fell great oaks.'
—*Benjamin Franklin.*

The only road to advancement is to do your work so well that you are always ahead of the demands of your position. Our employers do not decide whether we shall stay where we are or go on and up; we decide that matter ourselves. Success or failure are not chosen for us; we choose them for ourselves.
—*Hamilton Wright Mabie.*

Let us learn to be content with what we have. Let us get rid of our false estimates, set up higher ideals—a quiet home; vines of our own planting; a few books full of inspiration; a few friends worthy of being loved; innocent pleasures that bring no pain or sorrow.
—*David Swing.*

The trustworthiness of men trusted seems often to grow with the trust.
—*Woodrow Wilson.*

I hate a thing done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.
—*Gilpin.*

Strive constantly to concentrate yourself; never dissipate your powers; incessant activity, of whatever kind, leads finally to bankruptcy.

—*Goethe.*

It is in every way creditable to handle the yardstick and to measure tape; the only discredit consists in having a soul whose range of thought is as short as the stick and as narrow as the tape.

—*Horace Mann.*

The successful man takes plenty of time for thought. He carefully looks the ground over, searches for weak and strong points, then adjusts himself to the needed conditions.

—*Dresser.*

When any one has offended me, I try to raise my soul so high that the offense cannot reach it.

—*Descartes.*

I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue. He is nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent even though he is in the right.

—*Cato.*

If a man empties his purse into his head, no one can take it from him.

—*Franklin.*

The dispute about religion and the practice of it seldom go together.

—*Young.*

"A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man; kites rise against and not with the wind."

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose; he has found it, and will follow it!

—*Carlyle.*

Though we should be grateful for good houses, there is no house like God's out-of-doors.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

Be not anxious about to-morrow. Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptation, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see, and could not understand, if you saw them.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

If I do not keep step with my companions it is because I hear a different drummer. Let a man step to the music he hears, however measured, or however far away.

—*Thoreau.*

The faintest cheer sounds never amiss
To the actor who once has had a hiss.
And one who has dwelt with his grief alone
Hears all the music in friendship's tone.
So better and better I comprehend
How sorrow ever would be our friend.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Quarrels would not last long if the fault was only on one side.

—*La Rochefoucauld.*

One can stop easily when he ascends, but not when he descends.

—*Napoleon I.*

Opportunities are swarming around us all the time, thicker than gnats at sun down. We walk through a cloud of them. —*Van Dyke.*

Perpetual devotion to what a man calls his business is only to be sustained by perpetual neglect of many other things. And it is not by any means certain that a man's business is the most important thing he has to do.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

We marvel that the silence can divide
The living from the dead; yet more apart
Are they who all life long dwell side by side,
Put never heart by heart.

—*Florence D. Snelling.*

Let your speech be better than silence, or be silent.

—*Dionysius.*

Better make penitents by gentleness than hypocrites by severity.

—*St. Francis de Sales.*

I've never any pity for conceited people, because I think they carry their comfort about with them.

—*George Eliot.*

Character is higher than intellect. A great soul will be strong to live, as well as to think. —*Emerson.*

"Do not let your hands get too soft, it might go to your brain."

I do not know of any way so sure of making others happy as of being so one's self.

—*Sir Arthur Nelphs.*

A man cannot speak but he judges himself. Every opinion reacts on him who uttered it. You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong.

—*Emerson.*

The wise man will commit no business of importance to a proxy when he may do it himself. —*L'Estrange.*

The block of granite which was an obstacle in the pathway of the weak, becomes a stepping stone in the pathway of the strong.

—*Carlyle.*

It is just as easy to form a good habit as it is a bad one. And it is just as hard to break a good habit as a bad one. So get the good ones and keep them. —*President McKinley.*

The strength of your life is measured by the strength of your will. But the strength of your will is just the strength of the wish that lies behind it. —*Henry Van Dyke.*

It is not effort, but fruitless effort, which makes work distasteful; and when we learn to use our powers rightly, we will go to our tasks as gladly as bees to their honey making. —*Bishop J. L. Spaulding.*

I have never known a case of undiscovered merit, and I have never known a case where merit failed to achieve success. I have known many men gifted with great ability who failed miserably in life, but in every instance the failure arose from neglect to develop natural talent into trained capacity.

—*Bourke Cockran.*

Just take hold of the first thing that comes in your way. If the Lord's got anything bigger to give you, He will see to it. —*A. D. T. Whitney.*

"A little thing, a sunny smile,
A loving word at morn.
And all day long the day shone bright,
The cares of life were made more light,
And sweetest hopes were born."

Do you think that because you have tried once and failed you cannot succeed? There is no condition that you cannot overcome.

—*Margaret Stowe.*

"The way to keep a man out of the mud is to black his boots," once said Frederick Douglass. The man with soiled shoes does not care where he walks.

There are nettles everywhere,
But smooth green grasses are more common still;
The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud.

—*E. B. Browning.*

Living will teach you how to live better than preacher or book.

—*Goethe.*

Make the most of yourself, for that is all there is of you.

—*Emerson.*

Trust in thine own untried capacity—
Some feet will tread all heights now unattained
Why not thine own? —*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

The function of culture is not merely to train the powers of enjoyment, but first and supremely for helpful service. —*Bishop Potter.*

Be a life long or short, its completeness depends on what it was lived for. —*David Starr Jordan.*

Don't be gazing at the mountain and river in the distance, and saying, "How shall I ever get over them?" When you come to the mountain and the river you will come to the light and strength that belong to them.
—*M. A. Kelty.*

O March that blusters and March that blows,
What color under your footsteps glows,
Beauty you summon from Winter snows,
And you are the pathway that leads to the rose.
—*Celia Thaxter.*

Remember that there is one thing better than making a living—making a life. —*Governor Russell.*

Stay at home in your mind:
Don't recite other people's opinions. —*Emerson.*

Who brings sunshine into the life of another has sunshine in his own.
—*David Starr Jordan.*

"What right have you, O passer-by-the-way, to call any flower a weed? Do you know its merits, its virtues, its healing qualities? Because a thing is common shall you despise it? If so, you might despise the sunshine for the same reason."

A retentive memory may be a good thing, but the ability to forget is a token of greatness. —*Elbert Hubbard.*

The individuals whose lives are really valuable never ask any one how to make them so. —*Marie Corelli.*

"A wise old German said: 'I likes to give villingly; ven I gives villingly, it enjoys me so much, I gives it again.' "

What is Home?
"Where each lives for the other and all for God."
—*Helen L. Mattingly.*

Friends give flowers
To mark the hours
Of changing seasons as they roll—
Thoughts we give,
By them we live,
And thoughts are blossoms of the soul.
—*M. A. E. Benton.*

WRITING

The art of writing resulted from a desire to express thought to others beyond speaking or hearing distance, and, naturally, developed after people became too numerous to remain in close touch one with another. The earliest forms were mere pictures, drawn on chips or bark with burnt sticks, which, proving cumbersome, were gradually simplified in form until they attained, in the Persian and the Egyptian hieroglyphics, a permanent form of alphabet. As the idea-forms became more systematized the medium also became more durable, and we find the cuneiform writing with the stylus on baked clay tablets and the hieroglyphics on the monoliths and pyramids of ancient Egypt. Papyrus made from river reeds was used also, and later parchment, made from the tanned skins of animals.

Writing assumed the proportions of a fine art in the middle ages when, instead of the stylus, the brush was used (as is the case still with the Japanese), and parchment volumes were beautifully illuminated in gold and colors.

In more recent times the exigencies of business have demanded a more rapid method of recording and disseminating thought, and modern printing and typewriting have come, in many instances, to displace handwriting, but the time will probably never come when accomplishment in this line will not be desirable, and the necessity for its proper teaching in our public schools is still apparent.

TEACHING PENMANSHIP

OBJECTS:

LEGIBILITY—RAPIDITY—ENDURANCE

The three principal objects to be kept in mind in the teaching of writing are legibility, rapidity, and endurance. They are given in the order of their importance. To secure legibility, one must have a correct knowledge of letter forms, as well as proper training of the muscles used in making them. Legible writing is of little value for business purposes unless it is rapid, and rapid writing depends upon the proper mastery of movement. The proper mastery of movement also is necessary to enable a rapid writer to continue for long periods of time without fatigue. Other objects which are sometimes mentioned, such as ease, individuality, form, etc., follow naturally if these three are attained.

SYSTEMS OF PENMANSHIP

SLANT—VERTICAL—MEDIAL

Handwriting was originally vertical, but as the necessity of rapidity grew it assumed a slant toward the direction of progress, which seems to contribute somewhat to speed. For many years the system of writing taught in the schools required a very

pronounced slant to the right, and authors and teachers of writing came to insist that this slant be maintained uniformly by all pupils, irrespective of physical conditions affecting the writer. The over-emphasis of slant led to a reaction, so that about twenty years ago educators began to advocate the vertical writing. This system flourished for a time and came into quite extensive use. Although vertical writing when well done was very legible, especially as it usually employed simplified letter forms and did away with hair lines and ornamental flourishes, it proved to be less rapid than slant, and did not gain high favor among business men requiring much clerical work to be done by hand. Then, as usual in such cases, reason prevailed, and the pendulum, having swung from one extreme to the other, soon found its proper place. A medial slant, which has now been extensively adopted, bids fair to become the permanent style. The medial fortunately retains the good features of the vertical. namely simplicity and roundness of letter form, freedom from unnecessary flourishes, and bold. clear lines, all of which tend to greater legibility. The better teachers of this system also avoid one other serious mistake of the old slant, in that pupils are not held to an absolute degree of slant, but, while aiming at a main slant of about 20° from the vertical, allow pupils such variation from this as the varying lengths of fingers and arms, relative height of body, desk. and seat, render most desirable with a view to the ease and comfort of the writer.

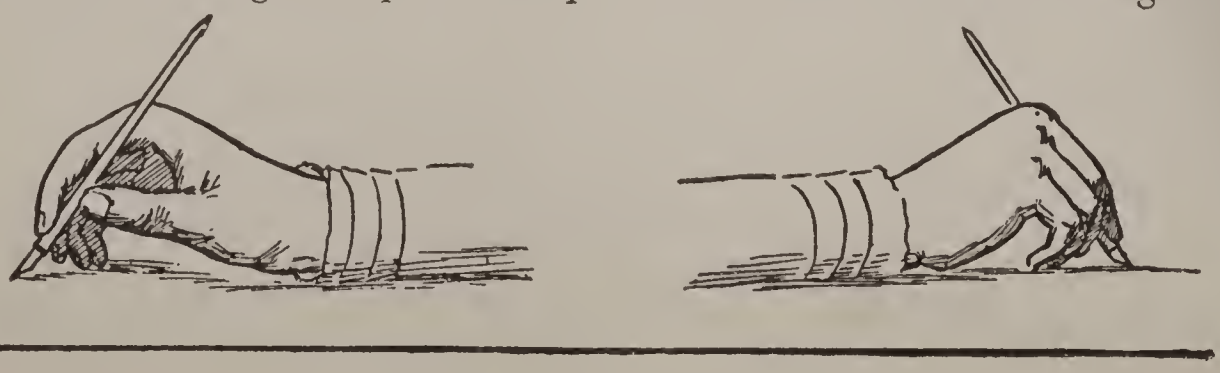
Position at Desk

POSITION AT DESK.

The pupil should sit upright, squarely before the desk. The seat should be of suitable height to enable the pupil's feet to rest squarely on the floor; the desk should be of such height as to easily reach the elbow when the pupil is in the position described without requiring him to lean forward, the whole object being ease and comfort to the pupil with the least harm to any part of his body.

HOLDING THE PEN

The pen should be held in the position which will enable the pupil to write with the greatest ease and rapidity. For most people this is as shown in illustration. The wrist should be held above the desk to allow freedom of movement. For rapid writing the hand should glide upon the tips of the third and fourth fingers and the



arm should rest on the muscle of the forearm; but in primary children these muscles are not sufficiently developed and it is not until the fourth grade that much attention should be given to the subject of movement, of which these directions form a part. The earlier work of children should be with crayon or pencil, the use of pen and ink beginning at some point in the second grade, their introduction being gradual.

MOVEMENT

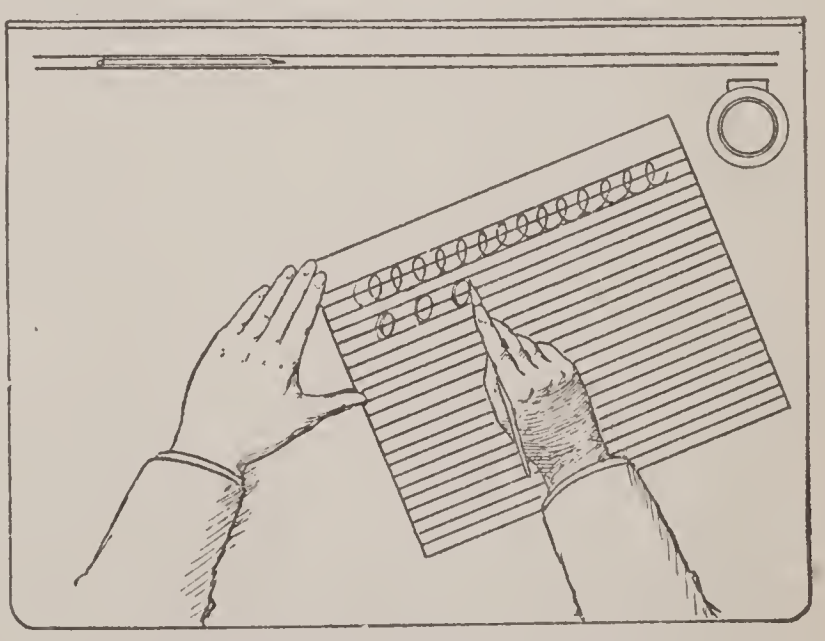
FINGER MOVEMENT
FOREARM MOVEMENT
COMBINED MOVEMENT
WHOLE-ARM MOVEMENT

The *finger movement* and the *whole-arm movement* are used in the primary grades; the former generally for writing at desk and the latter for blackboard work. The *forearm movement,* which is most used for business writing, is described as follows: Hold pen as shown in cut above, keeping the wrist well above the paper; rest the arm on the muscle of the forearm just in front of the elbow. Allow the hand to glide easily upon the tips of the third and fourth fingers, the muscular arm-rest serving as a pivot. In this movement the fingers and thumb should be held rigid.

The *combined movement* is much the same as the forearm, but allows some motion of the fingers and thumb in forming letters. Many rapid writers employ it. Pupils are not all alike as to the movement that should be adopted; it should be adapted to the child rather than that all children should be required to conform rigidly to some prescribed movement.

POSITION OF THE PAPER AND SLANT

If the pupil assumes the proper posture at the desk, as per illustration above, the position of paper before him, together with the length of his arm, the shape of his hand, and the relative height of desk and seat, will determine largely the degree of slant best suited to him. If the pen is allowed to move freely by the forearm movement, the up-and-down strokes will be practically vertical to the central line of the pupil's body. Should the paper be so placed that the ruled lines are parallel to the front edge of the desk, the writing will be also vertical to the paper. If long lines were not desired, this vertical writing would be as desirable as the slant, but to enable the hand to sweep freely across the page with the muscular rest of the arm as a pivot and at the same time to follow the ruled lines with the pen, it is necessary to turn the paper so that the ruled lines will be at right angles to the line of the forearm. The result of writing in this position, while still vertical to the central line of the body, becomes slant to the lines of the paper. The degree of slant will depend, as has been stated, largely upon the relative height of the pupil and his desk and the length and form of his arm and hand. While it is wise to have a certain standard of slant (about eighteen degrees from the vertical as the ideal), it seems unwise to require strict conformity to it on the part of all pupils.

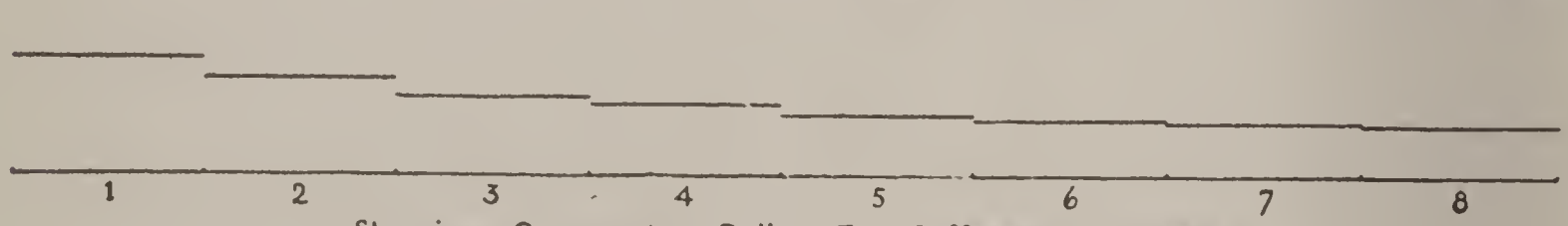


Position of Paper on Desk

PRIMARY GRADES

The teaching of writing in the first three grades has for its object mainly the mastery on the part of the pupil of correct letter forms. An accurate picture of the letter must be fixed in the mind before the hand can be trained to form it either accurately or rapidly. This mental picture is not to be gained by abstract study, however, but by imitative practice. For this reason movement is given little attention, and speed is a secondary consideration. For the first two months the writing should be done largely from blackboard copies written by the teacher; pupils should write on the blackboard when it can be allowed, and writing at the seats should be done on practice paper with pencils. The copy should be large and plain, and the pupils should be encouraged to form large, bold letters, both because of the immature eyesight of the child and of the uncertain mastery of the muscles used in writing. Later in the grades, the size of the letters will gradually diminish as the pupil gains better control.

The paper for the primary grades should be ruled wide, with a single base line. Other guide lines are not considered by most present-day teachers as desirable. The work is that of drawing rather than writing. He is studying the letter form, and at first slowly and painfully striving to reproduce it. Care should be taken that his position at the blackboard or at the desk is hygienic, and that he holds his pencil or crayon in such a way as not to cramp the hand; but little attention need be given to other considerations. The pupil probably has already been taught to write words and even sentences in his reading work, but his first, definite practice in penmanship should be upon single letters. Much of the practice throughout the first year should be on single letters, either on blackboard or on practice paper, but the writing of words and simple sentences may be introduced for variety. However, if much writing of words and sentences is done with the reading and language, the penmanship lesson



Showing Comparative Ruling For Different Grades

can be profitably devoted mainly to letters. The second and third year's work ought to continue much practice on letter forms, advancing gradually from the easier forms to the more difficult. The capital letters may be introduced gradually in the second year. The writing of words and sentences will be progressive with a view to proper drill on connections, the more difficult ones being reserved until the easier ones are mastered. The best modern copybooks are well graded in this particular and constitute a reliable guide. A good system of copybooks is recommended throughout, although they should be used sparingly in the primary grades. Some of the best systems present attractive pictures on the margins of the books illustrating the copies, which lend interest to the work. Often words and sentences from nursery rhymes are given. In the higher grades choice selections from literature, or facts in history or science are often given, which have a value to the pupil aside from that of a mere copy. These are commendable features in a copybook.

INTERMEDIATE GRADES

Beginning with the fourth grade, pupils are supposed to have gained a good knowledge of letter forms, and to have become skilled in constructing them legibly. Emphasis should now be placed upon proper pen holding, instruction and practice be given in movement, and more attention to speed, which should increase as the pupil advances in the grades. Posture at the desk and position of the paper on the desk

should be given continued care, both because of their important hygienic effects, and because they determine largely the degree of roundness and slant of letters.

Attention should now be given to speed-movement exercises, both in ovals and in uprights. Copies may be written on the blackboard by the teacher, or copyslips, which may be secured at very small expense from publishers, may be placed on the desk. Practice should continue on letter forms, and combinations of letters, and practice should be given also on words and sentences, with a little practice daily on ovals and letter exercises. This practice work is better done on practice paper, but it is valuable to have good copybooks with carefully engraved copies to finish up the day's exercises. In these the pupils record, in more carefully written lines, the results of the day's progress. While in the primary grades the chief object was legibility, with little attention to speed, now the aim is towards speed and ease of construction. A system of writing is valuable merely to gain this end, and is not an end in itself.

THE ADVANCED GRADES

After the sixth grade, pen holding, proper position at desk, proper movement, legibility, and a fair degree of speed are supposed to have become habitual. Practice should not, however, be discontinued. A definite daily writing lesson throughout the seventh and eighth grades is of distinct value. The large amount of hurried writing required and of careless work often permitted in connection with other school lessons has a great tendency to sacrifice legibility and symmetry, thus making continued definite practice in writing of importance. Daily practice from blackboard copies or good copyslips, and some neat work done each day in a good copybook, are of value. If the teacher is a good penman, other lessons or poems may be written on the board for reproduction as a penmanship exercise. If more attention were given to penmanship in all kinds of written work, less time would be needed in the higher grades on a definite writing lesson.

The advanced writing lesson can be employed to teach correspondence forms, business forms, commercial paper, the elements of bookkeeping, and much else of value to the pupil, besides skill in penmanship. Ornamental penmanship has little place in the public schools. The business college offers instruction in this for those who desire it. Writing in the public school is not an end in itself, but should be cultivated as a means of expressing thought on paper just as the art of reading should be taught as a means of gaining thought from the printed or written page. With its main objects always clearly in mind, the teacher should be able to instruct in this most useful art in a rational way, avoiding much of the lumber of the older systems.

LANGUAGE AND COMPOSITION

I. OBJECTS

The chief aims in teaching language are to develop the power of correctly expressing thought, both orally and in writing, and to arouse strong interest in the best literature, whether of knowledge or imagination. The mistakes children first make in the use of language are characteristic of the family or of the locality in which they have formed their habits of speech. Pronunciation, idiom, and accent immediately indicate from what country a person has come. Even in our own country there are many widely different dialects; the Southerner, for instance, has his own way of pronouncing and makes his own peculiar mistakes, and the same is true of every other section. To unify in accordance with the highest standards of our mother tongue; to eliminate crude mistakes, barbarisms, and provincialisms; and to create a preference for what is known as good English, is the ideal of every teacher of that form of expression commonly called language.

II. LANGUAGE WORK IN THE HOME

The home is the place for the first lessons in expressing one's thoughts. A child who regularly hears good English at home early gets a liking for correct forms and a taste for clear, forcible language. Incorrect habits of expression, once formed, are hard to overcome; and the likelihood is that early lack of training will show itself in a crude, ungrammatical speech which even persistent effort on the part of the teacher can only partially overcome. The mother, upon whom the greater responsibility for the child's habits of speech rests, should familiarize herself with the great stories written for children and tell and retell them. Fairy stories and nonsense rhymes afford both pleasure and relaxation and through them many important truths may be taught. Hearing them and retelling them gives the child his first taste and forms his earliest vocabulary. Furthermore, even before he can read them, the child should see and handle good books. Such familiarity breeds a taste, an inclination, a *habit,* that a whole library cannot give after he is grown up. Whittier never forgot his early reading of Burns; Lincoln attributed his clear, forcible English to his reading of the Bible, and Benjamin Franklin read and re-read "Pilgrim's Progress."

Equal to books in importance is the daily talk in the home. Allowing the children to take part in the conversation at the table, while not monopolizing it, and encouraging them to express their own opinions, help to make them easy and fluent talkers.

III. LANGUAGE LESSONS IN SCHOOL

A. In the Lower Grades. Much of the earlier work in composition will be oral and will take the form of conversation. The children should be led to tell about their daily experiences, and the greatest freedom of speech should be allowed on topics that will excite the interest and promote prompt, ready remarks or discussion. A live canary or mounted bird, a picture, or a new book will bring out an interesting series of adjectives. Opposites to these adjectives (antonyms) may be required and the best chosen. In the same way a conversation about a game, or something that children can make or do, will bring out a fund of action words, and

names of processes. Simple current events may be discussed even during the first year. The character of the child's environment out of school will be evident in the types of stories he will tell at first, and for this reason an exercise like this, especially early in the year, gives the teacher both a valuable insight and a means of meeting her pupils on their own grounds. A little later she can teach the difference between mere gossip and things really worth repeating and remembering. Actual happenings descriptive of country or city life are of great value because of the human interest in them. A vivid picture of a worthy deed, or a stirring account of great actions, awakens the imagination, and forms a new ideal. If the story comes from a foreign land it brings with it a knowledge of a life and people far away and creates an interest in books of travel and adventure. In the earliest day history was merely a series of stories told to the people who, unable to buy books for themselves, absorbed all their knowledge from merely listening and discussing the story among themselves later. The modern teacher uses the same plan in teaching both history and geography.

The birthdays of patriots, poets, and other famous people occurring during the school year, give opportunity for many interesting exercises. The national and state holidays, and those commemorated by the raising of the flag, are suggestive of others. The birthday of a painter gives occasion for a lesson on one of his best pictures. By means of questioning the children will see many things not noticed at a first glance. They readily weave their ideas into stories of their own and a few lessons bring out not only an interesting variety of original productions, but an astonishing increase in the powers of observation, discrimination, and the power to hold details together. A scrap book or box of pictures should be kept for this work and, as much as possible, it should be adapted to the lessons.

Myths, folklore stories, fables descriptive of winds, weather, stars, plants, or animals, may be made the basis of general lessons for months at a time. These should be selected from authors who do not dwell on hidden meanings but who tell their stories directly by means of the actions of their characters. Such stories arouse mental comparisons and foster ideals of courage, fidelity, loyalty to truth, heroic endurance, etc.

Every lesson conducted with a primary class, no matter what the subject, should be followed at once by a re-telling on the part of the children. There must be much talking as well as reading and writing, to produce language power. No matter how short the period devoted to the language lesson, it should always allow time for the children to take part by reproducing orally what the teacher has been telling, for this is the teacher's only means of enforcing the moral, emphasizing correct forms, and ascertaining the incorrect forms that the class habitually uses. Upon the way the children reproduce the lessons she must base her corrective work, for only in this way will it be vital and bear relation to other lessons and to the pupils' permanent habits and later life. The following is an illustration of a lesson conducted for corrective purposes:

Type Lesson for Correction of Oral Language

(List to be kept in the teacher's desk)

1. Seen for saw.
2. Me for I.
3. Him for he.
4. Her for she.
5. Came for come.
6. Went for gone.
7. Awful for very.
8. Nice for good.

Show quickly a hat, then hide it.
Ask, "What did you see?"
Answer, "I saw a hat."
Leave the room, then rap on the door.

Ask, "Who is it?"
Answer, "It is I."
Send out a child who will rap on the door.
Ask, "Who is there?"
Pupils answer, "It is he," or "It is she."
Send out a pupil to return immediately.
"Who has come back?"
"Henry has come."
Send out another pupil.
"Who has gone?"
"Mary has gone."
"What is the weather today?"
"It is very rainy."

Advance must be made largely by imitation of the instructor or other persons known to speak or write good English.

The strongest aids in this work always are the pupils who, outside the classroom, will persistently drill their associates whenever their incorrect pronunciation, or misuse of words already learned, attracts their attention.

Written language work should follow closely the lines of the oral lessons. As the child's vocabulary increases, simple compositions may be begun. Children delight in writing short stories, making lists of words, and correcting faulty sentences. By the third year simple letter forms may be introduced, together with elementary lessons in punctuation, paragraphing and capitalization, such as the use of interrogation points, quotation marks, periods, etc.

B. In the Upper Grades. From the fourth to the eighth grade the emphasis in language work will shift more and more from oral to written work and from matters of simple thought to questions more or less technical. Instead of being divided into oral and written language lessons the same work will be conducted under composition and formal grammar.

It is well to keep composition and grammar fairly distinct, correlating the language lessons with reading, geography, and history rather than with grammar, though the principles learned in grammar should of course be applied in composition work. Reproduction of stories, both oral and written, descriptions of pictures, accounts of the children's own experiences, and short compositions on themes suggested by the history or geography lessons may be carried upward from simple conversations or groups of short sentences to connected topical recitations or reports based on outlines.

Outlines.—The making of good outlines should receive considerable attention itself. Few children, when they reach high school age, know how to set out in a clear, vivid, and interesting way the salient points of a given topic. It is often well to begin by outlining the day's history lesson, passing from that to a more condensed plan of a whole period. Remember always that an outline, to be worth anything, should be suggestive, should present important facts and lines of discussion, and should not be merely a list of words. Too often, for instance, children are taught that the words birth, parentage, childhood, education, etc., constitute an outline of a man's life. To the wideawake teacher there are endless suggestions for work of this kind, and the very fact that it is somewhat mechanical makes it interesting to the boys and gives the girls that opportunity for neatness of execution which most of them delight to display.

Letter Writing.—A second important feature of written work in the upper grades is letter writing. This may be begun early in the form of letters inviting mothers to attend school exercises, of invitations to imaginary parties, or of short notes asking a favor or explaining a delinquency. As the children progress it is easy to let the work grow with them. In fact, no form of composition furnishes such possibilities of expansion as letter writing. Whatever anyone wishes to communicate

to anyone else is material, and why or how he wishes to say it gives opportunity for description, narrative, exposition, or argument. As an art, the friendly letter was once much more finished than it is now. The rush of modern life, together with the rapid and easy means of communication—not to mention the souvenir postal card, have made the long letter a thing of the past. As a result we have really forgotten how to write interesting, friendly letters. But there is a reaction against this. In some of the best schools letter writing is carried on constantly from the time the child learns to write. Everything he might wish to tell about—a simple incident, the subject-matter of his lessons, his games, his reading, is cast in the form of a letter and with it are taught the principles of adaptation to the reader, suspense, selection, clearness, and everything else that on the technical side makes a letter interesting.

The business letter is a field by itself, and to the child who has no skill in dressing up material for a personal letter it has its own appeal because of its strictly utilitarian purpose. It is well to have on hand a large collection of letters from business houses to show the class, both as models of technique and as illustrations of the directness, precision, courtesy, and brevity that business correspondence so well illustrates. The first letters will be abrupt, awkward, and clumsily put together. Present letter after letter, search good texts for models, and ceaselessly invent topics. A challenge to a football game, the imaginary purchase of a dictionary or map for the schoolroom, a request for an address by some well known lecturer, or a petition to the schoolboard, will furnish good exercises. On the side of technique the business letter should be thoroughly mastered. The children should be taught proper forms of heading, salutation, closing, addressing, etc., for every technical detail has a purpose and a distinct value in correspondence whose effectiveness often depends on appearances. Most of the newer composition books go into these forms exhaustively, and there are even two or three excellent texts prepared expressly for business schools which every teacher will do well to have as a reference.

In the seventh and eighth grades elementary work may be taken up in:

Forms of Composition.—1. *Exposition* is the art of explaining. Begin with simple exercises—a paragraph telling how some simple object is made, how a game is played, or how a process is carried through. Complicate the work by choosing more difficult material, especially such as will require reference work and carefully made sentences; for instance, an explanation of events leading up to a great war, an account of a complex process of manufacture, or an analysis of an abstract term. On the side of technique the principles involved are clearness, coherence, skill in transition from part to part, and the choice of words that shall make an otherwise abstract discussion interesting and alive.

2. *Description.* Much work has already been done in the lower grades—such as descriptions of common objects, places, and people. In the upper grades expand the work to include the descriptions of character, of moods, sounds, colors, crowds, modes of life, habits, etc. Only one great principle underlies good description—the choice of a single impression and the elimination of everything else, however interesting, that does not directly contribute to it.

3. *Narration.* As in the case of description, the elementary work may be expanded by letting it cover a wider range of subjects. Instead of simple incidents, require the students to write stories covering a longer period of time and involving the management of plot and character. In some schools excellent work is done in this field by requiring the children to work out a single plot and by conducting a series of lessons based upon it, naming characters, selecting a background, describing the principal scenes, and working together upon a climax and suitable ending. Children are wonderfully resourceful in gathering material and inventing varieties of expression. Once or twice let each child write a long story of his own. Frequently it is well to follow up story-writing with simple exercises in dramatization. Selections from the reading or history lessons often lend themselves to vivid presentation.

Scenes from *The Christmas Carol*, *Silas Marner*, or some of Hawthorne's stories are fine material.

4. *Debate.* By the time children have reached the upper grades the love of argument is well developed. It can be turned to excellent account in their composition work. Begin with simple compositions in which the children take sides upon some live question and let them write out their reasons. Later a formal question for debate may be introduced. Have the class choose sides and leaders. Often when interest in other forms of composition flags a debate will rouse enthusiasm. After a series in which all have taken part, it is often a good plan to let the four or six pupils who have done the best work represent the class in a final debate. Many new texts give excellent topics. Avoid the old hackneyed questions, especially those in which no decision is possible, such as a debate on the questions of the relative importance of two men or the relative usefulness of common objects or animals. Incidentally the children should be taught the technique of the debate—the form of stating a question, of opening, of closing the discussion, of addressing the audience, of conducting rebuttal, of meeting an opponent's arguments, etc. The children themselves take pleasure in conducting a formal discussion in a formal way, and under such conditions a school debate has a value that an aimless, unorganized discussion never can have.

GENERAL SUMMARY

In the lower grades composition work is largely oral. Its aim should be to encourage freedom of expression, to increase the range of the child's ideas and vocabulary, to eliminate crudities of expression, and by constant practice to develop a feeling for right forms. Subjects for language lessons should be chosen largely from the child's own experiences, from myths and fables told by the teacher, and from pictures. Little drill should be given in technical matters, though the child should be able to capitalize and punctuate simple compositions.

In the upper grades the work in Grammar and Composition should be kept distinct. More written and less oral work should be required. By the close of the eighth year the child should be able to write a clear, logical outline, and a good letter, either personal or business; also to do systematic work in the four main divisions of composition from the standpoint both of thought and of technique. (For work in Grammar, see section on GRAMMAR, which follows.)

SUGGESTIONS

I. Do not repeat language exercises in the same manner for other classes which are in the room.

II. Notice topics of conversation among pupils. Select such as are proper for oral debate, requiring short, impromptu statements of opinion.

III. Let criticism include recognition of good work in speaking or writing. Adverse criticism, if given too often, is not a means of encouragement.

IV. Vary oral work by originating new methods or by adopting those unusual to the pupils.

V. Preserve the best written work of all pupils day by day. Return these lessons at a stated time to prove progress made.

VI. Train pupils to read the results of their writing aloud. The ear will quickly detect the repetition of words not discovered by the eye.

VII. Practice work with outlines of language lessons to be written. Use simple stories or descriptions and require pupils to write outlines of these, and later to use them in originating new compositions.

VIII. Insist upon neatness in all written work.

IX. Encourage the students to criticise their own work.

STUDY OF SPECIAL WORDS

RATHER: Comparative form of rathe (obsolete) meaning early.

AS may be used as: a simple adverb; conjunctive adverb of degree, manner or time; coördinate conjunction; an adjective; conjunctive pronoun; an introductory word.

WHAT is used as: conjunctive pronoun; interrogative pronoun; interrogative adjective; an adverb of degree; an interjection; an adjective.

THAT is used as a demonstrative adjective; demonstrative pronoun; a conjunctive pronoun; subordinate conjunction; a mere introductory word.

SHALL and WILL are so often used interchangeably without reference to the thought to be expressed that most people make no distinction. *Will* is used as an attributive verb to assert determination, intention, or promise. *Shall* is used as an attributive verb to express a promise or an obligation. *Will* used as a copulative verb expresses future tense, being so used only with second and third persons. *Shall* used as a copulative verb, with first person only, expresses futurity also for all three persons in forming verb phrases in the subjunctive.

WOULD and SHOULD may be used:

As attributive verbs.

Indicative mode.

Would expresses a wish, a promise or determination.

Should expresses moral obligation or a promise.

Subjunctive mode.

Would expresses condition or dependence on a condition.

Should expresses a promise dependent on a supposition contrary to the fact.

As copulative verbs.

Indicative mode.

Would and *should* both express habit or likelihood.

Subjunctive mode.

Would expresses dependence on a condition.

Should used with all persons expresses a condition; with first person expresses dependence on a condition.

MAY and CAN:

Transitive attributive.

May expresses permission; can expresses ability.

Intransitive copulative.

May expresses possibility.

MUST:

Transitive attributive expresses obligation.

Copulative shows conviction on part of speaker.

HAVE:

Transitive attributive shows possession.

Copulative—in verb phrases.

DO:

Transitive attributive—shows accomplishment.

Copulative—to assert with emphasis.

BUT may be used as a coördinate conjunction; a preposition; a conjunctive pronoun; an adverb; a subordinate conjunction.

So is an adverb of degree or a pronoun.

GRAMMAR

GENERAL VIEW

1. Definition:
   Grammar is both a science and an art. As a science it teaches the principles of a language; as an art it teaches the application of those principles in the use of language according to established forms.
2. Benefits to Be Gained:
   As an art the study of grammar is valuable chiefly because it teaches the use of good English. As a science grammar is valuable because it is the quickest means of acquiring the art. Other benefits are, mental discipline, and the general contribution that a knowledge of it furnishes to the education of any cultured person.
3. Plan of Study:
   Analysis of the thought should precede analysis of the sentence.
   The declarative sentence should be chosen first as other forms are but modifications.
   Essentials should be studied first; adjuncts should be studied as added.

SENTENCE STUDY

I. Essentials:
   - A. Common to all sentences:
     1. Subject.
     2. Predicate.
   - B. Found in some predicates:
     1. Object.
     2. Attribute of Object.
   - C. Parts involved:
     1. Noun or Pronoun.
     2. Verb:
        - a. Complete.
        - b. Incomplete:
          Copula,
          Transitive,
          Copulative,
          Transitive copulative.

II. Modifiers or Adjuncts.
   Classes:
   1. According to use:
      - a. Adjective.
      - b. Adverbial.
   2. According to form
      - a. Word.
      - b. Phrase.
      - c. Clause:
        Adjective
        Adverbial
        Noun.

THE PARTS OF SPEECH

I. The Noun—a name.
   - A. Classes:
     Common—class names.
     Proper—individual names.
     Collective—names of groups.
     Abstract—names of qualities considered apart from objects.
     Participial.

B. Inflection:

Nouns are inflected for number and case only.

1. Inflection for number is almost perfect, as most nouns (except abstract) have both a singular and a plural form. The general rule for forming plurals is to add *s* or *es* to the singular, though there are many exceptions. (*f* often changes to *v* and *y* to *i*. Some nouns change internally—goose, geese; wolf, wolves; lady, ladies. Some nouns add *en*—ox, oxen. Foreign words are pluralized according to the rules of the language from which they come.)
2. Inflection for case is very simple. English nouns have only two forms—the possessive, and the form used in all other constructions.
3. Inflection for gender consists in a change of words.

C. Constructions:

1. Subject of verb.
2. Objective uses:
   a. Direct object.
   b. Indirect object.
   c. Objective complement.
3. Attribute complement.
4. Object of a preposition.
5. Subject of an infinitive.
6. Possessive modifier.
7. Noun in apposition.
8. Adverbial complement.
9. Independent uses:
   a. As term of address.
   b. By pleonasm.
   c. In absolute construction.

D. To parse, give: class, number, case, gender, construction.

II. The Pronoun—a word used for a name.

A. Classes:

1. Personal—pronouns which indicate the speaker, the person spoken to, or the person spoken of.
2. Demonstrative—pronouns which point out. Inflected for number and used in the same constructions as a noun except as a possessive modifier.
3. Interrogative—pronouns which ask for an unknown name. Used as subject, object, predicate noun, or object of a preposition. *Which* and *what* are not inflected; *who* is inflected for case only.
4. Conjunctive—pronouns which connect clauses and hold noun offices. They may be relative or indefinite.
5. Indefinite—pronouns whose antecedents are not expressed. They include comparatives, numerals, quantitatives, and distributives.

B. Inflection (of personal pronouns only).

Person—Since every form indicates a definite person, the inflection for person is complete. (Generally speaking, inflection is a *slight* change in the form of a word to show a different meaning. In the case of the pronoun the change is so radical that an entirely different word is used; as, for instance, the change from *me* to *us*. The word inflection is used to describe these changes.)

Number—The first and third persons indicate indefinitely one or more than one. The second person has only one number. Hence the inflection for person is only partial.

Gender—The inflection for gender is confined to the third person, singular number.

Case—In general there are three cases, though in the second person and in the third person, feminine and neuter, there are but two.

C. Constructions, same as nouns, though there are a few exceptions.

D. To parse, give: class, antecedent, if expressed; gender, if a third person, singular form; person, if a personal pronoun, number, case, and construction.

III The Adjective—modifier of a noun or pronoun.

A. Classes:

1. Qualitative—adjectives having an inflection which expresses varying degrees of quality. This inflection is called *Comparison.* The forms are the *Positive,* expressing merely the existence of the quality; the *Comparative,* signifying that two objects have been compared and that one possesses more or less of the quality than any of the others, and the *Superlative,* signifying that more than two have been compared and that one of them possesses the highest or lowest degree of the quality. Some adjectives are compared by forming an adjective phrase with *more* and *most.* Some (like *good*) are compared irregularly, and those expressing absolute quality (like *equal*) cannot be compared at all.
2. Participial—words in adjective form expressing the quality of verbs. Some called *participles* are discussed under "verbs." There are two forms—the progressive, ending in *ing,* and the perfect, generally ending in *ed, en,* or *t.*
3. Quantitative—adjectives that restrict a noun by expressing limit or number.

   Classes: a. Definite numerals.
   b. Indefinite quantitatives.
   c. Articles.
4. Locative—adjectives expressing case or position.
5. Pronominal—words which, though pronouns, become adjectives by modifying a noun.

   Classes: a. Demonstrative.
   b. Interrogative.
   c. Conjunctive.

B. Inflection:

In most other languages adjectives change their form to agree in gender, number, and case with their nouns. English adjectives have neither gender nor case, and only *this* and *that* are inflected for number.

C. Constructions:

1. Attributive—the adjective as a direct modifier; as *red* apples.
2. Appositive—the adjective loosely joined; as *men,* old and young.
3. Predicative—the adjective used to complete the verb; as she is *tired.*
   a. Attribute complement.
   b. Objective complement.
   c. Adverbial complement.

D. To parse, give: class, degree, and construction.

IV. THE VERB—a word which affirms or predicates concerning the subject.

A. Classes:

Complete—a verb which forms a complete predicate in itself.
Incomplete—a verb which requires an attribute in the form of
a. A predicate nominative.
b. An object complement.
c. An object and an adjective complement.

B. Inflection:

1. Tense—inflection for tense is slight, as no single English verb can show more than present or past action. Other time-forms require verb phrases.
2. Mode—the property expressing the manner of the action. English verbs have the following modes:
   a. Indicative mode.
   b. Imperative mode.
   c. Conditional mode.
   d. Potential mode.
   e. Subjunctive mode.
3. Conjugation—regular or irregular.
4. Person and Number—almost no inflection.

C. Verbals—words derived from verbs and having in addition to their verb nature the quality of an adjective or noun.

Infinitives—verbal nouns.
Participles—verbal adjectives.

D. Verb Phrases—These are auxiliary forms used to express those tense and modal ideas for which there are no inflected forms. Verb phrases are used to form:

a. All future and perfect tenses.
b. All progressive and emphatic forms.
c. Passive forms.
d. Conditional, potential, and obligative forms.
e. Infinitive and participial phrases.

E. To parse, give:

1. Conjugation.
2. Principal parts:
   a. The root infinitive.
   b. Past tense form.
   c. Perfect participle.
3. Mode, tense, person, number.
4. Agreement.
5. If phrase, how formed.

V. THE ADVERB—modifier of a modifier.

A. Classes:

1. Simple—adverbs of time and succession, manner, measure, degree, place, etc.
2. Conjunctive—adverbs used to connect clauses of time, place, manner, degree, cause, etc.

B. Inflection—adverbs are inflected to show degrees of quality. The great mass of adverbs, however, form adverbial phrases with *more* and *most*.

C. Construction.

D. To parse, give: kind, degree and construction (word modified).

VI. The Preposition is a word which brings a noun or a pronoun into a modifying relation by connecting it with some other element. As a separate element the preposition is a recent addition to the language, being, for the most part, formerly prefixed to verbs. In English there is the greatest freedom in the use of these words, the choice depending not only upon the idea to be expressed but upon many idiomatic forms. The preposition, with the noun or pronoun which it governs (the prepositional phrase) is, however, of the greatest importance in an uninflected language like English, for it expresses all the meanings for which other languages have distinct forms.

To parse a preposition, give:

a. The idea conveyed by it.
b. The elements connected by it.
c. Value of the phrase (adverbial or adjective).

VII. The Conjunction—a connective of words, phrases or clauses.

A. Classes:

1. Coördinating—connecting elements of equal rank.
2. Subordinating—connecting elements in such a way that one becomes a modifier of another. The latter includes:
   a. Conjunctive adverbs.
   b. Conjunctive pronouns.
   c. Noun connectives.

B. To parse, give: class and elements connected.

VIII. The Interjection is a word, phrase, or sentence expressing strong emotion. Interjections shade from simple words into complete sentences, or even may be composed of other parts of speech, especially the imperative form of a verb.

SPELLING

Spelling is like mathematics in one respect—its results must be exact. The adage, "A miss is as good (or bad) as a mile," applies here. A word having one wrong letter or one letter in the wrong place is wrong, and the writer is entitled to no credit for being *nearly* right. This training in accuracy must be begun with the first word a child writes and should be kept up until there is no further need of it, until, in fact, he reaches the point where he rarely, if ever, misspells. It is a mistaken kindness to pass over a misspelled word without correction to avoid hurting the child's feelings.

CAUSES OF POOR SPELLING

There are three principal causes for poor spelling: unfamiliarity, carelessness, and weariness (either mental or physical, frequently both). The wise machinist, in order to remedy any disturbance in his machinery, first determines the cause, then proceeds to make conditions right. So it should be with spelling; first determine the cause.

UNFAMILIARITY

What constitutes familiarity with a word and how is it to be gained? Spelling depends almost absolutely on memory, and in the article on memory we are told there are "eye-minded" people and "ear-minded" people. (See MEMORY, Vol. IV). This mental condition is the cause of some children learning more readily to spell words by hearing them spelled, while others learn better by seeing them written, or printed. The larger number employs both senses in about equal degrees. In fact, familiarity with the word will necessarily include acquaintance with its oral, written and printed forms. It was in recognition of this that the practice so long prevailed of having the child write a word twenty-five or even a hundred times in order to know it the next time. But such a remedy is worse than the fault. The child's mistake was made, probably, through either carelessness or weariness. If the latter were true, repetition would aggravate the cause. If the former, get him interested in wanting to learn to spell. The child should be encouraged to make intelligent tests of his own memory of words, and be led to take an interest in his own mental development. He need not be told that this is the object because he is little interested in his own development. His chief concern is in being and in doing.

SAVING TIME

Capable people, the people who are doing things in the world, will tell you that they have no more time nor energy than the majority of others, but that they learned early in life to use only so much of either as was required for the work in hand, thus conserving their powers for other things. To spend an hour over a task when fifteen minutes would suffice is not only wasting forty-five golden minutes but is forming a bad habit. To require a child to write a word many times in succession is such a waste. He should be required to write it once, then cover it and try to think its spelling. Then have him spell it orally. As a final test let the pupil write it from memory. Except with unusual words this teaching will suffice, and you have avoided the pupil's muscular and mental fatigue, also his resentment at having been punished. He will

soon realize that the less time it takes to learn a given, definite amount, the more time he has for play, or reading or work that he likes, and his mental growth is just as great. Teach him to test himself on new words, and never to allow a new word to pass until he has stamped its spelling and meaning on his memory. The next time he sees it he should recognize it as one of his permanent mental possessions. He cannot always have a teacher with him to point out his mistakes. The infant who has learned to go to sleep without being rocked has progressed a long way toward self-dependence; so a child who has formed the habit of learning to spell all new words as he meets them has solved for himself one of the most vexing problems of school life.

CARELESSNESS

If the word is perfectly familiar and you decide that poor spelling is due to carelessness, the case is a little harder. Try the red pencil cure. Draw marks around misspelled words everywhere, no matter what the subject may be. If this rouses resentment let the pupil get over it. Meanwhile, stick to your plan and have it definitely understood that *all* matter handed in is to be gone over carefully for misspelled words and that papers will not be accepted until they are *perfect* in the matter of capital letters, spelling, punctuation marks, indentation, and other facts, which should be learned in the earlier grades and which are such a rarity in the eighth. A few weeks of persistent effort along this line will cure most careless pupils and produce desired results. Nowhere in the whole field of school work does one need to exercise more tact and to use pleasanter tones of voice than here. In handing back an arithmetic paper, say pleasantly, "Yes, Harry, the *arithmetic* is good; but look at the spelling and punctuation. Can you not correct these errors?" When the paper is corrected and returned, look it over carefully, then prepare to red pencil it vigorously. He has now had an opportunity to give his attention to spelling alone and can not in fairness object to the marks you place on the paper. Children soon learn to appreciate a paper without red marks, and the training in carefulness is very valuable. The good-enough-for-me doctrine is responsible for many failures. It is a crime to lead a child to think that perfection is too much to expect. Perfection is within the reach of all of us if we reach far enough—*and we can.*

WEARINESS

We now come to the third cause of incorrect spelling. If a spelling test is made when pupils are mentally or physically tired, it is absolutely wrong to blame the children for mistakes. Keep this in mind, especially if spelling is the last thing on the program at night. At that time they are usually tired and cannot think to the best of their ability. If this seems to be the only time for the test, it is perhaps better to leave the correction of papers until next morning when minds and bodies are both fresh. It is a psychological crime to have a child pore over a spelling lesson when he is mentally exhausted. Give him something of a restful nature to do and require that he report for the spelling some other time. If necessary, excuse him from the class exercise until he is rested. Heretical? Yes. But this driving, compelling sort of teaching has not produced good spellers in this generation and a change can't do worse in the next; so let us adopt the more rational plan and see if better spelling will not result.

AIDS TO CORRECT SPELLING

So far we have dealt with the simpler phases of our topic—merely how to teach the accepted orderly arrangement of letters. This part of the work is what is known as orthography. Another branch dealing with correct pronunciation of words is called

orthoepy. Then, too, the meaning of a word has much to do with its spelling, so that needs attention.

It is advisable to stop occasionally and think how we learn new facts. We learn new facts largely by comparison with facts already possessed—by noticing similarities and differences; for example, *beat, beet,* to the "ear-minded" are the same; to the "eye-minded" they are very different. When one word is familiar another may readily be learned either through similarity of spelling, sound, or meaning, or, on the other hand, through being opposite in meaning, or through having different vowels or different endings, etc. This gives rise to various comparisons that are very useful and for convenience several classes of words are recognized; as, *antonyms, homonyms, synonyms, paronyms.*

Antonyms are words of opposite meaning; as, cheap, expensive; dark, light; old, new.

Homonyms are words of similar sound, but different spelling and meaning; as, heal, heel; stake, steak.

Synonyms are words of similar meaning but wholly unlike in spelling and sound; as, garb, dress; clad, clothed.

Paronyms are words having a common derivation; as, aster, disaster; asteroid, asterisk.

USE OF THE DICTIONARY

A careful and constant study of words as they are used will go far toward improving one's spelling. A constant use of the dictionary is necessary, not only to ascertain the meaning, spelling, and derivation of words already known, but to add new words to one's vocabulary and to add new uses for those already known. Make a test of this for yourself; go to an unabridged dictionary, open it anywhere, and select some word you use quite frequently. Read all that is said about it and see if you haven't added some fact you did not have before. Especially is this true in the study of synonyms. There are few pairs of words in English whose meanings are identical, and if their being synonyms depended on their being identical, we would have but few synonyms. Many words are interchangeable in some instances and not in others, as each may have several applications. This fact gives to the English language a richness not possessed by any other in the ability to express different shades of meaning. For example, Webster's Dictionary gives as synonyms of "toil," labor, drudgery, work, exertion, occupation, employment, task, travail. No two have exactly the same meaning, and it is only by a study of the application of each that one can determine the word that will best express the thought in mind. The ability to choose words wisely largely determines the good writer and the good speaker.

The study of paronyms should be begun in a small way in the intermediate grades, though if a good opportunity offers itself earlier, it should be seized. If in nature study you are teaching the metamorphosis of insects you can bring out that *pupa* means much the same as puppy or baby. This will appeal to even the youngest child, and not only fix the new term indelibly but pave the way to the study of word analysis.

WORD ANALYSIS

In the study of affixes, which can be begun incidentally in the first grade by noting the meaning of *un* and *less* and a few other common affixes that the child uses in everyday speech, pupils have become familiar with the correct spelling of many troublesome words, such as those ending in *ent*, and *ant*; *ize* and *ise*; *ence* and *ance*; and others of that type. The analysis of words will put one in touch with new words and new combinations that will often enable him to understand, use intelligently, and spell words never seen or heard before. We learn that *graph* means write; *tele,* afar; *phono,* sound; so telegraph, phonograph, and telephone are easily learned and in this way new words are being coined to meet new conditions. We have almost daily

evidence of the tendency to coin new words. A recent example is *photoplay*. The newspaper and the short story are responsible for the quick dissemination of these new terms and while there are many such words given out to the public that are soon dropped, others find a permanent place in the language. Encourage the habit of looking up the meaning and derivation of each unfamiliar word and if it is an absolutely *new* word, one not given in the dictionary, (as photoplay), study it out from its derivation. This takes time and a little work, but it is worth while. A constant study of new words found in the daily reading will help to form the habit of close observation, so that the printed forms will impress themselves upon the memory and after a time one will learn the spelling of new words unconsciously.

RULES FOR SPELLING

We have said that spelling is largely a matter of memory, but the individual word need not always be remembered apart from others of its class. Many words naturally fall into classes conforming to certain rules, and the simpler of these rules can be learned and practiced before reaching the grammar grades, leaving the pupil free to make greater progress in the more technical work of word analysis. There is no reason for postponing the teaching of these rules until a definite, set time. They can be introduced in the earlier grades by a development process based upon comparison of new words with those already in the vocabulary of the pupils. Some rules, most perhaps, must be learned verbatim and examples studied to make them clear; but a little practice in originating rules will take away drudgery and pupils will see that the rule was formulated because of the spelling, and is not an arbitrary device to make learning harder. Convince a child that any rule or device will make work easier or more sure and he will readily adopt it and adapt it to his needs. The dictionary or any spelling book will give these rules. Have the pupil master them and he will find them a great aid to correct spelling.

Rules, word studies, and devices are excellent aids, but it must never be forgotten that they are only aids, and that it is necessary always to watch for new words and to learn them and to watch old words and to keep them. Eternal vigilance is the price of good spelling.

See SPELLING in *The Standard Reference Work,* where also will be found a discussion of Reform Spelling and the system of Phonetic Spelling recommended by the American Reform Spelling Association.

STORY-TELLING

REVIVAL OF STORY-TELLING

Among the recent and interesting educational phenomena is the revival of the story-teller's art. For a time the movement met with the distrust that what is suspected to be a mere fad always arouses. But it seems fair now to say that in the midst of a workaday world of science, commercialism, philanthropy, and a thousand other interests, the child's demand for a story has asserted itself and determined the character of a large part of his early education.

Looked at historically, the story-telling movement links the present day with the days of minnesingers and troubadours, for it takes us back to the time when a single speaker or singer brought within the imagination and comprehension of his hearers the tales of heroes, the splendor and the tragedy of great battles, and the myths and legends of other peoples and of long ago. In those days arts were crude, life was simple, virtues were elemental, and it is of such material that good stories are made. Nearer our own time the story-telling revival links us with earlier times in our own history, where, in many homes the story hour was regularly kept, though often it brought only the tales that had been told many times before.

As a result of the new interest, the literature and life of all peoples and of all times are being searched for good stories; and teachers and mothers in search of

material are eager for suggestions and sources. This article aims to present a few such concrete helps.

THE AIM OF STORY-TELLING

Story-telling can be made to answer a number of purposes. An ingenious teacher can make it the medium for conveying the facts of science, of history, or of geography. Every primary teacher, for instance, is familiar with stories illustrating certain facts of nature—such as "Why the leaves change their color in Autumn," "How the robin came to have a red breast," etc. But it is easy to overdo this.

To teach is not the primary purpose of a story, and children know it. They soon fall into an apathetic attitude when teacher or mother tells purely didactic stories. The stories they really enjoy are the stories that stir the imagination, excite the emotions, or enlarge the mental horizon by leaving a feeling that a new experience has suddenly been made their own. To give this vital pleasure is the fundamental end of story-telling—as it is of every other form of art.

KINDS OF STORIES TO TELL

1. Fairy Tales

First among stories to tell children are fairy tales. The beginning—"Once upon a time"—kindles immediate response from the hour the child can understand language till he is well through the grades. No other class of stories gives such stimulus to active imagination or presents so vividly a new world with all sorts of strange things and interesting people. And yet, in the guise of simple images and through the medium of a certain mystery, fundamental truths are presented. The miserly prince is punished, the good child is rewarded, the cruel king comes to speedy justice; and so the fairy tale satisfies the demand for justice and fair play, for a development and a conclusion, and does this in a much more direct and simple way than is often the case in more formal art. Indeed the old fairy tales are often clearer as to message and more vital in tone than much that is written expressly for children today.

A further advantage of telling fairy tales is the fact that it prepares the child's understanding for the appreciation of good literature later. Allusions to fairy lore are common in great books and much of the grownup's pleasure in reading them is lost if he does not at once catch the force of the reference. For instance, much would be lost if one did not understand a reference to Aladdin's lamp, the ugly duckling, or King Midas' golden touch.

2. Nonsense Rhymes

Even before a child can appreciate fairy tales he enjoys nonsense stories. For this reason they are also excellent to begin with. They develop a sense of humor, kindle an appreciation of a joke, or bring into view the whimsical, ridiculous, topsy-turvy side of life—all of which it is well to foster early; for to be without it is a real defect in a grownup, and later, when the child's work becomes more serious, nonsense stories must of necessity be put aside. Generally the stories that please best are those in which the same jingle or refrain comes again and again. Repetitions, with slight variations, are the delight of little children. Aside from this prime essential, nonsense stories must be full of action, vivid, simple, and picturesque.

3. Nature Stories

As has been suggested before, the story should never be used solely as a means of conveying a lesson or teaching the facts of science. It is better to tell only a few nature stories and to tell these more for the sake of the stories than to bring home scientific truths. Many of the so-called nature stories are, moreover, unreliable as to facts, and it therefore behooves the teacher to select and to test her material carefully before she presents it for truth. Joel Chandler Harris' stories always please children. Others may be found in the books of James Whitcomb Riley, etc.

4. Myths and Legends (including Folk Tales)

The special value in this form lies in the insight it gives the child into the conditions of life when nations were young, when arts were unknown, and when superstition, fear, and wonder were the motives that lay back of men's attitude toward their gods, their heroes, and the manifestations of nature. It matters little that the stories are not true in our sense. The spirit in which they reproduce the life of long ago is the essential thing. For the legends that grew up in the infancy of a race are a distillation of the life of the people. The one who knows the songs, myths, and tales of a people knows the people heart and core. In all of them there is the same large physical out-of-door life; the same brave men, good women, and fair fight.

In our own country there has recently been an interesting revival of Indian folklore rich in possibilities for story material. The same is true of the stories of early Germany, England, and Scandinavia. The adventures of Robin Hood, Irving's tales, the Odyssey, The Cid, and the Chanson De Roland, are all good material. In Lyman's *Story-Telling—What to Tell and How to Tell It* are some excellent helps for the telling of epics and folk tales. When stories are concerned chiefly with the gods and goddesses of a people, it is well to tell the stories in a connected series and to precede the whole with a little study of mythology. This does away with long explanations after the stories are begun.

5. Hero and Adventure Stories

Little need be said for this class, for it is the treasure house of stories. The feeling of wonder at marvelous feats, of admiration for brave men, and of heroic exultation in perilous undertakings develops early, especially in boys. Moreover, the influence of heroes in the lives of children needs no amplification. Since the world began the greatest motive for action, as well as the determining factor in the formation of character, has been the force of great example. Stories of men who can do wonderful things stir the minds of children as nothing else does. They make their heroes their own, live their lives, achieve, endure, and triumph with them. And so it comes about that a child's ideal of what he wants to be when he is grown up invariably has its origin in his notion of greatness as exemplified by his favorite hero. At first it is the man with brass buttons, later the Robinson Crusoe type, the man of skill, of resourceful enterprise, that fascinates him; and finally he comes to see that heroes are not only bigger, stronger, more ingenious than other men, but just as truly kinder, more patient, more self-sacrificing. And this evolution from the physical to a more subtle and complex ideal gives a clue to the mother or teacher. Usually it is best to begin with mythical heroes—men of gigantic proportions and simple but sterling virtues. Let the stories chosen be those that deal with large, physical actions and material achievements, for these more or less external things the child can understand. From these pass to stories of heroes in the more complex sense—men of endurance, patience, skill; and to actions that require not so much huge muscles as foresight, faith, perseverance. The story of Hercules, for example, or of Jason and the Golden Fleece, could be told early; but only a child well up in the grades has a hero-ideal sufficiently developed to admire men like Socrates, Luther, or William Lloyd Garrison. In some schools hero study has been pushed so far that the possession of any worthy quality at once puts a man in the heroic class. The postman, for instance, is a hero for he never fails to bring us our letters; the ragman is a hero for he cheerfully performs his lowly labor, and so on;—it is easy to extend the list. Such a plan may have its value. It is true that children's ideals of heroism need enlargement and that too often we fail to see that lowly tasks call for heroic qualities. But in the hands of an unskilled teacher such a study might destroy the very object that it is designed to fulfill, for it would seem to put everyone with a class we instinctively reserve for only the greatest and best; and the end would be the shattering and not the building up of an ideal.

6. Biographical Stories

When a child has outgrown fairy tales and lost interest in the exploits of mythical heroes, he usually begins to ask for "true stories." For this stage the biographical stories offer a wide field. According to some authorities, history is only a succession of biographies. If this be true, biographical stories have an immense value. Hitherto they have been neglected because it was thought that no art was required—merely ability to recount facts. The truth is that the biographical story presents a double problem, for out of dull material the subject must be re-created, made vivid, and presented in the life and color of the past.

Usually it is better to begin with simple, picturesque tales which can be told just as they are written without much effort at adornment. From these, progress to stories which depend somewhat upon atmospheric effects. The story of Garibaldi, of Napoleon, or of Robert the Bruce, for instance, could not well be told without a little preliminary study of the life and conditions of the times in which these men lived. In stories like that of Joan of Arc there is a further problem, for it consists of heroic deeds plus devotion to an ideal (which must be understood), plus a certain racial or religious atmosphere (which must be appreciated). Sarah K. Bolton's *Lives of Poor Boys Who Became Famous,* Baldwin's *Fifty Famous Stories,* and Lang's *A True Story Book,* are sources from which excellent material may be obtained.

PREPARATION FOR STORY-TELLING

1. *Appreciate your story.* Unless you can enter fully into the story you tell, you cannot make the children enjoy it. Don't think that the children may like it though you do not. They are quick to distinguish between pretended and real appreciation. Better not tell a story at all (even though you know it is a good one), unless you have made it so completely your own that it seems to emanate from your personality.
2. *Know your story.* Know it thoroughly as a whole and in detail. After you are once started, let there be no hesitancy, no feeling for words, no uncertainty as to what is coming next. See the end from the beginning, and know by just what steps you are to arrive at the conclusion in order to create and maintain the illusion of reality. Without this illusion the story is a failure, for it is the power to make the unreal seem real that makes story-telling a fine art.
3. *Be in the mood of your story.* If you are to tell of heroic exploits, approach your story in the spirit that great heroes inspire. Otherwise it becomes dull and commonplace and misses its aim. A story of noble adventure fails if told in a cold, matter-of-fact tone. In the same way stories of human tenderness and pathos must be told in their own spirit. For a similar reason, tales of mystery and wonder call for an appreciation of unreal things. Everyone knows how dismally a humorous story fails when told by someone who does not see the joke.
4. *See more than you say.* If, for instance, you are to tell a story from Greek mythology, you must know more about Greek worship and Greek gods than your story calls for. Otherwise it will seem bare and detached to you and hence to your hearers. But if it is only an illustration, a fragment out of the fullness of your knowledge, it will at once take on life and color. A story, to be successful, must leave a feeling that the teller could go on with many more of the same kind.
5. *Tell the story simply, directly, and without affectation.* Avoid unnecessary or high sounding phraseology. Go directly to the point without circumlocution or lengthy explanations. Above all, let your manner be genuine and unaffected. Gestures, facial expressions, or any attempts at imitating characters should, as a rule, be avoided. Children's imaginations readily round out the story with action if it is well told. If not, gestures will only call attention to themselves and not to the story.

6. *Do not speak in a loud, strained voice.* The result will be either a harsh, metallic tone or an equally unpleasant nasal quality. The average schoolroom requires almost no effort beyond the conversational tone. Authorities tell us that under average conditions from five hundred to eight hundred people can hear a moderately pitched voice if it is clear and moderately held. It is excellent practice to repeat the story aloud to one's self several times before telling it to the class. Professional story-tellers testify to the improvement that results from this habit, especially if, at the same time, the speaker listens to his own voice. By this means he can detect and correct in himself the same faults he would criticise in another.
7. *Take a good position.* If the story is to be told to a small group, it is best to seat the children in a semi-circle, the teacher facing them. If this be impossible, let the teacher stand well in front of the first row of desks so that all may hear without straining. After the story is once begun do not interrupt by calling for order or reproving individual students.

THE ADAPTATION OF STORIES

Many stories that would make excellent material for home or school use are not readily available in usable form. Although every year sees an enormous output of adaptations, the revival of story-telling is as yet so recent that much fine material is still untouched, or at least not written in such shape that it can be given directly to children. Great myths and allegories, for instance, oftenest appear in severe library style; stories of heroes generally take the form of blank verse; and even simple incidents are often treated in such artistic forms that to tell them to children in this way would be useless. There is thus a constant necessity for adaptation or revision on the part of mother or teacher. Following are a few simple suggestions for such work:

1. *Carefully analyze your story.* Just what is it about? What is the point it aims at and how does it get at it?
2. *Determine what is absolutely necessary* and cut out everything else, such as long introductions, unnecessary personages, irrelevant events, etc. Get the story into a skeleton form that suggests the main action, the persons concerned with it, and the point or issue of it.
3. *Put the story into simple language.* Be careful, however, not to "talk down" to the children. Introduce direct conversation as often as possible; tell in his own words just what the character said and be as concrete as possible in descriptive parts. Avoid general terms. Use vivid, lively, specific language.
4. *Adopt the mood, tone, and point of view that to you seems best for carrying the story home.* Keep the same point of view throughout. Have the end in mind from the beginning.

THE REPRODUCTION OF STORIES

1. *Personal Ownership.* Stories told to children are never complete until they have been reproduced by them. The simplest and most natural way is to let the children tell the teacher's or mother's stories back again on the day after they are given. In some places this plan has been enlarged upon by letting each child call that story his own which he can tell the best. The idea has been immensely successful. "The Fox and the Grapes," for instance, belongs to John because his re-telling was the best. For the same reason Mary claims "The Three Bears," and so on. Whenever visitors come to the school two or three children may be allowed to tell their stories.
2. *Playing the Story.* Children readily clothe their characters with action and supply gaps in the narrative with pantomime. For this reason they enjoy playing out their favorites. Such stories as "William Tell," "Little Red Riding Hood,"

"Half Chick," and "The Hare and the Tortoise," lend themselves readily to dramatization. Even when there are only one or two characters, it is possible to re-tell the story in action, if the children have been encouraged in freedom and spontaneity. Often children enjoy exchanging characters until each has taken every part.

3. *Cutting out the Story.* In some schools, when paper cutting and drawing are given considerable attention, it has been found a good plan to let the children cut out the principal characters — and even whole groups — engaged in some important action of the story. Such an exercise is a good test of how well the child has visualized the personages and how clear a notion he has of their appearances and characteristics. For instance, though the result may be somewhat crude, a child's figure of a witch, of George Washington, of a cotton plant, etc., is likely to indicate pretty clearly his idea of it.

The Land of Story-Books

At evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read,
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear land of Story-books.

—*Robert L. Stevenson.*

STORIES TO TELL

RHYMES AND STORIES FOR LITTLE ONES.

Rock-a-bye, Baby

Rock-a-bye, baby, the moon is a cradle,
A bright shining cradle, swung up in the sky.
The stars are the pillows, so soft and so downy,
Rock-a-bye, baby, bye-bye-bye.

Rock-a-bye, baby, dear blue eyes so tired,
Playtime is over and sleepy time nigh.
The Sandman is coming to take you to Dreamland,
Rock-a-bye, baby, bye-bye-bye.

Hickory,

Dickory,

Dock.

The mouse ran up
the clock.

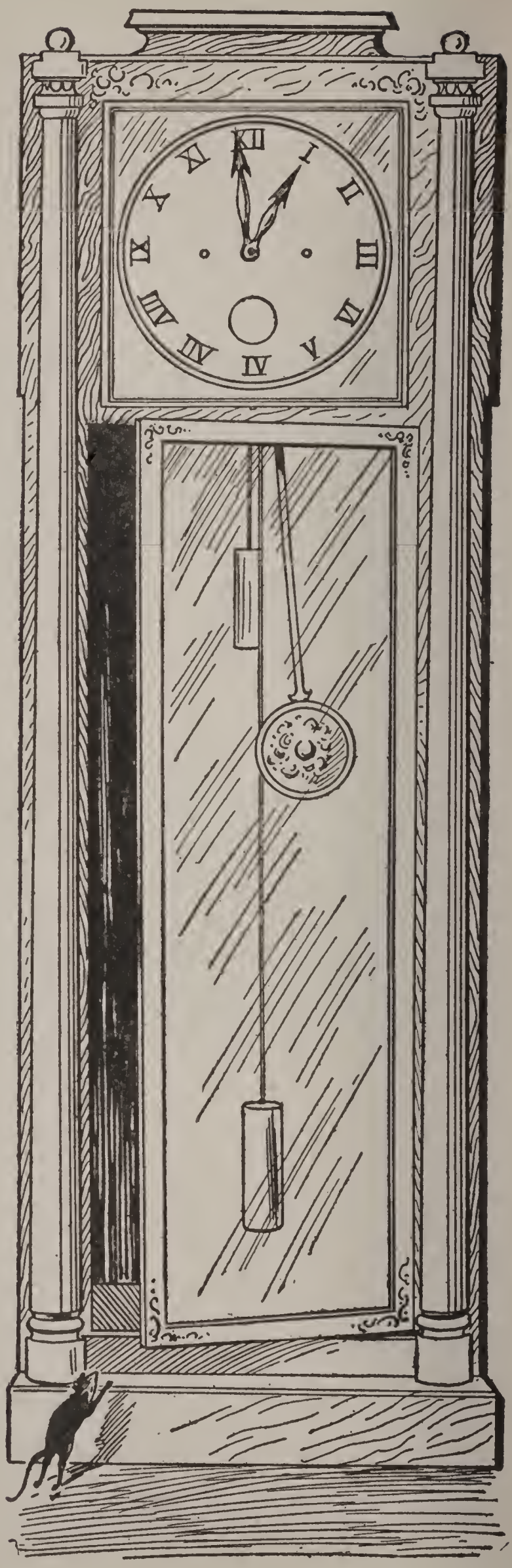
The clock struck
one,

And down he did
run,

Hickory,

Dickory,

Dock.



The Little Man

Once there was a little man who lived by himself,
And all the bread and cheese he had, he put upon the shelf.
The rats and mice they made such a strife,
He was 'bliged to go to London and buy him a wife.
The roads were so wide and the streets so narrow,
He had to take his wife home on a wheelbarrow.
The wheelbarrow broke and the wife caught a fall,
And down came the wheelbarrow, wife, and all.

"Dame Wiggins of Lee"

Dame Wiggins of Lee
Was a worthy old soul,
As e'er threaded a nee-
dle, or wash'd in a bowl;
She held mice and rats
In such antipa-thy,
That seven fine cats
Kept Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The rats and mice scared
By this fierce whisker'd crew,
The poor seven cats
Soon had nothing to do;
So, as any one idle
She ne'er loved to see,
She sent them to school,
Did Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Master soon wrote
That they all of them knew
How to read the word "milk"
And to spell the word "mew."
And they all washed their faces
Before they took tea:
"Were there ever such dears!"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

But soon she grew tired
Of living alone;
So she sent for her cats
From school to come home.
Each rowing a wherry,
Returning you see:
The frolic made merry
Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Dame was quite pleas'd
And ran out to market;
When she came back
They were mending the carpet.
The needle each handled
As brisk as a bee;
"Well done, my good cats,"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

They called the next day
On the tomtit and sparrow,
And wheeled a poor sick lamb
Home in a barrow.
"You shall all have some sprats
For your humani-ty,
My seven good cats,"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

To give them a treat,
She ran out for some rice;
When she came back,
They were skating on ice.
"I shall soon see one down,
Aye, perhaps two or three,
I'll bet half-a-crown,"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

While she ran to the field,
To look for its dam,
They were warming the bed
For the poor sick lamb:
They turned up the clothes
All as neat as could be;
"I shall ne'er want a nurse,"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

She wished them good night,
And went up to bed:
When, lo! in the morning,
The cats were all fled.
But soon—what a fuss!
"Where can they all be?
Here, pussy, puss, puss!"
Cried Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Dame was unable
Her pleasure to smother,
To see the sick lamb
Jump up to its mother.
In spite of the gout,
And a pain in her knee,
She went dancing about:
Did Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Dame's heart was nigh broke,
So she sat down to weep,
When she saw them come back
Each riding a sheep:
She fondled and patted
Each purring tom-my:
"Ah! welcome, my dears,"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Farmer soon heard
Where his sheep went astray,
And arrived at Dame's door
With his faithful dog Tray.
He knocked with his crook,
And the stranger to see,
Out the window did look
Dame Wiggins of Lee.

For their kindness he had them
All drawn by his team;
And gave them some field mice,
And raspberry cream.
Said he, "All my stock
You shall presently see;
For I honor the cats
Of Dame Wiggins of Lee."

To show them his poultry,
He turn'd them all loose,
Then each nimbly leap'd
On the back of a goose,
Which frightened them so
That they ran to the sea,
And half drown'd the poor cats
Of Dame Wiggins of Lee.

For the care of his lamb,
And their comical pranks,
He gave them a ham
And abundance of thanks.
"I wish you good-day,
My fine fellows," said he;
"My compliments, pray,
To Dame Wiggins of Lee."

You see them arrived
At their Dame's welcome door;
They show her their presents,
And all their good store.
"Now come in to supper,
And sit down with me;
All welcome once more,"
Cried Dame Wiggins of Lee.

Foreign Children

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
Oh! don't you wish that you were me?

You have seen the scarlet trees
And the lions over seas;
You have eaten ostrich eggs,
And turned the turtles off their legs.

Such a life is very fine,
But it's not so nice as mine;
You must often, as you trod,
Have wearied not to be abroad.

You have curious things to eat,
I am fed on proper meat;
You must dwell beyond the foam,
But I am safe and live at home.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
Oh! don't you wish that you were me?

—*Stevenson.*

My Shadow

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an India-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

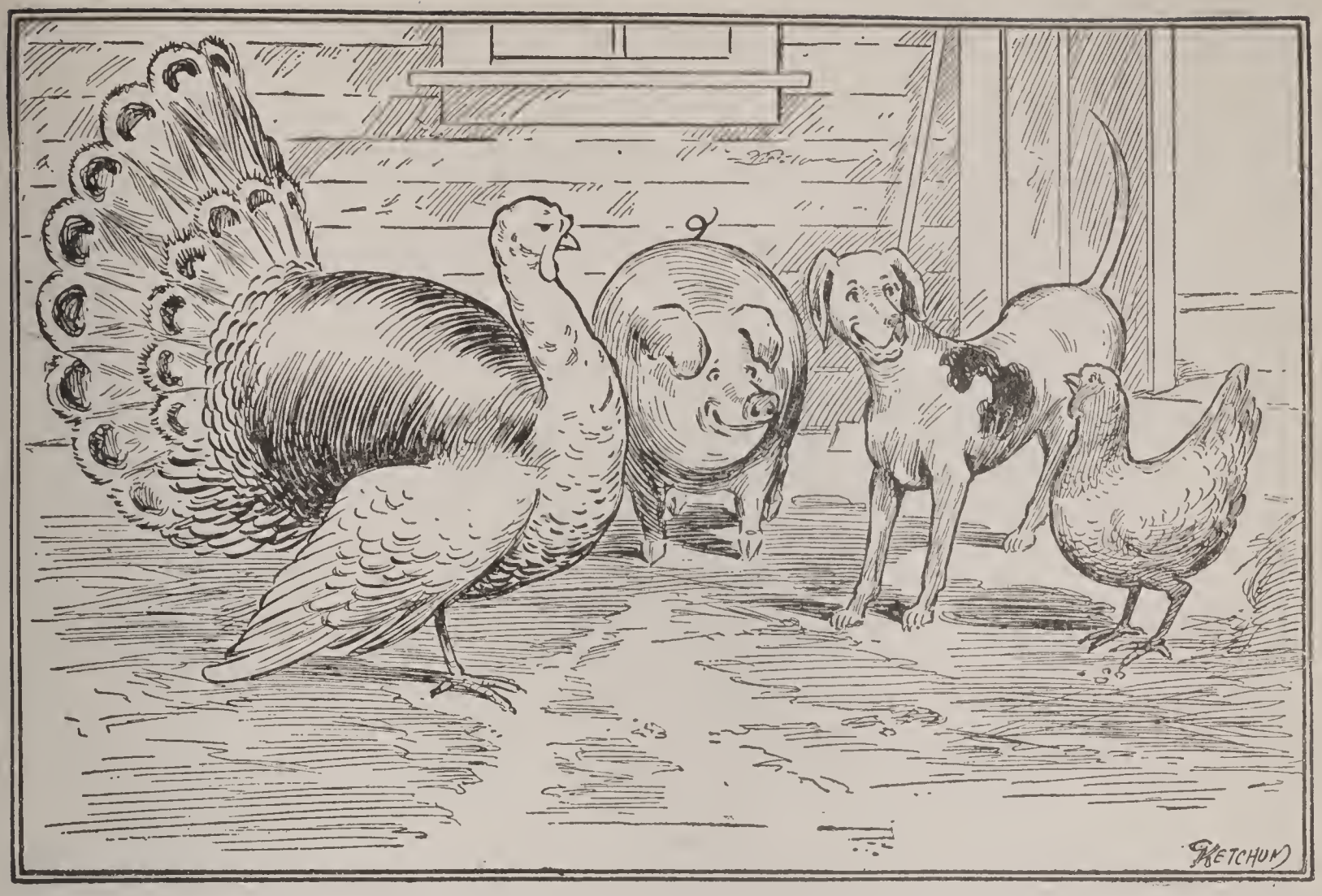
—*Stevenson.*

Little Boy Blue, come, blow your horn;
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
"Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep?"
"He's under the haystack, fast asleep."

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
Wagging their tails behind them.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
And all the King's horses and all the King's men
Can't put Humpty Dumpty together again.

Hey, diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see the sport
While the dish ran away with the spoon.



"Who will help me plant my wheat?"

The Little Red Hen

Long ago there lived in a little house on the edge of the woods, Little Red Hen. She had a nice little garden where she planted seeds and raised good things to eat. Little Red Hen had three friends—a dog, a turkey, and a pig.

One day as she was out scratching in the woods she dug up a grain of wheat and thought to herself, I will plant this wheat, and when it is grown I will make some flour to make bread of, so she said to her friends, "Who will help me plant my wheat?"

"I won't," said the dog, "bow! wow! I am too busy. I must chase the cat."

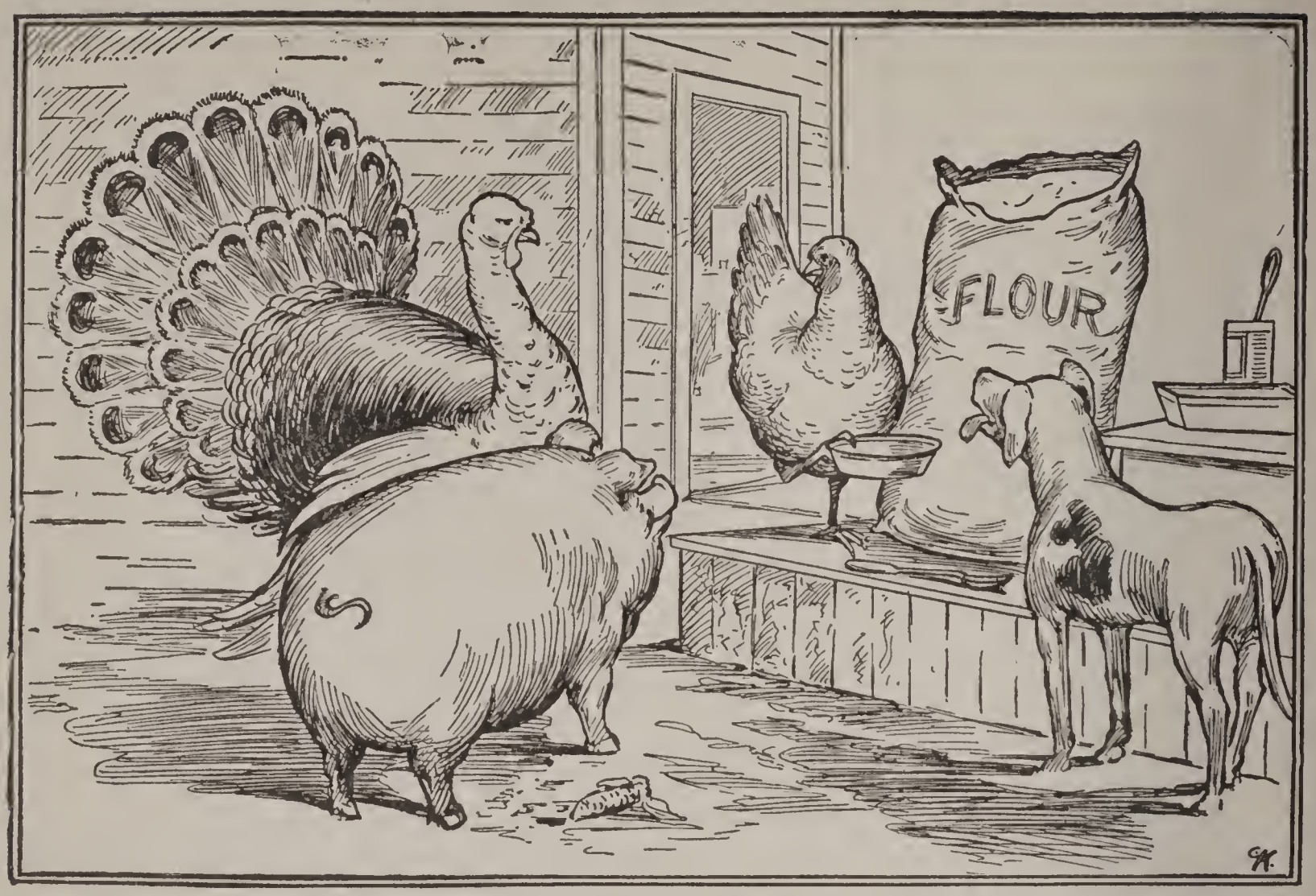
"I won't," said the turkey, "gobble! gobble! I must strut."

"I won't," said the pig, "oof! oof! I must roll in the mud."

So Little Red Hen said, "All right, I will plant it myself." So she went out and dug up the ground, and made a nice soft place and planted the grain of wheat.

That night it rained and the next day the sun shone, and pretty soon the wheat grew and came up. Little Red Hen watched it carefully, and, by and by, the wheat had grown tall and was ripe and ready to cut. Then she said to her friends. "Who will help me cut my wheat?"

"I won't," said the dog, "I must hunt a rabbit."



"Who will help me make my bread?"

"I won't," said the turkey, "I must hunt a worm for the little turkeys."

"I won't," said the pig, "I must eat my dinner."

"All right," said Little Red Hen, "then I will do it myself." So she took the sickle and cut the wheat, binding it up into bundles, and carried it into the barn.

"Now, who will help me thresh the wheat?" said Little Red Hen.

"I won't," said the dog, "I must go after the cows."

"I won't," said the turkey, "I must go out for a walk."

"I won't," said the pig, "I must root in the ground."

"All right," said Little Red Hen, "then I will do it myself," and she went into the barn and threshed the wheat. She put it in a sack all ready to carry to the mill. "Now," she said to her friends, "who will help me carry the wheat to the mill?"

"I won't," said the dog, "I must go and bury my bone."

"I won't," said the turkey, "I must gobble at the little girl's red dress."

"I won't," said the pig, "I must hunt some acorns."

"All right," said Little Red Hen, "I will carry it to the mill myself." So she lifted the sack of wheat to her shoulder and went to the mill. The miller put the wheat into the hopper. Pretty

soon she had a nice sack of flour. This she took home and was ready to make her bread.

"Now, who will help me make the bread?" said Little Red Hen.

"I won't," said the dog. "I must go with Charlie after the cows."

"I won't," said the turkey, "I must chase grasshoppers."

"I won't," said the pig, "because the farmer has just thrown out some corn."

"All right," said Little Red Hen, "then I will make it myself." So she took some flour, stirred it up, put in some yeast, and set it to rise. By and by she made it into loaves and put it in the oven to bake. After it was all done, nice and brown, she said, "Now, who will help me eat my bread?"

"I will," said the dog.

"I will," said the turkey.

"I will," said the pig.

"Oh no, you won't!" said Little Red Hen. "None of you would help me plant my wheat, or cut it, or thresh it, or take it to the mill, or make my bread; now, none of you will help me eat it. I will eat it all myself."

Little Red Hen did eat her bread herself and she did not give any of it to the dog, the turkey, or the pig.

"Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where have you been?"
"I've been up to London to look at the Queen."
"Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there?"
"I frightened a little mouse under the chair."

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
Eating her curds and whey;
Along came a spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

Ding, dong, bell, Pussy's in the well!
Who put her in? Little Tommy Green.
Who pulled her out? Big Jack Stout.

The Three Bears

Once upon a time, long ago, there lived in a little house way off in the woods, three bears. There was a big papa bear and a middle sized mamma bear and a little baby bear. They had some nice chairs to sit in, some bowls to eat their soup out of, and soft beds to sleep in.

One day, just as they were getting ready to eat their dinner, and had their soup on the table, they thought they would take a little walk while their soup was getting cool, so they started out into the woods. Just as they had gone, little Silverlocks came along. Little Silverlocks had been out picking flowers and had lost her way and wandered off into the woods until finally she came in sight of the house where the bears lived. She was getting pretty tired because she had walked so far, and thought she would inquire and see if she could find the way home. So she came to the house and knocked on the door, but no one answered. She knocked again but no one answered. Then she looked in the window. Nobody was at home, so she tried the door and found it was unlocked and walked in.

Just inside the door she saw the chairs that the bears sat in. She had been walking so long she was very tired and sat down on the first chair she came to, which was the big papa bear's chair. But the chair was too big for her and too hard, so she tried the next chair which was the mamma bear's chair. That, also, was too big and too hard so she tried the little baby bear's chair which was just the right size, and just as comfortable as could be, and she rocked and rocked and rocked until all at once the chair broke clear down on the floor.

She was just a little shaken up and was a little frightened when she got up but she happened to notice the bowls of soup on the table and she was so hungry she forgot about her fall and went over to the table to get something to eat. She took the big spoon and tasted of the soup in the big bowl, but it was ***so*** salty she did not like it ***at all***. Then she took a spoonful out of the middle sized bowl. That was better but it was too salty too. Then she took a spoonful out of the little bowl and that was just the way she liked it and she ate and ate until the first thing she knew the soup was all gone.

After she had eaten the soup she began to feel better and thought she would look around and see if there was a place to sleep, so she went upstairs into the big bear's bedroom. Just inside the door was a great big bed and she was so tired she jumped right in. The bed was so hard she did not like it at all, so she got out of the big bed and into the next bed, which was the middle sized bed, but that was not comfortable either, so she thought

she would try the little bed. She got in, pulled the quilts up around her, and it was so nice and soft that the first thing she knew she was fast asleep.

While little Silverlocks was asleep the bears came back from their walk and, as they looked around, the papa bear said in his great big voice: "Who has been sitting in my chair?" And the mamma bear looked at her chair and said in a middle sized voice: "Who has been sitting in my chair?" And the little baby bear looked at his chair and said in a little voice: "Who has been sitting in my chair and broke it all down on the floor?"

Then the bears went over to the table to eat their soup and papa bear looked at this spoon and said in his great big voice: "Who has been tasting of my soup?" And mamma bear looked at her spoon and said in a middle sized voice: "Who has been tasting of my soup?" And baby bear looked at his bowl and said in a little voice: "Who has been tasting of my soup and ate it all up?"

Then the mamma bear got the baby bear some more soup.

After they had their dinner they went upstairs to bed. As they looked at the beds the papa bear said in his great big voice: "Who has been sleeping in my bed?" And mamma bear said in her middle sized voice: "Who has been sleeping in my bed?" Baby bear looked at his bed and said in his little voice: "Who has been sleeping in my bed and is here fast asleep?" And just as baby bear said that, little Silverlocks woke, jumped up quick, and ran downstairs and ran home.

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing;
Wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before the King?

The King was in the parlor
Counting out his money;
The Queen was in the kitchen,
Eating bread and honey;

The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes;
Down came a blackbird,
And nipped off her nose.

FAIRY STORIES AND FABLES.

The Last Dream of the Old Oak.

In the forest, high up on the steep shore, and not far from the open sea-coast, stood a very old oak-tree. It was just three hundred and sixty-five years old, but that long time was to the tree as the same number of days might be to us; we wake by day and sleep by night, and then we have our dreams. It is different with the tree; it is obliged to keep awake through three seasons of the year, and does not get any sleep till winter comes. Winter is its time for rest; its night after the long day of spring, summer, and autumn.

On many a warm summer, the Ephemera, the flies that exist for only a day, had fluttered about the old oak, enjoyed life and felt happy; and if, for a moment one of the tiny creatures rested on one of his large, fresh leaves, the tree would always say, "Poor little creature! your whole life consists only of a single day. How very short. It must be quite melancholy."

"Melancholy! what do you mean?" the little creature would always reply. "Everything around me is so wonderfully bright and warm and beautiful, that it makes me joyous."

"But only for one day, and then it is all over."

"Over!" repeated the fly; "what is the meaning of all over? Are you all over too?"

"No; I shall very likely live for thousands of your days, and my day is whole seasons long; indeed it is so long that you could never reckon it out."

"No? then I don't understand you. You may have thousands of my days, but I have thousands of moments in which I can be merry and happy. Does all the beauty of the world cease when you die?"

"No," replied the tree; "it will certainly last much longer,—infinitely longer than I can think of."

"Well, then," said the little fly, "we have the same time to live, only we reckon differently." And the little creature danced and floated in the air, rejoicing in her delicate wings of gauze and velvet, rejoicing in the balmy breezes, laden with the fragrance of clover-fields and wild roses, elder-blossoms and honeysuckle, from the garden hedges, wild thyme, primroses, and mint, and the scent of all these was so strong that the perfume almost intoxicated the little fly. The long and beautiful day had been so full of joy and sweet delights, that, when the sun sank low, it felt tired of all its happiness and enjoyment. Its wings could sustain it no longer, and gently and slowly it glided down upon the soft, waving blades of grass, nodded its little head as well as it could nod, and slept peacefully and sweetly. The fly was dead.

"Poor little Ephemera!" said the oak; "what a short life!" And so, on every summer day the dance was repeated, the same questions asked, and the same answers given, the same peaceful falling asleep. The same thing was continued through many generations of Ephemera; all of them felt equally merry and equally happy.

The oak remained awake through the morning of spring, the noon of summer, and the evening of autumn; its time of rest, its night, drew nigh—winter was coming. Already the storms were singing, "Good-night, good-night." Here fell a leaf and there fell a leaf. "We will rock you and lull you. Go to sleep, go to sleep. We will sing you to sleep, and shake you to sleep, and it will do your old twigs good; they will even crackle with pleasure. Sleep sweetly, sleep sweetly, it is your three-hundred-and-sixty-fifth night. Correctly speaking, you are but a youngster in the world. Sleep sweetly; the clouds will drop snow upon you, which will be quite a coverlid, warm and sheltering to your feet. Sweet sleep to you, and pleasant dreams."

And there stood the oak, stripped of all its leaves, left to rest during the whole

of a long winter, and to dream many dreams of events that had happened in its life, as in the dreams of men.

The great tree had once been small; indeed, in its cradle it had been an acorn. According to human computation, it was now in the fourth century of its existence. It was the largest and best tree in the forest. Its summit towered above all the other trees, and could be seen far out at sea, so that it served as a landmark to the sailors. It had no idea how many eyes looked eagerly for it. In its topmost branches the wood-pigeon built her nest, and the cuckoo carried out his usual vocal performances, and his well-known notes echoed amid the boughs; and in autumn, when the leaves looked like beaten copper plates, the birds of passage would come and rest upon the branches before taking their flight across the sea.

But now it was winter, the tree stood leafless, so that every one could see how crooked and bent were the branches that sprang forth from the trunk. Crows and rooks came by turns and sat on them, and talked of the hard times which were beginning, and how difficult it was in winter to obtain food.

It was just about holy Christmas time that the tree dreamed a dream. The tree had, doubtless, a kind of feeling that the festive time had arrived, and in his dream fancied he heard the bells ringing from all the churches round, and yet it seemed to him to be a beautiful summer's day, mild and warm. His mighty summit was crowned with spreading fresh green foliage; the sunbeams played among the leaves and branches, and the air was full of fragrance from herb and blossom; painted butterflies chased each other; the summer flies danced around him, as if the world had been created merely for them to dance and be merry in. All that had happened to the tree during every year of his life seemed to pass before him as if in a festive procession.

He saw the knights of olden times and noble ladies ride by through the wood on their gallant steeds, with plumes waving in their hats, and falcons on their wrists. The hunting-horn sounded, and the dogs barked, and he saw hostile warriors, in colored dresses and glittering armor, with spear and halberd, pitching their tents, and anon striking them. The watchfires again blazed, and men sang and slept under the hospitable shelter of the tree. He saw lovers meet in quiet happiness near him in the moonshine, and carve the initials of their names in the grayish-green bark on his trunk.

Once, but long years had intervened since then, guitars and Æolian harps had been hung on his boughs by merry travellers; now they seemed to hang there again, and he could hear their marvellous tones. The wood-pigeons cooed as if to explain the feelings of the tree, and the cuckoo called out to tell him how many summer days he had yet to live.

Then it seemed as if new life was thrilling through every fibre of root and stem and leaf, rising even to the highest branches. The tree felt itself stretching and spreading out, while through the root beneath the earth ran the warm vigor of life. As he grew higher and still higher, with increased strength, his topmost boughs became broader and fuller; and in proportion to his growth, so was his self-satisfaction increased, and with it arose a joyous longing to grow higher and higher, to reach even to the warm, bright sun itself.

Already had his topmost branches pierced the clouds, which floated beneath them like troops of birds of passage, or large white swans; every leaf seemed gifted with sight, as if it possessed eyes to see. The stars became visible in broad daylight, large and sparkling, like clear and gentle eyes. They recalled to the memory the well-known look in the eyes of a child, or in the eyes of lovers who had once met beneath the branches of the old oak.

These were wonderful and happy moments for the old tree, full of peace and joy; and yet amidst all this happiness, the tree felt a yearning, longing desire that all the other trees, bushes, herbs, and flowers beneath him, might be able also to rise

higher, as he had done, and to see all this splendor, and experience the same happiness. The grand, majestic oak could not be quite happy in the midst of his enjoyment, while all the rest, both great and small, were not with him. And this feeling of yearning trembled through every branch, through every leaf, as warmly and fervently as if they had been the fibres of a human heart.

The summit of the tree waved to and fro and bent downwards as if in his silent longing he sought for something. Then there came to him the fragrance of thyme, followed by the more powerful scent of honeysuckle and violets; and he fancied he heard the note of the cuckoo.

At length his longing was satisfied. Up through the clouds came the green summits of the forest trees, and beneath him, the oak saw them rising, and growing higher and higher. Bush and herb shot upward and some even tore themselves up by the roots to rise more quickly. The quickest of all was the birch-tree. Like a lightning flash the slender stem shot upwards in a zigzag line, the branches spreading around it like green gauze and banners. Every native of the wood, even to the brown and feathery rushes, grew with the rest, while the birds ascended with the melody of song. On a blade of grass, that fluttered in the air like a long, green ribbon, sat a grasshopper, cleaning his wings with his legs. May beetles hummed, bees murmured, birds sang, each in its own way; the air was filled with the sounds of song and gladness.

"But where is the little blue flower that grows by the water?" asked the oak, "and the purple bell-flower, and the daisy? I want them all."

"Here we are, here we are," sounded in voice and song.

"But the beautiful thyme of last summer, where is that? and the lilies-of-the-valley, which last year covered the earth with their bloom? and the wild apple-tree with its lovely blossoms, and all the glory of the wood, which has flourished year after year? even what may have but now sprouted forth could be with us here."

"We are here, we are here," sounded voices higher in the air, as if they had flown there beforehand.

"Why, this is beautiful, too beautiful to be believed," cried the oak in a joyful tone. "I have them all here, both great and small; not one has been forgotten. Can such happiness be imagined?" It seemed almost impossible.

"In heaven with the Eternal God, it can be imagined, for all things are possible," sounded the reply through the air.

And the old tree, as it still grew upwards and onwards, felt that his roots were loosening themselves from the earth.

"It is right so, it is best," said the tree, "no fetters hold me now. I can fly up to the very highest point in light and glory. And all I love are with me, both small and great. All—all are here."

Such was the dream of the old oak: and while he dreamed, a mighty storm came rushing over land and sea, at the holy Christmas time. The sea rolled in great billows towards the shore.

There was a cracking and crushing heard in the tree. The root was torn from the ground just at the moment when in his dream he fancied it was being loosened from the earth. He fell— his three hundred and sixty-five years were passed as the single day of the Ephemera.

On the morning of Christmas-day, when the sun rose, the storm had ceased. From all the churches sounded the festive bells, and from every hearth, even of the smallest hut, rose the smoke into the blue sky, like the smoke from the festive thank-offerings on the Druids' altars. The sea gradually became calm, and on board a great ship that had withstood the tempest during the night, all the flags were displayed, as a token of joy and festivity.

"The tree is down! The old oak,—our landmark on the coast!" exclaimed the

sailors. "It must have fallen in the storm of last night. Who can replace it? Alas! no one." This was a funeral oration over the old tree; short but well-meant.

There it lay stretched on the snow-covered shore, and over it sounded the notes of a song from the ship—a song of Christmas joy, of the redemption of the soul of man, and of eternal life through Christ.

"Sing aloud on this happy morn,
All is fulfilled, for Christ is born;
With songs of joy let us loudly sing,
'Hallelujahs to Christ our King.'"

Thus sounded the Christmas carol, and every one on board the ship felt his thoughts elevated, through the song and the prayer, even as the old tree had felt lifted up in its last, its beautiful dream on that Christmas morn.

—*Hans Anderson.*

What the Goodman Does is Always Right

I will tell you a story that was told to me when I was a little boy. Every time I think of this story, it seems to me more and more charming; for it is with stories as it is with many people—they become better as they grow older.

I have no doubt that you have been in the country,* and seen a very old farmhouse, with thatched roof, and mosses and small plants growing wild upon it. There is a stork's nest on the ridge of the gable, for we cannot do without the stork. The walls of the house are sloping, and the windows are low, and only one of the latter is made to open. The baking-oven sticks out of the wall like a great knob. An elder-tree hangs over the palings; and beneath its branches, at the foot of the paling, is a pool of water, in which a few ducks are disporting themselves. There is a yard-dog, too, who barks at all comers.

Just such a farmhouse as this stood in a country lane; and in it dwelt an old couple, a peasant and his wife. Small as their possessions were, they had one article they could not do without, and that was a horse, which contrived to live upon the grass which it found by the side of the high-road. The old peasant rode into the town upon this horse, and his neighbors often borrowed it of him, and paid for the loan of it by rendering some service to the old couple. After a time they thought it would be as well to sell the horse, or exchange if for something which might be more useful to them. But what might this *something* be?

"You'll know best, old man," said the wife. "It is fair-day to-day; so ride into town, and get rid of the horse for money, or make a good exchange; whichever you do will be right to me, so ride to the fair."

And she fastened his neckerchief for him; for she could do that better than he could, and she could also tie it very prettily in a double bow. She also smoothed his hat round and round with the palm of her hand, and gave him a kiss. Then he rode away upon the horse that was to be sold or bartered for something else. Yes, the good man knew what he was about. The sun shone with great heat, and not a cloud was to be seen in the sky. The road was very dusty; for a number of people, all going to the fair, were driving, riding, or walking upon it. There was no shelter anywhere from the hot sunshine. Among the rest, a man came trudging along, and driving a cow to the fair. The cow was as beautiful a creature as any cow could be.

"She gives good milk, I am certain," said the peasant to himself. "That would be a very good exchange: the cow for the horse. Hallo there! you with the cow," he said. "I tell you what; I dare say a horse is of more value than a cow; but I don't care for that,—a cow will be more useful to me; so, if you like, we'll exchange."

"To be sure I will," said the man.

Accordingly the exchange was made; and as the matter was settled, the peasant

*In the country here means in Denmark.

might have turned back; for he had done the business he came to do. But having made up his mind to go to the fair, he determined to do so, if only to have a look at it; so on he went to the town with his cow. Leading the animal, he strode on sturdily, and, after a short time, overtook a man who was driving a sheep. It was a good fat sheep, with a fine fleece on its back.

"I should like to have that fellow," said the peasant to himself. "There is plenty of grass for him by our palings, and in the winter we could keep him in the room with us. Perhaps it would be more profitable to have a sheep than a cow. Shall I exchange?"

The man with the sheep was quite ready, and the bargain was quickly made. And then our peasant continued his way on the high-road with his sheep. Soon after this, he overtook another man, who had come into the road from a field, and was carrying a large goose under his arm.

"What a heavy creature you have there!" said the peasant; "it has plenty of feathers and plenty of fat, and would look well tied to a string, or paddling in the water at our place. That would be very useful to my old woman; she could make all sorts of profit out of it. How often she has said, 'If now we only had a goose!' Now here is an opportunity, and, if possible, I will get it for her. Shall we exchange? I will give you my sheep for your goose, and thanks into the bargain."

The other had not the least objection, and accordingly the exchange was made, and our peasant became possessor of the goose. By this time he had arrived very near the town. The crowd on the high-road had been gradually increasing, and there was quite a rush of men and cattle. The cattle walked on the path and by the palings, and at the turnpike gate they even walked into the toll-keeper's potato-field, where one fowl was strutting about, with a string tied to its leg, for fear it should take fright at the crowd, and run away and get lost. The tail-feathers of this fowl were very short, and it winked with both its eyes, and looked very cunning, as it said, "Cluck, cluck." What were the thoughts of the fowl as it said this I cannot tell you; but directly our good man saw it, he thought, "Why, that's the finest fowl I ever saw in my life; its finer than our parson's brood hen, upon my word. I should like to have that fowl. Fowls can always pick up a few grains that lie about, and almost keep themselves. I think it would be a good exchange if I could get it for my goose. Shall we exchange?" he asked the toll-keeper.

"Exchange?" repeated the man; "well, it would not be a bad thing."

And so they made an exchange; the toll-keeper at the turnpike gate kept the goose, and the peasant carried off the fowl. Now he really had done a great deal of business on his way to the fair, and he was hot and tired. He wanted something to eat, and a glass of ale to refresh himself; so he turned his steps to an inn. He was just about to enter, when the ostler came out, and they met at the door. The ostler was carrying a sack. "What have you in that sack?" asked the peasant.

"Rotten apples," answered the ostler; "a whole sackful of them. They will do to feed the pigs with."

"Why, that will be terrible waste," he replied; "I should like to take them home to my old woman. Last year the old apple-tree by the grass-plot only bore one apple, and we kept it in the cupboard till it was quite withered and rotten. It was always property, my old woman said; and here she would see a great deal of property—a whole sackful; I should like to show them to her."

"What will you give me for the sackful?" asked the ostler.

"What will I give? Well, I will give you my fowl in exchange."

So he gave up the fowl, and received the apples, which he carried into the inn parlor. He leaned the sack carefully against the stove, and then went to the table. But the stove was hot, and he had not thought of that. Many guests were present, —hores-dealers, cattle-drovers, and two Englishmen. The Englishmen were so rich that their pockets quite bulged out, and seemed ready to burst; and they could

bet, too, as you shall hear. "Hiss—s—s, hiss—s—s." What could that be by the stove? The apples were beginning to roast. "What is that?" asked one.

"Why, do you know"—said our peasant. And then he told them the whole story of the horse, which he had exchanged for a cow, and all the rest of it, down to the apples.

"Well, your old woman will give it you well when you get home," said one of the Englishmen. "Won't there be a noise?"

"What! Give me what?" said the peasant. "Why, she will kiss me, and say, 'what the goodman does is always right.' "

"Let us lay a wager on it," said the Englishman. "We'll wager you a ton of coined gold, a hundred pounds to the hundredweight."

"No; a bushel will be enough," replied the peasant. "I can only set a bushel of apples against it, and I'll throw myself and my old woman into the bargain; that will pile up the measure, I fancy."

"Done! taken!" and so the bet was made.

Then the landlord's coach came to the door, and the two Englishmen and the peasant got in, and away they drove, and soon arrived and stopped at the peasant's hut. "Good evening, old woman." "Good evening, old man." "I've made the exchange."

"Ah, well, you understand what you're about," said the woman. Then she embraced him, and paid no attention to the strangers, nor did she notice the sack.

"I got a cow in exchange for the horse."

"O, how delightful!" said she. "Now we shall have plenty of milk, and butter, and cheese, on the table. That was a capital exchange."

"Yes, but I changed the cow for a sheep."

"Ah, better still!" cried the wife. "You always think of everything; we have just enough pasture for a sheep. Ewe's milk and cheese, woollen jackets and stockings! The cow could not give all these, and her hairs only fall off. How you think of everything!"

"But I changed away the sheep for a goose."

"Then we shall have roast goose to eat this year. You dear old man, you are always thinking of something to please me. This is delightful. We can let the goose walk about with a string tied to her leg, so she will be fatter still before we roast her."

"But I gave away the goose for a fowl."

"A fowl! Well, that was a good exchange," replied the woman. "The fowl will lay eggs and hatch them, and we shall have chickens; we shall soon have a poultry-yard. Oh, this is just what I was wishing for."

"Yes; but I exchanged the fowl for a sack of shrivelled apples."

"What! I must really give you a kiss for that!" exclaimed the wife. "My dear, good husband, now I'll tell you something. Do you know, almost as soon as you left me this morning, I began thinking of what I could give you nice for supper this evening, and then I thought of fried eggs and bacon, with sweet herbs; I had eggs and bacon, but I wanted the herbs; and went over to the schoolmaster's: I knew they had plenty of herbs, but the schoolmistress is very mean, although she can smile so sweetly. I begged her to lend me a handful of herbs. 'Lend!' she exclaimed, 'I have nothing to lend; I could not even lend you a shrivelled apple, my dear woman.' But now I can lend her ten, or a whole sackful, which I'm very glad of; it makes me laugh to think about it;" and then she gave him a hearty kiss.

"Well, I like all this," said both the Englishmen; "always going down the hill, and yet always merry; it's worth the money to see it." So they paid a hundredweight of gold to the peasant, who, whatever he did, was not scolded, but kissed.

Yes, it always pays best when the wife sees and maintains that her husband knows best, and that whatever he does is right.

This is a story which I heard when I was a child; and now you have heard it, too, and know that "What the goodman does is always right." —*Hans Anderson.*

The Sleeping Beauty.

In times past there lived a king and queen, who said to each other every day of their lives, "Would that we had a child!" and yet they had none. But it happened once that when the queen was bathing, there came a frog out of the water, and he squatted on the ground, and said to her,

"Thy wish shall be fulfilled; before a year has gone by, thou shalt bring a daughter into the world."

And as the frog foretold, so it happened; and the queen bore a daughter so beautiful that the king could not contain himself for joy, and he ordained a great feast. Not only did he bid to it his relations, friends, and acquaintances, but also the wise women, that they might be kind and favourable to the child. There were thirteen of them in his kingdom, but as he had only provided twelve golden plates for them to eat from, one of them had to be left out. However, the feast was celebrated with all splendour; and as it drew to an end, the wise women stood forward to present to the child their wonderful gifts: one bestowed virtue, one beauty, a third riches, and so on, whatever there is in the world to wish for. And when eleven of them had said their say, in came the uninvited thirteenth, burning to revenge herself, and without greeting or respect, she cried with a loud voice,

"In the fifteenth year of her age the princess shall prick herself with a spindle and shall fall down dead."

And without speaking one more word she turned away and left the hall. Every one was terrified at her saying, when the twelfth came forward, for she had not yet bestowed her gift, and though she could not do away with the evil prophecy, yet she could soften it, so she said,

"The princess shall not die, but fall into a deep sleep for a hundred years."

Now the king, being desirous of saving his child even from this misfortune, gave commandment that all the spindles in his kingdom should be burnt up.

The maiden grew up, adorned with all the gifts of the wise women; and she was so lovely, modest, sweet, and kind and clever, that no one who saw her could help loving her.

It happened one day, she being already fifteen years old, that the king and queen rode abroad, and the maiden was left behind alone in the castle. She wandered about into all the nooks and corners, and into all the chambers and parlours, as the fancy took her, till at last she came to an old tower. She climbed the narrow winding stair which led to a little door, with a rusty key sticking out of the lock; she turned the key, and the door opened, and there in the little room sat an old woman with a spindle, diligently spinning her flax.

"Good day, mother," said the princess, "what are you doing?"

"I am spinning," answered the old woman, nodding her head.

"What thing is that that twists round so briskly?" asked the maiden, and taking the spindle into her hand she began to spin; but no sooner had she touched it than the evil prophecy was fulfilled, and she pricked her finger with it. In that very moment she fell back upon the bed that stood there, and lay in a deep sleep. And this sleep fell upon the whole castle; the king and queen, who had returned and were in the great hall fell fast asleep, and with them the whole court. The horses in their stalls, the dogs in the yard, the pigeons on the roof, the flies on the wall, the very fire that flickered on the hearth, became still, and slept like the rest; and the meat on the spit ceased roasting, and the cook, who was going to pull the scullion's hair for some mistake he had made, let him go, and went to sleep. And the wind ceased, and not a leaf fell from the trees about the castle.

Then round about that place there grew a hedge of thorns thicker every year, until at last the whole castle was hidden from view, and nothing of it could be seen but the vane on the roof. And a rumour went abroad in all that country of the

beautiful sleeping Rosamond, for so was the princess called; and from time to time many kings' sons came and tried to force their way through the hedge; but it was impossible for them to do so, for the thorns held fast together like strong hands, and the young men were caught by them, and not being able to get free, there died a lamentable death.

Many a long year afterwards there came a king's son into that country, and heard an old man tell how there should be a castle standing behind the hedge of thorns, and that there a beautiful enchanted princess named Rosamond had slept for a hundred years, and with her the king and queen, and the whole court. The old man had been told by his grandfather that many king's sons had sought to pass the thorn-hedge, but had been caught and pierced by the thorns, and had died a miserable death. Then said the young man, "Nevertheless, I do not fear to try; I shall win through and see the lovely Rosamond." The good old man tried to dissuade him, but he would not listen to his words.

For now the hundred years were at an end, and the day had come when Rosamond should be awakened. When the prince drew near the hedge of thorns, it was changed into a hedge of beautiful large flowers, which parted and bent aside to let him pass, and then closed behind him in a thick hedge. When he reached the castle-yard, he saw the horses and brindled hunting-dogs lying asleep, and on the roof the pigeons were sitting with their heads under their wings. And when he came indoors, the flies on the wall were asleep, the cook in the kitchen had his hand uplifted to strike the scullion, and the kitchen-maid had the black fowl on her lap ready to pluck. Then he mounted higher, and saw in the hall the whole court lying asleep, and above them, on their thrones, slept the king and the queen. And still he went farther, and all was so quiet that he could hear his own breathing; and at last he came to the tower, and went up the winding stair, and opened the door of the little room where Rosamond lay. And when he saw her looking so lovely in her sleep, he could not turn away his eyes; and presently he stooped and kissed her, and she awakened, and opened her eyes, and looked very kindly on him. And she rose, and they went forth together, and the king and the queen and whole court waked up, and gazed on each other with great eyes of wonderment. And the horses in the yard got up and shook themselves, the hounds sprang up and wagged their tails, the pigeons on the roof drew their heads from under their wings, looked round, and flew into the field, the flies on the wall crept on a little farther, the kitchen fire leapt up and blazed, and cooked the meat, the joint on the spit began to roast, the cook gave the scullion such a box on the ear that he roared out, and the maid went on plucking the fowl.

Then the wedding of the Prince and Rosamond was held with all splendour, and they lived very happily together until their lives' end.

—*Grimm's Fairy Tales.*

Hans in Luck.

Hans had served his master seven years, and at the end of the seventh year he said,

"Master, my time is up; I want to go home and see my mother, so give me my wages."

"You have served me truly and faithfully," said the master; "as the service is, so must the wages be," and he gave him a lump of gold as big as his head. Hans pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket and tied up the lump of gold in it, hoisted it on his shoulder, and set off on his way home. And as he was trudging along, there came in sight a man riding on a spirited horse, and looking very gay and lively. "Oh!" cried Hans aloud, "how splendid riding must be! sitting as much at one's ease as in

an arm-chair, stumbling over no stones, saving one's shoes and getting on one hardly knows how!"

The horseman heard Hans say this, and called out to him,

"Well Hans, what are you doing on foot?"

"I can't help myself," said Hans, "I have this great lump to carry; to be sure, it is gold, but then I can't hold my head straight for it, and it hurts my shoulder."

"I'll tell you what," said the horseman, "we will change; I will give you my horse, and you shall give me your lump of gold."

"With all my heart," said Hans; "but I warn you, you will find it heavy." And the horseman got down, took the gold, and, helping Hans up, he gave the reins into his hand.

"When you want to go fast," said he, "you must click your tongue and cry 'Gee-up!'"

And Hans, as he sat upon his horse, was glad at heart and rode off with merry cheer. After a while he thought he should like to go quicker, so he began to click with his tongue and to cry "Gee-up!" And the horse began to trot, and Hans was thrown before he knew what was going to happen, and there he lay in the ditch by the side of the road. The horse would have got away but that he was caught by a peasant who was passing that way and driving a cow before him. And Hans pulled himself together and got upon his feet, feeling very vexed. "Poor work, riding," said he, "especially on a jade like this, who starts off and throws you before you know where you are, going near to break your neck; never shall I try that game again; now, your cow is something worth having, one can jog on comfortably after her and have her milk, butter, and cheese every day, into the bargain. What would I not give to have such a cow!"

"Well now," said the peasant, "since it will be doing you such a favour, I don't mind exchanging my cow for your horse."

Hans agreed most joyfully, and the peasant, swinging himself into the saddle, was soon out of sight.

And Hans went along driving his cow quietly before him, and thinking all the while of the fine bargain he had made.

"With only a piece of bread I shall have everything I can possibly want, for I shall always be able to have butter and cheese to it, and if I am thirsty I have nothing to do but to milk my cow; and what more is there for heart to wish!"

And when he came to an inn he made a halt, and in the joy of his heart ate up all the food he had brought with him, dinner and supper and all, and bought half a glass of beer with his last two farthings. Then on he went again driving his cow, until he should come to the village where his mother lived. It was now near the middle of the day, and the sun grew hotter and hotter, and Hans found himself on a heath which it would be an hour's journey to cross. And he began to feel very hot, and so thirsty that his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

"Never mind," said Hans; "I can find a remedy. I will milk my cow at once." And tying her to a dry tree, and taking off his leather cap to serve for a pail, he began to milk, but not a drop came. And as he set to work rather awkwardly, the impatient beast gave him such a kick on the head with her hind foot that he fell to the ground, and for some time could not think where he was; when luckily there came by a butcher who was wheeling along a young pig in a wheelbarrow.

"Here's a fine piece of work!" cried he, helping poor Hans on his legs again. Then Hans related to him all that had happened; and the butcher handed him his pocket-flask, saying,

"Here, take a drink, and be a man again; of course the cow would give no milk; she is old and only fit to draw burdens, or to be slaughtered."

"Well, to be sure," said Hans, scratching his head. "Who would have thought it? of course it is a very handy way of getting meat when a man has a beast of his

own to kill; but for my part I do not care much about cow beef, it is rather tasteless. Now, if I had but a young pig, that is much better meat, and then the sausages!"

"Look here, Hans," said the butcher, "just for love of you I will exchange, and will give you my pig instead of your cow."

"Heaven reward such kindness!" cried Hans, and handing over the cow, received in exchange the pig, who was turned out of his wheelbarrow and was to be led by a string.

So on went Hans, thinking how everything turned out according to his wishes, and how, if trouble overtook him, all was sure to be set right directly. After a while he fell in with a peasant, who was carrying a fine white goose under his arm. They bid each other good-day, and Hans began to tell about his luck, and how he had made so many good exchanges. And the peasant told how he was taking the goose to a christening feast.

"Just feel how heavy it is," said he, taking it up by the wings; "it has been fattening for the last eight weeks; and when it is roasted, won't the fat run down!"

"Yes, indeed," said Hans, weighing it in his hand, "very fine to be sure; but my pig is not to be despised."

Upon which the peasant glanced cautiously on all sides, and shook his head.

"I am afraid," said he, "that there is something not quite right about your pig. In the village I have just left one had actually been stolen from the bailiff's yard. I fear, I fear you have it in your hand; they have sent after the thief, and it would be a bad look-out for you if it was found upon you; the least that could happen would be to be thrown into a dark hole."

Poor Hans grew pale with fright. "For heaven's sake," said he, "help me out of this scrape, I am a stranger in these parts; take my pig and give me your goose."

"It will be running some risk," answered the man, "but I will do it sooner than that you should come to grief." And so, taking the cord in his hand, he drove the pig quickly along a by-path, and lucky Hans went on his way home with the goose under his arm. "The more I think of it," said he to himself, "the better the bargain seems; first I get the roast goose; then the fat; that will last a whole year for bread and dripping; and lastly the beautiful white feathers which I can stuff my pillow with; how comfortably I shall sleep upon it, and how pleased my mother will be!"

And when he reached the last village, he saw a knife-grinder with his barrow; and his wheel went whirring round, and he sang,

"My scissors I grind, and my wheel I turn;
And all good fellows my trade should learn,
For all that I meet with just serves my turn."

And Hans stood and looked at him; and at last he spoke to him and said,

"You seem very well off, and merry with your grinding."

"Yes," answered the knife-grinder, "my handiwork pays very well. I call a man a good grinder who, every time he puts his hand in his pocket finds money there. But where did you buy that fine goose?"

"I did not buy it, but I exchanged it for my pig," said Hans.

"And the pig?"

"That I exchanged for a cow."

"And the cow?"

"That I exchanged for a horse."

"And the horse?"

"I gave for the horse a lump of gold as big as my head."

"And the gold?"

"Oh, that was my wage for seven years' service."

"You seem to have fended for yourself very well," said the knife-grinder. "Now, if you could but manage to have money in your pocket every time you put your hand in, your fortune is made."

"How shall I manage that?" said Hans.

"You must be a knife-grinder like me," said the man. "All you want is a grindstone, the rest comes of itself: I have one here; to be sure it is a little damaged, but I don't mind letting you have it in exchange for your goose; what say you?"

"How can you ask?" answered Hans. "I shall be the luckiest fellow in the world, for if I find money whenever I put my hand in my pocket, there is nothing more left to want."

And so he handed over the goose to the peddler and received the grindstone in exchange.

"Now," said the knife-grinder, taking up a heavy common stone that lay near him, "here is another proper sort of stone that will stand a good deal of wear and that you can hammer out your old nails upon. Take it with you, and carry it carefully."

Hans lifted up the stone and carried it off with a contented mind. "I must have been born under a lucky star!" cried he, while his eyes sparkled for joy. "I have only to wish for a thing and it is mine."

After a while he began to feel rather tired, as indeed he had been on his legs since daybreak; he also began to feel rather hungry, as in the fullness of his joy at getting the cow, he had eaten up all he had. At last he could scarcely go on at all, and had to make a halt every moment, for the stones weighed him down most unmercifully, and he could not help wishing that he did not feel obliged to drag them along. And on he went at a snail's pace until he came to a well; then he thought he would rest and take a drink of the fresh water. And he placed the stones carefully by his side at the edge of the well; then he sat down, and as he stooped to drink, he happened to give the stones a little push, and they both fell into the water with a splash. And then Hans, having watched them disappear, jumped for joy, and thanked his stars that he had been so lucky as to get rid of the stones that had weighed upon him so long without any effort of his own.

"I really think," cried he, "I am the luckiest man under the sun." So on he went, void of care, until he reached his mother's house.

—*Grimm's Fairy Tales.*

The Fox and the Grapes

One very warm day a fox came by a vineyard where some grapes were hanging, luscious and ripe.

"Now," said the fox, "I will have some nice sweet grapes to eat."

The vines, however, were run upon high trellises, so the fox was obliged to jump for the grapes. He found that they were just a little beyond his reach but he jumped and jumped until finally he was obliged to give up and sit down, tired out. He looked at the beautiful ripe grapes and licking his chops, said:

"Well what is the difference, anyway? I am sure those grapes are sour."

The Bundle of Sticks

A certain man had seven sons. Instead of living together pleasantly and in peace as a good family should they were always quarreling. The father tried his best to cure them of this habit but they continued to quarrel every time they were together.

One day he thought he would give them a lesson to remember, so he called his

sons to him. He had a bundle of seven sticks tied together. This he handed to the boys and asked them to try to break it. Each of them took the bundle and, trying their best, were unable to break it.

The father then took the bundle, untied the strings, and, taking each stick by itself, broke it easily.

"We could have done that, too," said the boys.

"This shows you," said the father, "how easy it is to break them if they are separate but how hard it is if they are tied together. If you boys always work together you can see how strong you will be; but if you are always quarreling and at odds how easy it will be for others to take advantage of you."

The Wind and the Sun

A dispute once arose between the wind and the sun as to which was the stronger.

"I know I am the stronger," said the wind, "for I am able to tear up the earth, break down the trees, and raise great waves that the ships are not able to weather."

"But I am sure I am the stronger," said the sun. "I bring the water from the ocean and carry it over the land to water the valleys. I parch the deserts and were it not for me there would be no light or summertime."

Thus they disputed but at last they decided to make a test.

"There comes a traveler," said the wind. "We will try our strength on him. The one who is able to make him take off his coat first will be judged the stronger."

"You may have the first chance," said the sun.

The wind began to blow with all his might. The traveler clasped his coat tightly about him but was able to keep it from blowing away. He finally ran into a little cave for shelter.

As soon as the wind had ceased blowing, having failed to make the traveler remove his coat, the sun came out and shone warmly upon him. The sun shone brighter and brighter and finally the traveler became so warm that he took off his coat, threw it on the ground, and sat down under a tree for shelter.

"I admit that you are the stronger," said the wind, "and it seems that you have gained your end by gentle persuasion where I have not been able to gain it by bluster and strength."

The Fox and the Crow

One day a crow had stolen a piece of cheese from out a window and had flown with it into a high tree and was eating it with great enjoyment. A fox coming along, spied the crow with the dainty morsel, and decided to have it for his own.

"O crow," said he, "how beautiful your wings are, how bright are your eyes, how graceful your neck! You have the breast of an eagle. Your talons are a match for all the beasts of the field. Is it not sad that you should only lack a voice?"

The crow was much pleased with this flattery and thought to herself, "I will surprise that fox by showing him I do have a voice." So she opened her mouth to let out a caw and of course the cheese dropped to the ground. This was what the fox was waiting for. He picked it up and went his way, and as he went remarked, "You may have plenty of beauty but you are quite lacking in brains."

The Dog and the Shadow

A dog had stolen a piece of meat from a butcher shop and was running with it across a plank that served as a bridge over a stream. When he was about half way across he happened to glance down and noticed his features in the water. They appeared to him like those of another dog carrying another piece of meat, and, as he was a

greedy fellow, he decided not only to have his own piece but the other as well. He grabbed at the meat but as he did so let go the piece in his mouth, which dropped into the water and was carried away.

"Well it served me right," said the dog, "by trying to get more than I was entitled to I have lost the piece that I had."

The Fox and the Stork

One day a fox invited a stork for dinner and, thinking to have some fun at the expense of the stork, provided some thin soup in a shallow dish. This the fox was able to lap up very readily but on account of the stork's long bill she was unable to get any of the dinner and of course went away hungry. The fox pretended to be very sorry that the stork did not seem to have more appetite and said, "I am afraid you are not satisfied with the way the soup is seasoned."

The stork did not say anything but made up her mind to get even with her friend, the fox. So she begged the fox to come to dinner with her on the following day. The next day the fox was on hand promptly expecting a good dinner. When the dinner was served he was astonished to find that it was served in a tall vessel with a long narrow neck. It was of course easy for the stork to thrust her long bill down this neck and eat the food but the fox was unable to get any of it, so all he could do was to lick the neck of the jar and, of course, went home hungry.

"I can hardly find fault with this entertainment," said the fox, "but it looks surely as if I had been paid back in my own coin."

The Dog in the Manger

A cross old dog had lain down in a manger full of hay and gone to sleep. After a while the horses and oxen came up and began to eat the hay but the dog woke and began to growl at them.

"Do you want to eat that hay?" said the oxen.

"Of course I don't," said the dog. "You don't think I eat hay, do you?"

"Then you will let us have it," said the oxen.

"No, I will not let you have it," said the dog.

"That is a fine way of doing things," said the oxen. "You will neither eat the hay or let us eat it."

The Hare and the Tortoise

A hare was making fun of a tortoise on account of the slowness of his pace. This, however, did not make the tortoise angry but he laughed and said, "I will run against you any day you name, and beat you, too."

"Come on," said the Hare. "You will soon see what my feet are made of."

So they agreed that they would start at once. The tortoise started off without a moment's stopping, and, while not going very fast, kept at it steadily. The hare thinking the whole matter was a joke said, "I might as well take a little nap first. It will not be difficult to overtake the tortoise after I have had my sleep."

While the hare was sleeping the tortoise plodded on and the hare, not waking up when he expected to, did not reach the goal until after the tortoise had been there some time.

"You see," said the tortoise, "that it is not swiftness that counts, but it is slow and steady that wins the race."

Belling the Cat

The mice in a certain house were much troubled by an old black cat.

"We can't get a thing to eat," said one little mouse.

"She always seems to be around when we are trying to steal something," said another.

"Let's frighten her away," said a third.

They discussed for some time how they could dispose of the old cat. One suggested that they bite her. Finally, one of the brightest of the mice said, "I have a plan. Let's hang a bell around her neck. Then we can hear her when she comes near."

"That is fine," said another.

"What a bright idea!" said the third.

"The only question is, who will tie the bell around the cat's neck," said the bright mouse.

Of course no one answered.

"I would be glad to," said one of the mice, "only one of my eyes is blind."

"I would," said another, "only I am lame in one leg where I was caught in a trap."

"I would," said a third, "only I have been deaf ever since that kettle fell on me."

Then the mice looked at each other and at last all crept away to their beds and the cat is still as free as before.

Good advice to be of any value must be practical.

Wolf! Wolf!

A boy was out tending a flock of sheep not far from a village and, as it was quite lonesome, he thought he would have some fun with some men who were working not far away. So he ran up to them in great excitement and shouted, "Wolf! Wolf!"

The men came hurrying to him to kill the wolf, but as they drew near, he merely laughed at them, telling them it was all a joke.

He had been so successful in this trick he thought he would try it the next day, and again the men came running out of breath as he shouted. They of course were angry the second time. The following day the wolf really came and the boy ran in great excitement crying, "Wolf! Wolf! The wolf is here!"

But the men had been fooled twice and, thinking it was only a joke, they laughed at him and would not come at once to help him. While they were delaying the wolf ate the sheep.

The boy thus learned, to his sorrow, that a liar is not to be believed even when he tells the truth.

The Ants and the Grasshopper

There was a family of ants that lived on a hillside. They had a little house and a little farm, too. There they toiled and worked and gathered their food to store away for winter. They were always working, gathering food and putting it away where they would have it when the warm summer days had passed.

A grasshopper lived in a field near by but he did not trouble to work. He sang and danced all day long. He laughed at the little ants for working so hard and said, "Why do you not dance and sing as I do?"

The ants answered, "If we don't work and save up food all summer what would we have to eat in the winter?"

The grasshopper laughed at them and said, "Oh! winter is a long way off. I'll work some day, but now I am going to dance."

By and by the summer was gone and one night it turned very cold. The ants ran into their houses and shut the door, but the grasshopper had been dancing and

singing all through the warm summer and never got around to do any work. Now it was so cold he did not have any pleasure in dancing and soon became very hungry as the snow was falling and there was nothing left to eat.

By and by he came to the door of the ants' house and rapped. The ants could not imagine who could be rapping at their door at this time, but finally one of them opened it a little crack and there stood the poor shivering grasshopper. The ants, however, did not feel like giving him any shelter or anything to eat, so they said to him, "Last summer you danced and sang while we worked. Now you may shiver while we are warm and have plenty to eat."

The Country Mouse and the Town Mouse

There was a country mouse who had a friend living in town. He thought on account of being acquainted a long time he would invite this friend to visit him in the country. By and by the town mouse came to visit his friend and the country mouse tried his best to make the visit pleasant and to show that he was glad to see him. While he did not have a great store of fine food, he brought forth everything he did have—peas and barley and cheese parings and nuts—so as to make his friend appear doubly welcome.

The town mouse ate a little but did not appear very hungry and at last said, "How is it, my good friend, that you can live in such a dull place as this? Why do you live like a toad in a hole? Where I live the streets are alive with teams and carriages and men while here there is nothing but solitary rocks and woods. It seems to me that you are wasting your time. You ought to make the most of your life while it lasts. A mouse, you know, does not live forever. Come on to town with me and I will show you how it is to live."

The city mouse had such fine manners and was such a good talker that the country mouse was quite dissatisfied with things and decided to pay a visit to his city friend.

Late one evening they entered the city quietly and finally reached the great house where the town mouse lived. Here were couches of velvet, carvings, and ivory and everything that showed the people were very rich. On the table were the remains of a banquet. Everything that the the city was able to provide had been furnished.

The city mouse invited his country friend to climb upon the table. They tasted a dish here and another dish there, the city mouse out-doing himself to make an impression on his country friend.

The country mouse pretended to be quite at home and thought surely he had been more than fortunate to have come to such a pleasant place. While they were enjoying themselves to the greatest extent and while the country mouse was thinking about the poor fare which he had left in the country and his humble home, the revelers burst into the room with great noise. The friends jumped from the table in great fear and hid themselves in the first corner they could reach. No sooner had they come out than they heard dogs barking and were driven back in greater fear than before.

At length when everything was quiet the country mouse crawled out and said good-bye to his friend.

"You are not going to leave," said the town mouse.

"Yes," replied the country mouse. "This fine way of living may do for those who like it, but I would rather have my barley bread and not be in fear of my life than to have these fine things."

MYTHS, LEGENDS AND HERO TALES.

Chickokee and Shakamah

After a long, long time the world began to cool. Then said Chickokee to Shakamah, "Now the dreadful fire and flood are over. The world is pleasant to live in. But let us not dwell here alone. Let us make more men like ourselves."

"Aye," said Shakamah, "it is well said, but do you know how?"

"Indeed," said Chickokee, "it is easy if one knows how. But first we must kill Waboosa, the Crow, Shawcoco, the Raven, and Tamdohka, the Turkey Buzzard, for these three are enemies to men. And there is but one way to kill them. It is to feign death. So go you into the wigwam and do not stir from it till you see me returning by yonder forest."

So Shakamah went into the wigwam and Chickokee went far away on the prairie and pretended to be dead. He spread his arms, closed his eyes, and let his tongue hang out.

When Waboosa, the Crow, Shawcoco, the Raven and Tamdohka, the Turkey Buzzard, saw this they said among themselves, "He is dead. Let us devour him."

So they flew down to earth and when they had made a stand on the ground they began to devour the great Chickokee. But no sooner had they begun than Chickokee caught them all in his arms. "I will make you what you most hate," he said, and he carried them all to the wigwam where Shakamah was waiting. "Pick off all the feathers," he commanded, "and do not lose one of them." So they plucked off all the feathers and they laid them away, three in each pile. Then they rested all night, and in the morning Shakamah and Chickokee took the feathers and they planted them three in each place many miles apart. They were gone many days and when they came back over the path they had traveled there were many villages and hundreds of men. And in each village there was a chief, a medicine man, and a mother from the three feathers they had planted there. And that is how the world of men began.

Persephone

The changes in the seasons were hard for the early Greek people to understand so they used to invent stories to account for them, making the gods the central figure in these stories. This is the story that the ancient Greeks would have told their children as to why we have the different seasons of the year.

Many years ago a happy child named Persephone wandered up and down the country all day long gathering flowers and grasses and singing her sweet songs as she ran about. The grass whispered to her and the flowers looked up to her with joy. Everybody loved her, for her coming always meant that warmth and beauty would be over all the land. Demeter, the mother of Persephone, was much beloved by the people of the earth, for with Demeter came the fruit and harvest and ripe grains. While Persephone was playing among the flowers Demeter was working hard in every land, but Persephone was not afraid nor was she lonely. She was the "Queen of Flowers" and the trees protected her and gave her shade when she was tired and fell asleep.

Pluto, the king of the underworld, also loved Persephone, and one day while she was sitting among the flowers she heard a great rumbling across the plain. It came nearer and nearer until finally it stopped just beneath Persephone's feet. The earth suddenly opened and there she saw a chariot of gold and silver drawn by six black horses and in the chariot sat the king. He leaned forth from the chariot and beckoned to the girl. He reached out and lifted her from the field and placed her on the seat beside him. Swiftly they drove away and before Persephone had time to think they went down deep into the earth to the home of King Pluto.

At the close of day Demeter came to look for her daughter. She asked the flowers but she was unable to find her and no one had seen where she had gone. The flowers had wilted and the trees had dropped their leaves and the branches stood bare against the sky.

"Someone has stolen my beautiful child," said poor Demeter. Then she grew angry and said to the gods, "I will not work any more in the harvest fields nor will I watch the grains or fruits until my child is restored to me."

She wrapped a black cloak about her and set out searching for her child. To the sun god she cried, "Surely you know all that has happened upon the earth. You must know what has happened to my child!"

The sun god replied, "I am surely distressed at your great sorrow, but all I know is, that as my chariot rolled over the fields at mid-day the earth broke open and the chariot of Pluto burst forth. It is he that has stolen your child away."

Demeter was now very angry and said, "I will have vengeance upon those who allowed my child to be thus taken from me."

She wrapped her dark cloak about her and wandered until finally she came to a fountain and threw herself on the grass to weep. For a whole year Demeter thus sat. The grass grew brown and died. The trees dropped their leaves. There was no fruit or flowers and there was great famine in the land.

"What do I care," said Demeter. "The people's loss is not so great as my own. If my child is brought back to me, then will I care for the people of the earth."

There was much distress among them. The people met and offered sacrifices. They begged of the gods that both Demeter and Persephone might be returned to the earth. Then Zeus sent his messenger, Hermes, to Pluto's kingdom and instructed him to allow Pluto to return to the earth. Old King Pluto was very angry and his face grew black and the earth rumbled and rocked. The people trembled and clung to each other fearing the earth would open and swallow them up. But Pluto did not dare disobey the demand of Zeus, even though he loved the beautiful Persephone and made her queen of all his kingdom. But before he allowed her to go he asked her to eat one little pomegranate seed. He knew if she did this she must some time return to him.

When Persephone reached the earth, everything was sad and dreary. She went at once to her mother who was still sitting by the fountain wrapped in her black robe.

At sight of Persephone, Demeter sprang to her feet and tears of joy ran down her face as she clasped her child to her breast. A change came over the earth. A new softness and sweetness was in the air. The grass began to grow green and the birds renewed their song.

"The flower queen is coming!" the grass whispered, and the trees and the birds all sang their welcome. For six months there was light and joy in the land. There were beautiful flowers and sweet fruits and grains in plenty. The people were busy and happy caring for their crops and filling their storehouses. The birds and the animals laid up their store for winter and the birds sang from morn till night.

One day there came a sharp, cold wind across the earth, but it did not bring sadness as it had before for the store-houses were full and there was no fear in the heart of men and animals. To Demeter, however, grief came again, for Persephone must return to the underworld. She had pledged Pluto that at the end of one-half year she would again go back to reign as queen in his kingdom.

"But do not grieve, dear mother. I am happy and Pluto is very kind to me, and he has promised that every half year I shall return to the earth to make you and it glad."

Just then they heard the rumbling of Pluto's chariot wheels and Pluto appeared and took Persephone away.

Persephone said, "In six months I shall come again so do not grieve."

Thus it is that we have six months of autumn and winter, and six months of

spring and summer when Persephone comes back to us to make the earth glad with fruits and flowers.

Thor

In the days of long ago the people of the earth tried to invent stories to account for the rain and the snow, the sunshine and seasons. Not alone among the Greeks was this the case but also among the Norse people of the Northland. While the Greek stories were tempered by the beautiful climate of Greece, the Norse stories, on the other hand, were rugged and harsh, due to the extremes of weather in the Northland. One of the stories deals with thunder and lightning, and with the god of these elements whom they called Thor.

Thor was the son of Odin and was a friend of gods and men. When the gods were in difficulty they called upon him, and when evil spirits played their tricks upon mankind Thor was the one who was looked to for deliverance.

Thor possessed a wonderful hammer which was named Mjolnir, "the smasher." When he threw it it would come back to his hand of its own accord. Thielfi, the swift runner, was his servant and did his errands for him.

The frost giants hated Thor. Whenever he would throw his wonderful hammer the thunder and the lightning would come and also the rain and showers. This the frost giants did not like and they tried their best to steal from Thor his magic hammer.

"Let us steal from Thor this hammer and thus take away his power," said Thrym, the greatest of the frost giants. "I will go to the city of Asgard and when the gods are asleep I will steal the hammer from Thor." So Thrym went to the city of Asgard and when the gods were asleep entered quietly and stole from Thor the magic hammer. As he entered, the gods all shivered while they were asleep but they did not realize what chilled them. In the morning there was frost over everything but the magic hammer was gone.

"Where is my hammer," shouted Thor when he awoke and found it was gone. "I think I know where it is. The frost giants have stolen it from me."

So he sent his servant to the castle of the frost giants, demanding that they return to him the hammer. The frost giants refused, but finally agreed that if Thor would send Freya, the Goddess of the Harvest, to them they would return the hammer. Thor's servant returned and told Thor what the giants had demanded.

"Bring me a dress," said Thor, "and I will go. Put a necklace upon my neck and a veil upon my head. Those stupid giants will not know that I am not Freya." Thor was dressed and set out in his chariot. The thunder rolled. The lightning flashed from Thor's eyes. By and by he came to the home of the frost giants. There was rejoicing among them for they thought Freya had arrived.

"Come, they said, let us have a feast. All the giants gathered at the call of the frost giants and there was a banquet in the huge castle hall. Thor sat through it all quiet and motionless, as he did not dare to speak nor raise his veil for fear the thunder would issue from his lips and lightning shoot from his eyes.

After they had finished their feast the giants demanded that the veil be raised from Freya's face but Thor's servant said, "No—not until the hammer is placed in her hands." Then they brought the hammer and placed it in the hands of Freya, as they supposed.

Just as Thor seized the hammer in his hands the thunder began to rumble and Thor sprang from his seat swinging the hammer right and left. The hills rocked. The giants were much frightened and ran behind the mountains and hid, for the air was white with lightning.

Then Thor called the chariot of the sun god and sped back to the city of the gods. Never again did the giants attempt to steal the hammer of the mighty Thor.

Apollo, the Sun God

Long ago when the earth was young there was darkness upon the earth. Then there came from Mount Olympus Leto, the beautiful, carrying in her arms a sunny-haired baby boy. To the people of the earth she said, "Let us dwell in your land and we will bring to you the light of day. If the sun god abide with you and you give him shelter I will bring you power and wealth, rich harvests and beautiful flowers."

The king of Greece answered her and said, "We know that all these things are promised to the lands where the sun god shall dwell, but we are afraid of you and your terrible beauty."

"We know that such a god is promised," said the king of Athens, "but how do we know that you are the mother of this wonderful god? We do not dare open our gates to you. Go away! Go away! and we will await the coming of Apollo."

Leto thus wandered from land to land, being refused a dwelling place until at last she came to the little barren island of Delos. This island was a very desolate place with barren fields and bleak wild mountains and rocky shores. The people of the island were poor and ignorant and the king had neither wealth nor power and was hardly known among the other peoples of the earth.

"Listen to my voice, good king," said Leto, "and let me dwell in your land and I will bring wealth and great power to your people. If you will welcome me and my child, the sun god Apollo, the island of Delos shall be a temple and to its altars shall come all the people of the earth bringing offerings."

"Surely this wonderful god Apollo would not care to dwell within our land," answered the king. "The soil is rocky, the mountains are bleak, and our people are fierce. This would certainly be an unhappy home for the fair Apollo."

But Leto continued to plead and the good king answered, "Let it never be said that we have failed to welcome any stranger that comes to our shores. Enter thou and thy child and rest in Delos."

Then Leto and Apollo entered the island of Delos and made it their home and for a time darkness grew deeper upon the island and the king and all his people slept, but they dreamed happy dreams, dreams of glory and power and splendor such as the earth had never known. After a time the king and people woke and upon the mountain tops they saw a new strange light shining behind the rocky pillars. The light grew brighter and upon the mountain tops stood Apollo, the sun god, with his hair shining like gold. He smiled upon plain and valley and they blossomed into brilliant color; grains and grasses waved in the wind and flowers and fruit sprang up everywhere. The whole land was filled with the richest colors and the sweetest odors, for Apollo, the sun god, had come and ever made his home in Delos and there was joy among the people of the island.

The Shipwreck of Ulysses.

At the stern of his solitary ship Ulysses sat, and steered right artfully. No sleep could seize his eyelids. He beheld the Pleiads, the Bear which by some is called the Wain, that moves round about Orion, and keeps still above the ocean, and the slow-setting sign Boötes, which some name the Wagoner.

Seventeen days had he held his course, and on the eighteenth the coast of Phæacia was in sight. The figure of the land, as seen from the sea, was pretty and circular, and looked something like a shield.

Neptune, returning from visiting his favorite Æthiopians, from the mountains of Solymi, descried Ulysses plowing the waves, his domain. The sight of the man he so much hated for the sake of Polyphemus, his son, whose eyes Ulysses had put out, set the gods heart on fire, and snatching into his hand his horrid sea scepter, the trident of his power, he smote the air and the sea, and conjured up all

his black storms, calling down night from the cope of heaven, and taking earth into the sea, as it seemed, with clouds, through the darkness and indistinctness which prevailed, the billows rolling up before the fury of the winds that contended together in their mighty sport.

Then the knees of Ulysses bent with fear, and then all his spirit was spent, and he wished that he had been among the number of his countrymen who fell before Troy, and had their funerals celebrated by all the Greeks, rather than to perish thus, where no man could mourn or know him.

As he thought these melancholy thoughts, a huge wave took him and washed him overboard, ship and all upset among the billows, he struggling afar off, clinging to her stern broken off which he yet held, her mast cracking in two with the fury of that gust of mixed winds that struck it. Sails and sailyards fell into the deep, and he himself was long drowned under water, nor could get his head above, wave so met wave, as if they strove which should depress him most; and the gorgeous garments given him by Calypso clung about him, and hindered his swimming.

Yet neither for this, nor for the overthrow of his ship, nor his own perilous condition, would he give up the drenched vessel; but, wrestling with Neptune, got at length hold of her again, and then sat in her hulk, exulting over death, which he had escaped, and the salt waves which he gave the sea again to give to other men: his ship, striving to live, floated at random, cuffed from wave to wave, hurled to and fro by all the winds: now Boreas tossed it to Notus, Notus passed it to Eurus, and Eurus to the West Wind, who kept up the horrid tennis.

Them in mad sport Ino Leucothea beheld; Ino Leucothea, now a sea goddess, but once a mortal and the daughter of Cadmus; she with pity beheld Ulysses the mark of their fierce contention, and rising from the waves alighted on the ship, in shape like to the sea bird which is called the cormorant, and in her beak she held a wonderful girdle made of seaweeds which grow at the bottom of the ocean.

This girdle she dropped at his feet; and the bird spoke to Ulysses, and counseled him not to trust any more to that fatal vessel against which Neptune had leveled his furious wrath, nor to those ill-befriending garments which Calypso had given him, but to quit both it and them, and trust for his safety to swimming.

"And here," said the seeming bird, "tie firmly about your waist this girdle, which has virtue to protect the wearer at sea, and you shall safely reach the shore; but, when you have landed, cast it far back from you into the sea."

He did as the sea bird instructed him; he stripped himself naked, and fastening the wondrous girdle about his waist, cast himself into the sea to swim. The bird dived past his sight into the fathomless abyss of the ocean.

Two days and nights he spent in struggling with the waves, though sore buffeted and almost spent, never giving himself up for lost, such confidence he had in the charm which he wore about his middle, and in the words of that divine bird.

But the third morning the winds grew calm, and all the heavens were clear. Then he saw himself nigh land, which he knew to be the coast of the Phæacians, a people good to strangers, and abounding in ships, by whose favor he doubted not that he should soon obtain a passage to his own country.

And such joy he conceived in his heart, as good sons have that esteem their father's life dear, when long sickness has held him down to his bed, and wasted his body, and they see at length health return to the old man, with restored strength and spirits, in reward of their many prayers to the gods for his safety— so precious was the prospect of home return to Ulysses, that he might restore health to his country (his better parent) that had long languished as full of distempers in his absence.

And then for his own sake he had joy to see the shores, the woods, so nigh and

within his grasp as they seemed; and he labored with all the might of hands and feet to reach with swimming that nigh-seeming land.

But when he approached near, a horrid sound of a huge sea beating against rocks informed him that here was no place for landing, nor any harbor for man's resort; but through the weeds and the foam which the sea belched up against the land he could dimly discover the rugged shore all bristled with flints, and all that part of the coast one impending rock that seemed impossible to climb, and the water all about so deep, that not a sand was there for any tired foot to rest upon.

Every moment he feared lest some wave more cruel than the rest should crush him against a cliff, rendering worse than vain all his landing; and should he swim to seek a more commodious haven farther on, he was fearful lest, weak and spent as he was, the winds would force him back a long way off into the main, where the terrible god Neptune,—for wrath that he had so nearly escaped his power, having gotten him again into his domain,—would send out some great whale to swallow him up alive; with such malignity he still pursued him.

While these thoughts distracted him with diversity of dangers, one bigger wave drove against a sharp rock his naked body, which it gashed and tore, and wanted little of breaking all his bones, so rude was the shock.

But in this extremity she prompted him that never failed him at need. Minerva (who is wisdom itself) put it into his thoughts no longer to keep swimming off and on, as one dallying with danger, but boldly to force the shore that threatened him. . . . She guided his wearied and well-nigh exhausted limbs to the mouth of the fair river Callirrhoë, which not far from thence disbursed its watery tribute to the ocean. Here the shores were easy and accessible, and the rocks, which rather adorned than defended its banks, were so smooth that they seemed polished of purpose to invite the landing of our sea wanderer, and to atone for the uncourteous treatment which those less hospitable cliffs had afforded him.

And the god of the river, as if in pity, stayed his current and smoothed his waters, to make easy the landing of Ulysses. . . .

So by favor of the river's god Ulysses crept to land, half drowned; both his knees faltering, his strong hands falling down through weakness from the excessive toils he had endured, his cheek and nostrils flowing with froth of the sea brine, much of which he swallowed in that conflict; voice and breath spent, down he sank as in death. Dead weary he was. It seemed that the sea had soaked through his heart, and the pains he felt in all his veins were little less than those which one feels that has endured the tortures of the rack.

But when his spirits came a little to themselves, and his recollection by degrees began to return, he rose up, and unloosing from his waist the girdle or charm which the divine bird had given him, and remembering the charge which he had received with it, he flung it from him into the river. Back it swam with the course of the ebbing stream till it reached the sea, where the fair hands of Ino Leucothea received it to keep it as a pledge of safety to any future shipwrecked mariner, that like Ulysses should wander in those perilous waves. . . .

Ulysses then bent his course to the nearest woods, where, entering in, he found a thicket, mostly of wild olives and such low trees, yet growing so intertwined and knit together that the moist wind had not leave to play through their branches, nor the sun's scorching beams to pierce their recesses, nor any shower to beat through, they grew so thick and as it were folded each in the other.

Here creeping in, he made his bed of the leaves which were beginning to fall, of which such was the abundance that two or three men might have spread them ample coverings, such as might shield them from the winter's rage, though the air breathed steel and blew as if it would burst.

Here, creeping in, he heaped up store of leaves all about him, as a man would pile billets upon a winter fire,—and lay down in their midst. Rich seed of virtue

lying hid in poor leaves! Here Minerva gave him sound sleep; and here all his long toils past seemed to be concluded and shut up within the little sphere of his refreshed and closed eyelids.

—*Homer.*

[Paraphrase by Charles Lamb; from the Translation by George Chapman.]

The Lost Camel

Once upon a time some Arabs were traveling with a camel. They stopped at an inn to get their dinner and while they were eating the camel wandered away. When they came out of the inn they were much excited and started out hurriedly in search of the animal.

Presently they met a dervish who as he drew near them asked, "Friends have you lost a camel?"

"Yes, we have," answered the Arabs.

"Was he lame in the left leg?" asked the dervish.

"Yes, our camel was lame in the left leg. Where did you see him?"

"Was he blind in the right eye?"

"Yes, truly he was blind in the right eye. Surely you must have been very close to him."

"Was his load honey on one side and wheat on the other?"

"Yes! Yes! Please take us to the place where you have this camel."

"Had he lost a front tooth?" asked the dervish.

"Yes, surely we know now you must have taken our camel or you would not know so much about him."

"I have not seen your camel," replied the dervish. "You had better go and hunt for him down the road."

"You do not mean to tell us that you have not seen our camel!" exclaimed the Arabs.

"I certainly have not," replied the dervish.

Then the Arabs seized the dervish and took him before the cadi, or judge, where they told what the dervish had said and demanded that he deliver to them their camel. The dervish replied to the judge, "I have not seen this camel."

"How then," said the judge, "if you have not seen this camel, do you know there is one lost?"

"I saw tracks of a camel in the road and I concluded he was alone as I did not see any man's tracks with him."

"How did you know that the camel was lame?"

"I saw that one foot made a lighter track than the others."

"How did you know that he was blind in the left eye?"

"Because he ate grass only from the right side of the path."

"Then tell me how you knew what his load was."

"I saw the ants carrying away some wheat from one side of the road and the bees were gathering where honey drops had fallen on the other."

"Then please tell me how you could know that he had lost a tooth."

"That was very easy to determine," replied the dervish, "for in the place where he had eaten the grass there was a little strip left that was not bitten off."

"You are free to go," said the cadi. "You have better eyes than most men and it is clear to me that you make very good use of them."

The Spartan Three Hundred.

This is the tale of the greatest deed of arms that was ever done. The men who fought in it were not urged by ambition or greed, nor were they soldiers who knew not why they went to battle. They warred for the freedom of their country, they

were few against many, they might have retreated with honor, after inflicting great loss on the enemy, but they preferred, with more honor, to die.

The Great King—as the Greeks called Xerxes, the Persian monarch—was leading the innumerable armies of Asia against the small and divided country of Greece. It was then split into a number of little States, not on good terms with each other, and while some were for war, and freedom, and ruin, if ruin must come, with honor, others were for peace and slavery.

The Greeks, who determined to resist Persia at any cost, met together at the Isthmus of Corinth, and laid their plans of defense. The Asiatic army, coming by land, would be obliged to march through a narrow pass called Thermopylæ, with the sea on one side of the road, and a steep and inaccessible precipice on the other. Here, then the Greeks made up their minds to stand. They did not know, till they had marched to Thermopylæ, that behind the pass there was a mountain path, by which soldiers might climb round and over the mountain, and fall upon their rear.

As the sea on the right hand of the Pass of Thermopylæ lies in a narrow strait, bounded by the island of Eubœa, the Greeks thought that their ships would guard their rear and prevent the Persians from landing men to attack it. Their army encamped in the Pass, having wide enough ground to maneuver in, between the narrow northern gateway, so to speak, by which the invaders would try to enter, and a gateway to the south. Their position was also protected by an old military wall, which they repaired.

The Greek general was Leonidas, the Spartan king. He chose three hundred men, all of whom had sons at home to maintain their families and to avenge them if they fell. Now the manner of the Spartans was this: to die rather than yield. However sorely defeated, or overwhelmed by numbers, they never left the ground alive and unvictorious, and as this was well known, their enemies were seldom eager to attack such resolute fighters.

Besides the Spartans, Leonidas led some three or four thousand men from other cities, and he was joined at Thermopylæ by the Locrians and a thousand Phocians. Perhaps he may have had six or eight thousand soldiers under him, while the Persians may have outnumbered them by the odds of a hundred to one. Why, you may ask, did not the Greeks send a stronger force?

The reason is very characteristic. They were holding their sports at the time, racing, running, boxing, jumping, and they were also about to be engaged in another festival. They would not omit or put off their games, however many thousand barbarians might be knocking at their gates. There is something boyish and something fine in this conduct; but we must remember, too, that the games were a sacred festival, and that the gods might be displeased if the games were omitted.

Leonidas, then, thought that at least he could hold the Pass till the games were over, and his countrymen could join him. But when he found, on arriving at Thermopylæ, that he would have to hold two positions, the Pass itself, and the mountain path, of whose existence he had not been aware, then some of his army wished to return home. But Leonidas refused to let them retreat, and bade the Phocians guard the path across the hills, while he sent home for reënforcements. He could not desert the people whom he had come to protect. Meanwhile the Greek fleet was also alarmed, but was rescued by a storm which wrecked many of the Persian vessels.

Xerxes was now within sight of Thermopylæ. He sent a horseman forward to spy out the Greek camp, and this man saw the Spartans amusing themselves with running and wrestling, and combing their long hair, outside the wall. They took no notice of him, and he, returning, told Xerxes how few they were, and how unconcerned.

Xerxes then sent for Demaratus, an exiled king of Sparta in his camp, and asked what these things meant. "O king!" said Demaratus, "this is what I told you of yore, when you laughed at my words. These men have come to fight you for the

Pass, and for that battle they are making ready, for it is our country fashion to comb and tend our hair when we are about to put our heads in peril."

Xerxes would not believe Demaratus. He waited four days, and then, in a rage, bade his best warriors, the Medes and Cissians, bring the Greeks into his presence. The Medes, who were brave men, and had their defeat at Marathon, ten years before, to avenge, fell on; but their spears were short, their shields were thin, and they could not break a way into the stubborn forest of bronze and steel.

In wave upon wave, all day long, they dashed against the Greeks, and left their best lying at the mouth of the Pass. "Thereby was it made clear to all men, and not least to the king, that men are many, but heroes are few."

Next day Xerxes called on his body guard, the Ten Thousand Immortals, and they came to close quarters, but got no more glory than the Medes. Thrice the king leaped from his chair in dismay as thrice the Greeks drove the barbarians in rout. And on the third day they had no better fortune.

But there was a man, a Malian, whose name is a scorn to this hour; he was called Ephialtes. He betrayed to Xerxes the secret of the mountain path, probably for money. He later fled to Thessaly with a price on his head; but he returned to Anticyra, and there he was slain by Athenades.

Then Xerxes was glad beyond measure when he heard of the path, and sent his men along the path by night. They found the Phocians guarding it, but the Phocians disgracefully fled to the higher part of the mountain. The Persians, disdaining to pursue them, marched to the pass behind the Spartan camp, and the Greeks were now surrounded in van and rear.

But news of this had come to Leonidas, and his army was not of one mind as to what they should do. Some were for retreating and abandoning a position which it was now impossible to hold. Leonidas bade them depart; but for him and his countrymen it was not honorable to turn their backs on any foe.

He sent away the soothsayer, or prophet, Megestias, but he returned, and bade his son go home. Thus there remained what was left of the Three Hundred, their personal attendants, seven hundred Thespians, some Thebans, about whose conduct it is difficult to speak with certainty, as accounts differ.

Leonidas, on this last day of his life, did not wait to be attacked in front and rear, but sallying into the open, himself assailed the Persians. They drove the barbarians like cattle with their spears; the captains of the barbarians drove them back on the spears with whips.

Many fell from the path into the sea, and there perished, and many more were trodden down and died beneath the feet of their own companions. But the spears of the Greeks at last broke in their hands, so they drew their swords, and rushed to yet closer quarters.

In this charge fell Leonidas, "the bravest man," says the Greek historian, "of men whose name I know," and he knew the names of all the Three Hundred. Over the body of Leonidas fell the two brothers of Xerxes, for they fought for the corpse, and four times the Greeks drove back the Persians.

Now came up the Persians with the traitor Ephialtes, attacking the Greeks in the rear. Now was their last hour come, so they bore the body of the king within the wall. There they occupied a little mound in a sea of enemies, and there each man fought till he died.

Among them all, none made a better end than Eurytus. He was suffering from a disease of the eyes, but he bade them arm him, and lead him into the thick of the battle. Of another, Dieneces, it is told, that hearing the arrows of the Persians would darken the sun, he answered, "Good news! we shall fight in the shade." One man only, Aristodemus, who was also suffering from a disease of the eyes, did not join his countrymen, but returned to Sparta. There he was scouted for a coward,

but, in the following year, he fell at Platæa, excelling all the Spartans in deeds of valor.

This is the story of the Three Hundred. The marble lion erected where Leonidas fell has perished; and perished has the column engraved with their names; but their glory is immortal.

—*Paraphrase from Herodotus.*

The First Voyage of Sinbad, the Sailor

I had a father, a merchant, who was one of the first in rank among the people and the merchants, and who possessed abundant wealth and ample fortune. He died when I was a young child, leaving to me wealth and buildings and fields; and when I grew up I put my hand upon the whole of the property, ate well and drank well, associated with the young men, wore handsome apparel, and passed my life with my friends and companions, feeling confident that this course would continue and profit me; and I ceased not to live in this manner for a length of time. I then returned to my reason, and recovered from my heedlessness, and found that my wealth had passed away, and my condition had changed, and all the money that I had possessed had gone.

Upon this, I resolved, and arose and bought for myself goods and commodities and merchandise, with such other things as were required for travel; and my mind had consented to my performing a sea voyage. So I entered in a ship, and it descended to the city of Balsora, with a company of merchants, and we traversed the sea for many days and nights. We had passed by island after island, and from sea to sea, and from land to land; and in every place by which we passed we sold and bought, and exchanged merchandise. We continued our voyage until we arrived at an island like one of the gardens of Paradise, and at that island the master of the ship brought her to anchor with us. He cast the anchor, and put forth the landing plank, and all who were in the ship landed upon that island. They had prepared for themselves fire pots, and they lighted the fires in them; and their occupations were various; some cooked; others washed; and others amused themselves.

But while we were thus engaged, lo, the master of the ship, standing upon its side, called out with his loudest voice: "Come up quickly into the ship, hasten to embark, and leave your merchandise, and flee with your lives, and save yourselves from destruction. For this apparent island, upon which ye are, is not really an island, but it is a great fish that hath become stationary in the midst of the sea, and the sand hath accumulated upon it, so that it hath become like an island, and trees have grown upon it since the times of old. And when ye lighted upon it the fire, it felt the heat, and put itself in motion, and now it will descend with you into the sea, and ye will all be drowned; then seek for yourselves escape before destruction, and leave the merchandise!"

The passengers, therefore, hearing the words of the master of the ship, hastened to go up into the vessel, leaving the merchandise, and their other goods, and their copper cooking pots, and their fire pots; and some reached the ship, and others reached it not. I was among the number of those who remained behind upon the island, so I sank in the sea with the rest who sank. But God delivered me and saved me from drowning, and supplied me with a great wooden bowl, of the bowls in which the passengers had been washing, and I laid hold upon it and got into it, induced by the sweetness of life, and beat the water with my feet as with oars, while the waves sported with me, tossing me to the right and left. The master of the vessel had caused her sails to be spread, and pursued his voyage with those who had embarked, not regarding such as had been submerged and I ceased not to look at that vessel until it was concealed from my eye.

I made sure of destruction, and night came upon me while I was in this state;

but I remained so a day and a night, and the winds and the waves aided me until the bowl came to a stoppage with me under a high island whereupon were trees overhanging the sea. I threw myself upon the island like one dead, and was unconscious of my existence, and drowned in my stupefaction, and I ceased not to remain in this condition until the next day. The sun having then risen upon me, I awoke upon the island, and found that my feet were swollen, and that I had become reduced to the state in which I then was. Awhile I dragged myself along in a sitting posture. and then I crawled upon my knees. And there were in the island fruits in abundance, and springs of sweet water. I therefore ate of those fruits; and I ceased not to continue in this state for many days and nights.

Thus I remained until I walked, one day, upon the shore of the island, and there appeared unto me an indistinct object in the distance. I imagined that it was a wild beast, or one of the beasts of the sea; and I walked toward it, ceasing not to gaze at it; and, lo, it was a mare, of superb appearance picketed in a part of the island by the seashore. I approached her; but she cried out against me with a great cry, and I trembled with fear of her, and was about to return, when, behold, a man came forth beneath the earth, and he called to me and pursued me, saying to me, "who art thou, and whence hast thou come, and what is the cause of thine arrival in this place?" So I answered him, "O my master, know that I am a stranger, and I was in a ship, and was submerged in the sea with certain others of the passengers; but God supplied me with a wooden bowl, and I got into it, and it bore me along until the waves cast me upon this island." And when he heard my words, he laid hold of my hand, and said to me, "Come with me." I therefore went with him, and he descended with me into a grotto beneath the earth, and conducted me into a large subterranean chamber, and, having seated me at the upper end of the chamber, brought me some food. I was hungry; so I ate until I was satiated and contented, and my soul became at ease. Then he asked me respecting my case, and what had happened to me wherefore I acquainted him with my whole affair from beginning to end, and he wondered at my story.

And when I had finished my tale, I said, "I have acquainted thee with the truth of my case, and of what hath happened to me, and I desire of thee that thou inform me who thou art, and what is the cause of thy dwelling in this chamber that is beneath the earth." So he replied: "Know that we are a party dispersed in this island, upon its shores, and we are the grooms of the King Mihrage, having under our care all his horses. I will take thee with me to the King Mihrage, and divert thee with the sight of our country." And shortly after his companions came. They drew near to me and spread the table and ate, and invited me; so I ate with them, after which they arose and mounted the horses, taking me with them, having mounted me on a mare.

We commenced our journey. and proceeded without ceasing, until we arrived in the city of the King Mihrage, and they went in to him, and acquainted him with my story. He therefore desired my presence, and they took me in to him, and stationed me before him; whereupon I saluted him, and he returned my salutation and welcomed me, greeting me in an honorable manner, and inquired of me respecting my case. So I informed him of all that had happened to me, and of all that I had seen from beginning to end. Then he treated me with beneficence and honor, caused me to draw near to him, and began to cheer me with conversation and courtesy; and he made me his superintendent of the seaport, and registrar of every vessel that came to the coast. . . . I ceased not to remain in his service for a long time; and whenever I went to the shore, I used to inquire of the merchants and travelers and sailors respecting the direction of the city of Bagdad, that perchance some one might inform me of it, and I might go with him thither and return to my country; but none knew it. At this I was perplexed, and I was weary of the length of my absence from home.

I stood one day upon the shore of the sea, with a staff in my hand, as was my custom, and lo, a great vessel approached, wherein were many merchants; and when it arrived at the harbor of the city and its place of anchoring, the master furled its sails, brought it to an anchor by the shore, and put forth the landing plank; and the sailors brought out everything that was in the vessel to the shore. They were slow in taking forth the goods, while I stood writing their account, and I said to the master of the ship, "Doth aught remain in thy vessel?" He answered, "Yes, O my master; I have some goods in the hold of the ship, but their owner was drowned in the sea at one of the islands during our voyage hither, and his goods are in our charge; so we desire to sell them, and to take a note of their price, in order to convey it to his family in the city of Bagdad, the Abode of Peace." I therefore said to the master, "What was the name of that man, the owner of the goods?" He answered, "His name was Sinbad the Sailor, and he was drowned on his voyage with us in the sea." And when I heard his words, I looked at him with a scrutinizing eye, and recognized him; and I cried out at him with a great cry, and said: "O master, know that I am the owner of the goods which thou hast mentioned, and I am Sinbad the Sailor, who descended upon the island from the ship, with the other merchants who descended. Therefore these goods that thou hast are my goods and my portion."

But the master said: "Because thou heardest me say that I had goods whose owner was drowned, therefore thou desirest to take them without price; and this is unlawful to thee; for we saw him when he sank, and there were with him many of the passengers, not one of whom escaped. How, then, dost thou pretend that thou art the owner of the goods?"

So I said to him: "O master, hear my story, and understand my words, and my veracity will become manifest to thee; for falsehood is a characteristic of the hypocrites." Then I related to him all that I had done from the time I went forth with him from the city of Bagdad until we arrived at that island upon which we were submerged in the sea, and I mentioned to him some circumstances that occurred between me and him. Upon this, therefore, the master and the merchants were convinced of my veracity, and recognized me, and they congratulated me on my safety. Then they gave me the goods and I found my name written upon them, and naught of them were missing. So I opened them, and took forth from them something precious and costly; the sailors of the ship carried it with me, and I went up to the King to offer it as a present, and informed him that this ship was the one in which I was a passenger. And the King wondered extremely; my veracity in all that I had said became manifest to him, and he loved me greatly, and treated me with exceeding honor, giving me a large present.

Then I sold my bales, as well as the other goods that I had, and gained upon them abundantly. And when the merchants of the ship desired to set forth on their voyage, I stowed all that I had in the vessel, and, going in to the King, thanked him for his beneficence and kindness; after which I begged him to grant me permission to depart on my voyage to my country and my family. So he bade me farewell, and gave me an abundance of things at my departure of the commodities of that city; and when I had taken leave of him, I embarked in the ship. We ceased not to prosecute our voyage night and day until we arrived in safety at the city of Balsora. There we landed, and remained a short time, and I rejoiced at my safety and my return to my native country; and after that I repaired to the city of Bagdad, the Abode of Peace.

—*Arabian Night.*

HISTORY STORIES.

The Boston Tea Party

Many years ago when this country was still a colony of England, the same as Canada is today, there occurred a very peculiar tea party which was held in the harbor of the city of Boston.

In those days there was a great deal of discontent in this country because the English insisted on placing taxes on products that were used by the American colonists and would not allow the colonists to send any representative to the English parliament. This was what was termed "taxation without representation." There was so much complaint on the part of the colonists that the English feared there would be a rebellion and thinking to soothe them they took off the tax on everything except tea. This was simply to let the colonists know that they still held the power to tax them.

It was just this point that made the colonists angry. They did not object so much to paying the tax as they did to the idea of taxation. They refused to use the tea. In some places it was stored in damp cellars where it was damaged; in other places it was returned, the shipment not being allowed to land; but in Boston they handled the matter differently and that is what our story is about.

One day it became noised about that a large shipload of tea was entering the harbor. A meeting was called in Faneuil Hall where there were many lively speeches and the people decided they would never allow the tea to be brought ashore. Toward evening, as the vessel was seen slowly nearing the wharf there was no indication that anything unusual might happen, but just as they were about to tie the ship up there was a sudden warwhoop and a band of Indians, running and yelling and waving their tomahawks, boarded the vessel. They swarmed all over the deck, went down into the hold and brought out the chests of tea, and with a great deal of whooping dumped the tea overboard into the harbor. After the chests were all emptied the Indians suddenly grew quiet, and as they came from the deck stood about in an ordinary way on the wharf. It was then to be seen these men were not Indians at all, but only the men of Boston in disguise.

On their way home it is reported they passed the house where Admiral Montague was spending the evening. As the band filed past he raised the window and shouted, "Well, boys, you have had a fine night for your Indian capers, but remember you have got to pay the fiddler yet." One of the leaders replied, "Never mind, squire, just come out here now and we will settle the bill inside of a minute." The admiral was willing to let the bill stand and quickly shut the window.

Such was one of the important events that happened previous to the American Revolution. A little over two years later the colonists signed what is known as the "Declaration of Independence," which, followed up by the Revolutionary War, resulted in the United States becoming a free and independent nation.

The Capture of the Hessians

During the early part of the Revolutionary War matters had been going from bad to worse. Washington's army had met with defeat, was very poorly equipped, and suffered greatly from cold and hunger. Washington felt that something must be done to encourage his men, otherwise they would become discouraged with the cold weather so close at hand.

At Trenton just across the Delaware from where Washington's troops were camping, there was a body of Hessian troops, hired by the English to fight against the colonists. Washington knew that these Hessians were very likely to spend Christmas Eve in a great celebration and would not be looking for an attack, so he determined to cross the river and attack the Hessians on Christmas Day.

The night before was a cold and rainy night and the river was full of broken ice. In the darkness it seemed almost impossible to cross, but Washington and his soldiers were used to hardships and did not let such obstacles stop them.

At four o'clock in the morning the last boatload of men was landed on the opposite shore. They crept noiselessly along the bank and suddenly burst upon the unwary enemy who were sound asleep after their revelry. The Hessians were captured almost before they could open their eyes. Washington lost but ten men and captured almost 1,000 of the Hessians, besides large quantities of supplies. The Hessians were sent into central Pennsylvania where they were kept as prisoners among the German settlers who treated them very kindly.

General Cornwallis, when he heard of this surprise, determined he would not allow Washington and his army to go without punishment. "Just show me this Washington's camp," said the general, "and we will take it in the morning."

Washington knew that there was danger of an attack from Cornwallis, so, like the good soldier he was, he decided he would not allow his army to be attacked. Taking the lead himself they set out in the blackness of the night over the snow to attack the British forces at Princeton. The British were so surprised that they were routed, and, by the time Cornwallis awoke, Washington had retreated with 200 of the British captured.

These two victories were a great encouragement to the colonists at this time when everything looked so dark, and as a result the army and the people were very proud of General Washington.

Benedict Arnold

In all history there is no character that is more contemptible, nor one for whom we have less respect, than the man who will betray his trust or his country.

In the history of the United States we have one conspicuous example of a man who turned traitor. This man, as everybody knows, is Benedict Arnold. Benedict Arnold was one of the most daring men during the early years of the Revolution. He was brave and brilliant, but possessed the ignoble qualities of being jealous and treacherous. Due, however, to some difference of opinion between himself and General Washington, he began to plot against his superiors and against his country

On account of Arnold's brilliant victories and military skill he was given command of one of the best points held by the Americans, namely, West Point. It seems that before he was given this point he had already begun to plot its surrender into the hands of the British, their commander being Sir Henry Clinton. The British offered him 10,000 pounds in British gold for the surrender of this fortress. To perfect the plans for the carrying out of the deed, Major André was sent to West Point to visit Arnold and make definite arrangements. He reached the American line, received the papers from Arnold in which the plans for the fort and capture of it were written, and, putting these in his stockings, started back of the British line.

He had just passed the American line at West Point and had reached Tarrytown on his way to New York, when he was stopped by three Americans. He asked them where they belonged and they replied, "down below." André, thinking they were friends, told them he was a British officer on important business and asked to be allowed to pass. This, however, was just the information they were after, so they told him he was their prisoner. André produced his pass and offered bribes of his watch, purse, and other gifts if they would allow him to pass. They, however, began to search him for any papers which he might be carrying. At last they found what they were looking for in his stockings, so, taking the papers and the prisoner, they went to the American camp.

André, being a true soldier and wishing, of course, to protect Arnold as much

as possible, asked permission to send word to him. This he did, informing him of his capture and the failure of the plans. Upon receipt of this message Arnold left the fort and escaped to the British line and put himself under the British General Clinton. André was sentenced to be hanged as a spy. He asked the privilege of being shot instead, but this privilege was not granted him, chiefly because prior to this time the British had executed by hanging the American spy, Nathan Hale.

Arnold for the remainder of this war fought on the English side and at its close went to reside in England. He, however, did not have the respect of the English, as they feared he was likely to be a traitor to them as he had been to the Americans. He might truly be said to be a man without a country. His condition is vividly described by Edward Everett Hale in the story entitled "The Man Without a Country."

A Letter By Christopher Columbus.

Knowing that it will afford you pleasure to learn that I have brought my undertaking to a successful termination, I have decided upon writing you this letter to acquaint you with all the events which have occurred in my voyage, and the discoveries which have resulted from it. Thirty-three days after my departure from Cadiz I reached the Indian sea, where I discovered many islands, thickly peopled, of which I took possession without resistance in the name of our most illustrious Monarchs, by public proclamation and with unfurled banners. To the first of these islands, which is called by the Indians Guanahani, I gave the name of the blessed Savior (San Salvador), relying upon whose protection I had reached this as well as the other islands.

As soon as we arrived at that, which as I have said was named Juana, I proceeded along its coast a short distance westward, and found it to be so large and apparently without termination, that I could not suppose it to be an island, but the continental province of Cathay.

In the meantime I had learned from some Indians whom I had seized, that country was certainly an island; and therefore I sailed toward the east, coasting to the distance of three hundred and twenty-two miles, which brought us to the extremity of it; from this point I saw lying eastwards another island, fifty-four miles distant from Juana, to which I gave the name Española.

All these islands are very beautiful, and distinguished by a diversity of scenery; they are filled with a great variety of trees of immense height, and which I believe to retain their foliage in all seasons; for when I saw them they were as verdant and luxurious as they usually are in Spain in the month of May,—some of them were blossoming, some bearing fruit, and all flourishing in the greatest perfection, according to their respective stages of growth, and the nature and quality of each; yet the islands are not so thickly wooded as to be impassable. The nightingale and various birds were singing in countless numbers, and that in November, the month in which I arrived there.

The inhabitants are very simple and honest, and exceedingly liberal with all they have; none of them refusing anything he may possess when he is asked for it, but on the contrary inviting us to ask them. They exhibit great love toward all others in preference to themselves: they also give objects of great value for trifles, and content themselves with very little or nothing in return. I, however, forbade that these trifles and articles of no value (such as pieces of dishes, plates, and glass, keys, and leather straps) should be given to them, although, if they could obtain them, they imagined themselves to be possessed of the most beautiful trinkets in the world. It even happened that a sailor received for a leather strap as much gold as was worth three golden nobles, and for things of more trifling value offered by our men, especially newly coined blancas, or any gold coins, the Indians would give whatever the seller required.

On my arrival I had taken some Indians by force from the first island that I came to, in order that they might learn our language. These men are still traveling with me, and although they have been with us now a long time, they continue to entertain the idea that I have descended from heaven; and on our arrival at any new place they published this, crying out immediately with a loud voice to the other Indians, "Come, come and look upon beings of a celestial race": upon which both men and women, children and adults, young men and old, when they got rid of the fear they at first entertained, would comé out in throngs, crowding the roads to see us, some bringing food, others drink, with astonishing affection and kindness.

Although all I have related may appear to be wonderful and unheard of, yet the results of my voyage would have been more astonishing if I had had at my disposal such ships as I required. But these great and marvelous results are not to be attributed to any merit of mine, but to the holy Christian faith, and to the piety and religion of our Sovereigns; for that which the unaided intellect of man could not compass, the spirit of God has granted to human exertions, for God is wont to hear the prayers of his servants who love his precepts even to the performance of apparent impossibilities.

Thus it has happened to me in the present instance, who have accomplished a task to which the powers of mortal men had never hitherto attained; for if there have been those who have anywhere written or spoken of these islands, they have done so with doubts and conjectures, and no one has ever asserted that he has seen them, on which account their writings have been looked upon as little else than fables. Therefore let the king and queen, our princes and their most happy kingdoms, and all other provinces of Christendom, render thanks to our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, who has granted us so great a victory and such prosperity.

Exploring the Columbia River.

While various companies were pushing their enterprises far and wide in the wilds of Canada, and along the course of the great western waters, other adventurers, intent on the same objects, were traversing the watery wastes of the Pacific and skirting the northwest coast of America. The last voyage of that renowned but unfortunate discoverer, Captain Cook, had made known the vast quantities of the sea otter to be found along that coast, and the immense prices to be obtained for its fur in China. It was as if a new gold coast had been discovered. Individuals from various countries dashed into this lucrative traffic, so that in the year 1792 there were twenty-one vessels under different flags, plying along the coast and trading with the natives. The greater part of them were American, and owned by Boston merchants.

Among the American ships which traded along the northwest coast in 1792, was the *Columbia,* Captain Gray, of Boston. In the course of her voyage she discovered the mouth of a large river in lat. 46° 19′ north. Entering it with some difficulty, on account of sand bars and breakers, she came to anchor in a spacious bay. A boat was well manned, and sent on shore to a village on the beach, but all the inhabitants fled excepting the aged and infirm. The kind manner in which these were treated, and the presents given to them, gradually lured back the others, and a friendly intercourse took place. They had never seen a ship or a white man. When they had first descried the *Columbia,* they had supposed it a floating island; then some monster of the deep; but when they saw the boat putting for shore with human beings on board, they considered them cannibals sent by the Great Spirit to ravage the country and devour the inhabitants.

Captain Gray did not ascend the river farther than the bay, which continues to bear his name. After putting to sea he fell in with the celebrated discoverer, Van-

couver, and informed him of his discovery, furnishing him with a chart which he had made of the river. Vancouver visited the river, and his lieutenant explored it by the aid of Captain Gray's chart; ascending it upward of one hundred miles, until within view of a snowy mountain, to which he gave the name of Mount Hood, which it still retains.

The existence of this river, however, was known long before the visits of Gray and Vancouver, but the information concerning it was vague and indefinite, being gathered from the reports of the Indians. It was spoken of by travelers as the Oregon, and as the great river of the West. A Spanish ship is said to have been wrecked at the mouth, several of the crew of which lived for some time among the natives. The *Columbia,* however, is believed to be the first ship that made a regular discovery and anchored within its waters, and it has since generally borne the name of that vessel.

In the meantime the attention of the American government was attracted to the northwest, and the memorable expedition under Messrs. Lewis and Clarke fitted out. These gentlemen, in 1804, accomplished the enterprise which had been projected. They ascended the Missouri, passed through the stupendous gates of the Rocky Mountains, hitherto unknown to white men; discovered and explored the upper waters of the Columbia, and followed that river down to its mouth, where their countryman, Gray, had anchored about twelve years previously.

Here they passed the winter, and returned across the mountains in the following spring. The reports published by them of their expedition demonstrated the practicability of establishing a line of communication across the continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.

It was then that the idea presented itself to the mind of Mr. Astor, of grasping with his individual hand this great enterprise, which for years had been dubiously yet desirously contemplated by powerful associations and maternal governments. For some time he revolved the idea in his mind, gradually extending and maturing his plans as his means of executing them augmented.

The main feature of his scheme was to establish a line of trading posts along the Missouri and the Columbia, to the mouth of the latter, where was to be founded the chief trading house or mart. Inferior posts would be established in the interior, and on all the tributary streams of the Columbia, to trade with the Indians; these posts would draw their supplies from the main establishment, and bring to it the peltries they collected.

Coasting craft would be built and fitted out, also, at the mouth of the Columbia, to trade at favorable seasons, all along the northwest coast, and return, with the proceeds of their voyages, to this place of deposit. Thus all the Indian trade, both of the interior and the coast, would converge to this point, and thence derive its sustenance. A ship was to be sent annually from New York to this main establishment with reënforcements and supplies, and with merchandise suited to the trade. It would take on board the furs collected during the preceding year, carry them to Canton, invest the proceeds in the rich merchandise of China, and return thus freighted to New York.

Such is the brief outline of the enterprise projected by Mr. John Jacob Astor, but which continually expanded in his mind. Indeed, it is due to him to say that he was not actuated by mere motives of individual profit. He was already wealthy beyond the ordinary desires of man, but he now aspired to that honorable fame which is awarded to men of similar scope of mind, who by their great commercial enterprises have enriched nations, peopled wildernesses, and extended the bounds of empire.

He considered his projected establishment at the mouth of the Columbia as the emporium of an immense commerce; as a colony that would form the germ of a wide civilization; that would, in fact, carry the American population across the Rocky

Mountains and spread it along the shores of the Pacific, as it already animated the shores of the Atlantic.

Mr. Astor now prepared to carry his scheme into prompt execution. He had some competition, however, to apprehend and guard against. The Northwest Company had pushed one or two advanced trading posts across the Rocky Mountains. To prevent any contest with that company, therefore, he made known his plan to its agents, and proposed to interest them, to the extent of one third, in the trade thus to be opened.

Some correspondence and negotiation ensued. The company were aware of the advantages which would be possessed by Mr. Astor should he be able to carry his scheme into effect; but they anticipated a monopoly of the trade beyond the mountains, and were loath to share it with an individual who had already proved a formidable competitor in the Atlantic trade. They hoped, too, by a timely move, to secure the mouth of the Columbia before Mr. Astor would be able to put his plans into operation; and, that key to the internal trade once in their possession, the whole country would be at their command. After some negotiation and delay, therefore, they declined the proposition that had been made to them, but subsequently dispatched a party for the mouth of the Columbia, to establish a post there before any expedition sent out by Mr. Astor might arrive.

In the meantime Mr. Astor, finding his overtures rejected, proceeded fearlessly to execute his enterprise in face of the whole power of the Northwest Company. His main establishment once planted at the mouth of the Columbia, he looked with confidence to ultimate success. Being able to reënforce and supply it amply by sea, he would push his interior posts in every direction up the rivers, and along the coast; supplying the natives at a lower rate, and thus gradually obliging the Northwest Company to give up the competition, and retire to the other side of the mountains. He would then have possession of the trade, not merely of the Columbia and its tributaries, but of the regions farther north, quite to the Russian possessions. Such was a part of his brilliant and comprehensive plan.

From "Astoria," by Washington Irving.

MISCELLANEOUS STORIES.

David and Goliath.

In the days of Saul, the king, the Philistines came to fight against the Israelites. They pitched their tents upon the side of a high mountain and the Israelites pitched their tents on the mountain across the valley.

The leader of the Philistines was a giant named Goliath. He was taller than any man the Israelites had ever seen. He wore a thick armor of brass and bore a sword and spear, and a shield so heavy that no other man could lift it from the ground. This giant would go out each day toward the Israelites and cry, "Why do you fight against us? Choose a man from among you and let him kill me if he can." The Israelites trembled when they heard the giant's voice, and no man dared to go out and meet him.

While this was going on, David was watching his father's sheep. One day his father said to him, "Leave thy sheep today, and see how it fares with thy brothers. Carry to them this corn and barley and to their leader take these ten cheeses."

David hurried away and soon came to where the army lay. As he drew near he heard a great shouting for the Israelites were about to go into battle. Just at this time Goliath again came out and shouted, "Why do you fight against us? Send out one man from among you and let him kill me if he can." At this all the Israelites

were afraid and drew back. "Who is this Philistine who can frighten the Israelites, the chosen people of God?" David cried.

When David's brothers heard what David said, they were angry and said, "What know you of battle? You are but a tender of sheep." However, someone told Saul what David had said and as Saul was ready for any assistance that would offer itself, asked to have David brought into his presence. When David came to Saul he said, "Fear not this Philistine, I, myself, will go out and fight him." But Saul said to him, "Thou art but a mere boy. Thou art not used to battle and this giant is armed with sword and spear." But David replied, "It is true I know little of battle and am not used to sword and spear, but I am not weak. One day a lion and bear came to my flock and I took away the lamb and slew the lion and bear, for it was God who gave me the power and so will he help me slay this giant." Saul said, "Go, and may the Lord be with thee." Then Saul took his own sword and spear and gave them to David, but David would not take them. "I know not how to use them," he said, and he put them off from him.

Then David taking his sling chose five smooth stones from the brook, put them in his shepherd's bag, and went out to meet Goliath. When Goliath saw David he laughed heartily and said, "Hast thou come out to kill me? Come, let me give thy body to the birds for food." But David was not frightened. He called back to the giant and said, "Thou come'st to me with sword and spear, but I come to you in the name of the God of Israel. He will give me power to conquer and slay thee and He will give thee into my hands." With these words David ran out to meet Goliath. He put a stone in the sling and shot at the giant. It hit the giant in the forehead so he fell to the ground stunned.

Then David ran and took the giant's sword and cut off his head and held it up before the people. The Philistines were seized with terror when they saw their leader was fallen, and turned and fled, and the Israelites, greatly rejoicing, followed them through the forests and across the plains, slaying many. Then Saul took the head of Goliath to Jerusalem and there was a great feast held in honor of the victory.

Joseph and His Brethren.

Jacob had twelve sons, but the one among them whom he loved the most was Joseph. The older sons were jealous because Jacob seemed to favor Joseph more than he did them.

Jacob had given Joseph a coat of many colors and because of this and because of their father's favor to Joseph the elder brothers decided to kill the boy.

One night Joseph had a vision. He dreamed that eleven stars came before him and bowed themselves to the ground, and a voice said, "So shall thy brethren bow before thee." Joseph unfortunately told this dream to his brothers and this made them more angry than usual.

One day Jacob sent Joseph to his brothers who were out in the mountains tending their sheep many miles from home. As the brothers saw Joseph they said among themselves, "Here comes our dreamer. He is the one that is to reign over us." Then the oldest brothers said, "Let us kill him and cast him into a pit." But Reuben, not wishing to be guilty of the death of his brother, urged that they cast him into the pit and tell his father that the wild beasts had slain him. So they took Joseph and cast him into a pit and, killing a kid, dipped the coat in the kid's blood and took it back to Jacob. Just before going back a company of traders who were on their way to Egypt came by and, thinking in this way to dispose of Joseph, they drew him out of the pit and sold him to the traders, who took him to Egypt as a slave.

Jacob was much grieved at the supposed death of his son, but the brothers did not care for his grief and thought they were well rid of the brother of whom they were so jealous.

Joseph was carried into Egypt and sold again to a man named Potiphar. Potiphar was proud of his new slave and Joseph dwelt happily in his new home for a time. But Potiphar's wife was an evil woman and as Joseph would not do evil, as she desired, she had him thrown into prison and told Potiphar lies about the boy.

While he was in prison he found some of the servants of King Pharaoh. One of them was a cup-bearer and another a baker. One morning Joseph noticed that these men were very sad and he said to them, "Why are you so sad?"

"It is because we have dreamed dreams and we do not know the meaning of them."

"It is God who sends dreams," said Joseph. Tell them to me and maybe I can interpret them for you."

Then the cup-bearer related his dream: "I saw in my dream a vine. On the vine were three branches. They budded and flowers came and fruit ripened. Then I took Pharaoh's cup and gathered the juice of the grapes and gave it to Pharaoh."

"Have courage," said Joseph. "That is a good dream. Three branches are three days. The dream means that in three days Pharaoh will liberate you and you will deliver the cup into his hands; but do not forget me when you are delivered from bondage as I have been sold into bondage and stolen away from Canaan and I do not deserve to be in this prison. Speak to Pharaoh and beg him to free me."

Then the baker told his dream: "In my dream I had three baskets of baked meat on my head. They were for Pharaoh but the birds came and ate the meat out of the baskets."

"Alas!" said Joseph, "the meaning of your dream is this: In three days Pharaoh shall hang you upon a tree and the birds shall come and eat you."

This dream came true, as Joseph had foretold, and the other servant went back to Pharaoh's house. But he forgot Joseph and for two years Joseph was in prison.

After two years Pharaoh himself had two strange dreams and none of his wise men were able to tell him the meaning of them. Then it was the cup-bearer remembered what Joseph had done for him in prison and told Pharaoh of Joseph. Then Pharaoh had Joseph brought before him and told him his dreams.

"I dreamed," said Pharaoh, "that I stood beside the river. Seven fat cattle came out of it and fed in the meadow. Soon seven more came out, thin and poor. Then the seven lean cattle ate up the seven fat cattle. Then I woke and when I slept again I dreamed that seven good ears of corn came out upon one stem, and soon after seven more thin and bad, and the seven bad ears ate up the seven goods ears."

"Then," said Joseph to the king, "the meaning of these dreams is this. There shall be seven years of great fruitfulness in the land, then shall come seven years of famine and the seven years of famine shall eat up the fruitfulness of the first seven years. Now let King Pharaoh take warning. Let him gather up all the corn in these first seven years, then when the years of famine come there will be corn for all who dwell in the land."

Pharaoh was much pleased with the wisdom of Joseph and to repay him appointed him in charge of gathering the corn and made him one of the rulers over the people of Egypt. There were seven years of great plenty followed by seven years of famine, but during the seven years of plenty Joseph had gathered great storehouses full of corn.

When the famine came over the land of Egypt there was also a famine in Canaan where the brothers of Joseph still lived. They heard there was corn in Egypt and decided to go into the land to buy. As Joseph was in charge of all the storehouses they were obliged to come before him in order to buy the corn.

"Who are you?" inquired Joseph, for he wished to see if they would speak the truth. They of course did not remember him, but he remembered them.

"We are the sons of Jacob," they said, "and we come from the land of Canaan.

"Have you any other brothers?" asked Joseph.

"We have one younger brother at home. His name is Benjamin."

"How do I know that you are speaking the truth? I will give you corn if you will return home and bring me your youngest brother. In the meantime I will hold one of you prisoner here until you return."

So the nine brothers went back to Canaan and told Jacob what had happened, but they did not know it was Joseph they had seen. Jacob was much grieved when he heard what had been done and that Simeon had been kept a prisoner in Egypt, and he said, "Never will I let Benjamin go. Joseph is lost and now Simeon and what if anything should happen to Benjamin!"

By and by, the corn was all eaten and as there was no more food in Canaan they were obliged to go back to Egypt, but the brothers would not go back without Benjamin as they knew they would not get any corn unless they took him. When Joseph saw them coming he was very glad to see his brother Benjamin with them so he bade his servants prepare a feast for the ten men. Simeon was freed and they were very happy. They all came and bowed before Joseph as the dream prophesied they would. Joseph asked about his father and they answered that he was well.

The next day they all set off for Canaan, having purchased a quantity of corn, but when they were departing Joseph said to his servant, "Put my silver cup in the sack of the youngest and when they are well out on the road overtake them and bring back to me the one in whose sack you find the cup." The servant did as he was told and the brothers were much astonished and ashamed to have the cup found in Benjamin's sack. As they came back they begged Joseph not to keep Benjamin for they feared their father would die of grief if this were done. Then Joseph said to them, "Weep not. Do you not know me? I am your brother Joseph whom you did sell into bondage." Then all wept and fell on their faces before Joseph. Then Joseph directed that they go back to Canaan and take with them other wagons and horses to bring their father down into Egypt.

The father and all the sons with their flocks and herds and families came down into Egypt and lived in the land of Goshen. For many years they were happy while Joseph was the ruler of the people. After seventeen years Jacob died and was carried back to Canaan and buried.

Silas Marner and the Baby.

By the time Eppie was three years old, she developed a fine capacity for mischief, and for devising ingenious ways of being troublesome, which found much exercise, not only for Silas' patience, but for his watchfulness and penetration.

Sorely was poor Silas puzzled on such occasions by the incompatible demands of love. Dolly Winthrop told him punishment was good for Eppie, and that, as for rearing a child without making it tingle a little now and then,—it was not to be done.

"To be sure, there's another thing you might do, Master Marner," added Dolly, meditatively: "you might shut her up once in the coal-hole. That was what I did with Aaron; for I was so silly with the youngest lad I could never bear to smack him. Not that I could find it in my heart to let him stay in the coal-hole more than a minute, but it was enough to colly him all over, so that he must be new washed and dressed, and it was as good as a rod to him—that was. But I put it upon your conscience, Master Marner, there's one you must chose—either smacking or the coal-hole—else she'll get so masterful, there'll be no holding her."

Silas was impressed with the melancholy truth of this last remark; but the force of his mind failed before the only two methods open to him; not only because it was painful to hurt Eppie, but because he trembled at a moment's contention with her, lest she should love him the less for it.

Let even an affectionate Goliath get himself tied to a small tender thing, dreading to hurt it by pulling, and dreading still more to snap the cord, and which of the

two, pray, will be master? It was clear that Eppie, with her short toddling steps, must lead father Silas a pretty dance on any fine morning when circumstances favored mischief.

For example. He had wisely chosen a broad strip of linen as a means of fastening her to his loom when he was busy: it made a broad belt round her waist, and was long enough to allow of her reaching the truckle-bed and sitting down on it, but not long enough for her to attempt any dangerous climbing.

One bright summer's morning Silas had been more engrossed than usual in "setting up" a new piece of work, an occasion on which his scissors were in requisition. These scissors, owing to an especial warning of Dolly's had been carefully kept out of Eppie's reach; but the click of them had had a peculiar attraction for her ear, and, watching the results of that click, she had derived the philosophic lesson that the same cause would produce the same effect.

Silas had seated himself in his loom, and the noise of the weaving had begun; but he had left his scissors on a ledge which Eppie's arm was long enough to reach; and now, like a small mouse, watching her opportunity, she stole quietly from her corner, secured the scissors, and toddled to the bed again, setting up her back as a mode of concealing the fact.

She had no distinct intention as to the use of the scissors; and having cut the linen strip in a jagged but effectual manner, in two moments she had run out at the open door where the sunshine was inviting her, while poor Silas believed her to be a better child than usual. It was not until he happened to need his scissors that the terrible fact burst upon him; Eppie had run out by herself—had perhaps fallen into the Stone-pit.

Silas, shaken by the worst fear that could have befallen him, rushed out, calling "Eppie!" and ran eagerly about the uninclosed space, exploring the dry cavities into which she might have fallen, and then gazing with questioning dread at the smooth red surface of the water. The cold drops stood on his brow. How long had she been out?—There was one hope—that she had crept through the stile and got into the fields where he habitually took her to stroll.

But the grass was high in the meadow, and there was no descrying her, if she were there, except by a search that would be a trespass on Mr. Osgood's crop. Still, that misdemeanor must be committed; and poor Silas, after peering all round the hedgerows, traversed the grass, beginning with perturbed vision to see Eppie behind every group of red sorrel, and to see her moving always farther off as he approached.

The meadow was searched in vain; and he got over the stile into the next field, looking with dying hope towards a small pond which was now reduced to its summer shallowness, so as to leave a wide margin of good adhesive mud.

Here, however, sat Eppie, discoursing cheerfully to her own small boot, which she was using as a bucket to convey the water into a deep hoof-mark, while her little naked foot was planted comfortably on a cushion of olive-green mud. A red-headed calf was observing her with alarmed doubt through the opposite hedge.

Here was clearly a case of aberration in a christened child which demanded severe treatment; but Silas, overcome with convulsive joy at finding his treasure again, could do nothing but snatch her up and cover her with half-sobbing kisses. It was not till he had carried her home, and had begun to think of the necessary washing, that he recollected the need that he should punish Eppie, "and make her remember."

"Naughty, naughty Eppie!" he suddenly began, holding her on his knee, and pointing to her muddy feet and clothes—"naughty to cut with the scissors, and run away. Eppie must go in the coal-hole for being naughty. Daddy must put her in the coal-hole."

He half expected that this would be shock enough, and that Eppie would begin to cry. But instead of that, she began to shake herself on his knee, as if the proposition opened a pleasing novelty.

Seeing that he must proceed to extremities he put her into the coal-hole, and held the door closed, with a trembling sense that he was using a strong measure.

For a moment there was silence, but then came a little cry, "Opy, opy!" and Silas let her out again, saying, "Now Eppie'll never be naughty again, else she must go in the coal-hole—a black naughty place."

The weaving must stand still a long while this morning, for now Eppie must be washed and have clean clothes on; but it was to be hoped that this punishment would have a lasting effect, and save time in future—though perhaps it would have been better if Eppie had cried more.

In half an hour she was clean again; and Silas, having turned his back to see what he could do with the linen band, threw it down again with the reflection that Eppie would be good without fastening her for the rest of the morning.

He turned round again, and was going to place her in her little chair near the loom, when she peeped out at him with black face and hands again, and said, "Eppie in de toal-hole!"

—*George Eliot.*

Mr. Winkle on Skates.

"Now," said Wardle, after lunch, "what say you to an hour on the ice? We shall have plenty of time."

"Capital!" said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Prime!" ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Wardle.

"Ye-yes; oh yes!" replied Mr. Winkle. "I—I am *rather* out of practice."

"Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle!" said Arabella. "I like to see it *so* much!"

"Oh, it is so graceful!" said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swanlike."

"I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening; "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pairs, and the fat boy announced that there were half a dozen more downstairs; whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice and the fat boy and Mr. Weller having shoveled and swept the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvelous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies; which reached a state of positive enthusiasm, when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions, which they called a reel.

All this time Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindu. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone, "off with you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir!"

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr.

Winkle made at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter, "come! The ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes," replied Mr. Winkle with a ghastly smile, "I'm coming."

"Just going to begin," said Sam, endeavoring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off!"

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam; you may have them, Sam."

"Thank 'e, sir," said Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas box, Sam; I'll give it you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're very good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam, will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There, that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast!"

Mr. Winkle, stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller in a very singular and unswanlike manner when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank:—

"Sam!"

"Sir?" said Mr. Weller.

"Here! I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam; "don't you hear the governor calling? Let go, sir!"

With a violent effort Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized Winkle, and in so doing administered a considerable impetus to him. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the center of the skaters at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty.

Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

"I wish you'd let me bleed you," said Mr. Benjamin, with great eagerness.

"No, thank you," said Mr. Winkle, hurriedly.

"What do *you* think, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired Bob Sawyer.

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, "Take his skates off!"

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off!" repeated Mr. Pickwick, firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey in silence.

"Let him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders, and beckoning Winkle to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered, in a low but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words:

"You're a humbug, sir!"

"A what?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"A humbug, sir; I will speak plainer if you wish it,—an imposter, sir!"

With these words Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel and rejoined his friends.

—From "Pickwick Papers," by Charles Dickens.

Little Red Riding-Hood

Long ago there lived a little girl who was loved by all who knew her. When she was eight years old her grandmother gave her a beautiful red cloak and hood. She liked the cloak and hood so well that she always wore them, and so she was called Little Red Riding-Hood.

One day her mother called Little Red Riding-Hood and told her to go and visit her grandmother and take her some cakes and a pot of honey. Her grandmother lived away in the wood about a half-hour's walk from the village, but Little Red Riding-Hood never thought of being afraid, although there were wild beasts in the forest.

She ran to get her little red cloak. "Good-by, dear," said her mother. "Be sure and do not stop to play on the way and do not speak to anyone who passes you."

"Yes, mother," said Little Red Riing-Hood, and went happily away.

She soon forgot, however, what her careful mother had said.

She was all the time thinking how big she was and how very brave. The trees waved their arms at her. A bird peeped out of its nest and sang "Little Red Riding-Hood out alone, alone, alone."

The rabbits ran a little way with her.

A squirrel looked out of its home in a hollow tree and threw her a nut.

"Everything loves me," she thought. "How foolish to be afraid of anything."

Just then who should come along but a great wolf.

He had been following her for a long time thinking what a fine meal she would make for him.

"Good morning, Little Red Riding-Hood. How glad I am to see you out alone this morning."

Little Red Riding-Hood was a little bit frightened. "I do not know you, sir," she said.

"Don't know me?" said the wolf, "why I am Mr. Wolf, an old friend of your family.

"Let me walk a little way with you and I will tell you what very dear friends some of your family are to me. In fact they have become a part of myself."

"Why, how can that be?" said she.

"I'll show you," he said. Just then a wood cutter come up.

The wolf tried to look very good. He came close to Little Red Riding-Hood and tucked his head under her arm.

"Where are you going, dear?" said the wood cutter.

"I am going to grandmother's to carry some bread and a pot of honey," replied Little Red Riding-Hood.

"Why is the wolf with you? He looks like the very one that carried off my young calf."

"I didn't," growled the wolf.

"Oh! please don't hurt him, he has been very kind to me," begged the little girl.

"Well, I will let him go this time," said the wood cutter and went on his way.

The wolf was then afraid to hurt Little Red Riding-Hood, but he thought of another plan.

"Where does you grandmother live?" he asked.

"Just on the other side of the forest in a little red house. You cannot miss it," she said.

"Well, you go by this path and I will go by the mill. Let us see who will get there first," said the sly wolf.

He was afraid if he walked with her he would meet another wood cutter.

The wolf well knew that he had taken the shortest way.

He ran quickly through the forest and soon came to the grandmother's house.

He knocked and knocked but no one came. Then he lifted the latch. The door swung open and the wolf stepped in.

No grandmother was there, but on a chair by the bed was her night gown and cap.

"Ah!" thought the wolf, "just the very thing."

He slipped into the gown, put on the cap, and jumped into bed and there he lay waiting for Little Red Riding-Hood.

After the wolf had left her, Little Red Riding-Hood went singing on her way and soon forgot all about him.

She would stray from the path to pick flowers that she thought looked lonesome.

When she had quite a large bunch a large stone by the pathway invited her to sit down and rest.

While she was sitting there a little bee that chanced to be passing stopped to say good morning.

"You may have some honey from my flowers, pretty bee," said Little Red Riding-Hood.

"Take all you want, but please do not sting me."

The bee took a long sip, then filled her pockets with honey to take home to the queen mother.

"I will help you soon," said the little bee and she flew away.

Red Riding-Hood came to a little stream of water. There she saw an old woman looking for water cressses.

Now this woman was lame and almost blind, so the child felt very sorry for her.

"Let me help you," she said. "I can fill your basket in a little while."

"Thank you, dear child, I can hardly find enough to sell to get my bread." Little Red Riding-Hood worked happily until she had filled the basket.

"If you see the Green Huntsman," said the old woman as she said good-by, "tell him there is game in the wind."

Little Red Riding-Hood wondered who the Green Huntsman might be. She had never heard of him before.

She walked along slowly, looking everywhere for him.

Soon she saw him standing by a little blue lake, so blue that it looked as if a piece of the sky had fallen down to be among the grass and flowers.

The huntsman was dressed all in green velvet and had a wonderful golden bow in his hand.

Little Red Riding-Hood ran up to him.

"O, Mr. Huntsman, the Water Cress Woman says to tell you that there is game in the wind."

"I hear it," said he listening. "Never fear, I shall be in time."

She wondered what he meant, but soon forgot all about him when she found some ripe strawberries.

"I shall take time," she thought, "to pick enough for grandmother's supper."

"How good they will taste!"

She found a baby bird that had fallen out of its nest.

Its poor mother was flying around seeing that no harm came to it.

"There, little bird, let me help you fly," and Little Red Riding-Hood tossed it high in the air so it lit in the nest. Then she left some of her berries for the mother bird to feed her little ones.

All at once she remembered that her mother had told her not to stop on the way.

So she ran swiftly until she reached her grandmother's house and never noticed that a bird and a bee were flying after her.

She knocked at the door. "Who's there?" said the wolf in a voice that he tried to make like the grandmother's.

"It is I—Little Red Riding-Hood."
"Well, just lift the latch and the door will fly open," said the wolf.
Little Red Riding-Hood lifted the latch and walked in.
She looked all about for her grandmother.
Then she walked to the bed.
"Why, grandmother, are you sick?" cried the child.
"Oh yes, dear child, so sick, come close."
"Why, grandmother, what a rough voice you have."
"I have such a cold," said the wolf.
"Why, grandmother, what big ears you have."
"The better to hear you with, my child."
"Oh dear, grandmother, what big eyes you have."
"The better to see you with, dear."
"But, grandmother, what long arms you have."
"The better to hug you with, little girl."
"But oh, my dear grandmother, what big teeth you have."
"The better to eat you with, my child."

And with that the wolf jumped out of bed and was just going to eat Red Riding-Hood when the little bee that she had helped, flew into the window and stung the wolf on the nose.

The wolf howled with pain.

The little bird flew to the Green Huntsman. He shot one of his golden arrows through the window and the wicked wolf was killed.

Jack and the Beanstalk

In the days of King Alfred, a poor widow lived with her only son, Jack, in a little cottage far from London. Jack was a kind-hearted, affectionate boy, but he was giddy and thoughtless. They were very poor, but Jack did no work and his mother, who had sold almost everything they had to buy food, was at last obliged to sell the cow. So she told Jack to lead the cow to market and sell her for the highest price he could get.

Jack walked along by the cow sadly thinking what his breakfasts would be like without her warm milk. But he was such a merry boy that he soon forgot his trouble. He went along singing and whistling. Then he jumped upon the cow's back and played he was a great knight riding forth to do mighty deeds.

While Jack was in the midst of his play, whom should he meet but a butcher? Now this butcher knew a good cow when he saw it and he also knew what a foolish boy Jack was.

He had some bright colored beans in a bag in his pocket. He took them out and began shaking them in the bag. "Good morning, Jack. Where are you going with your poor old cow?"

"I am taking her to market, but what have you in that bag?" said Jack.

The butcher kept on shaking the beans. "I don't think you will get much for your cow. She is poor and besides, this is not the time of year to sell cows."

"Where did you get those pretty beans?" said silly Jack. "How I wish I had some! Will you just let me look at them?"

The butcher put the bag behind him. "They are of a very rare kind,' said he. "There are none like them in this whole country, but as your mother is a special friend of mine I will let you have them for your cow."

Jack could hardly believe that he could have such good luck. He took the beans and ran gayly home eager to tell his mother of the grand bargain he had made.

His mother heard him coming and ran out to meet him, sure he must have sold the cow for a great deal of money.

"Oh, mother, just see what I have," said Jack. Just then he tripped and fell over the door step. The beans rolled all over the floor.

"Get up, Jack," said his mother. "What do I care for your beans? How much did you get for Brindle? Give me the money right away!"

Jack's face grew very red. "Why, mother, I got all these beautiful beans. The man said they were very rare."

"Do you mean to tell me," said his angry mother, "that you gave our fine cow for these miserable red beans? Oh, my son, you have ruined us," and she threw her apron over her head and began to cry.

Jack did not know what to do. With all their troubles he had seldom seen his mother cry. He thought he must indeed have done something dreadful.

He went up stairs and crept into bed without his supper. There he cried himself to sleep.

In the morning when he opened his eyes he thought everything looked strange. His room was not so light as it used to be and what made those great shadows dancing on the floor.

He raised up and looked at the window. There he saw a great vine that seemed to cover the whole house.

He quickly dressed and ran to find his mother. They went into the garden where they found a wonderful bean vine growing up and up, so far they could not see the end of it.

When Jack fell, one of the beans, which was a magic bean, flew out into the garden and had taken root in the night.

There was one thing that Jack had loved to do all his life and that was to climb. No tree was too high or rock too steep for him to find the top.

At once he began to beg his mother to let him climb the beanstalk. He said he was sure it led to another country and may be he would find his fortune there. He wanted to do something to make up for his mistake of yesterday.

Jack's mother at last told him he could try to find the top of the beanstalk. She kissed him good-by and up he started.

His mother watched him climb up far out of sight. He would look back and wave his hand as long as he could see her. Then a little cloud that was running away from its mother came between him and the earth.

Poor Jack felt very lonesome, even his friends, the birds, were away below him flitting back and forth in the sunshine.

His legs began to ache and his arms were stiff. He felt almost like giving up.

"No," thought he, "I have never done anything useful in my life. I am going to begin now. My mother has shed her last tear for me."

After he had rested he kept on his way ever going up. But as he neared the top the climbing grew easier and at last he reached the country at the top of the beanstalk.

It was evening. The sun had set and Jack could not see what this new country was like; besides he was too tired to go any farther.

He sank down on the soft grass and soon was fast asleep.

A wonderful fairy appeared to him. Her dress was of shining gold and in her hand she carried a golden wand with a shining star on the end.

"Listen to me, Jack," said she. "I am your fairy god mother. I could never help you before because you never tried yourself. Now look and remember.

She waved her wand and Jack saw a fine house, grand enough for a prince. The gate was always open inviting tired travelers to rest, and the poor and needy were never turned from that door.

Jack saw a great giant come and he was taken in and cared for like the rest. In the night the wicked monster crept in the room of the master and killed him. Jack screamed in his sleep he was so frightened.

The fairy waved her wand again. Jack saw a great house burning and a poor woman fleeing with a baby in her arms. He thought the woman looked like his own mother.

He had not time to make sure for the fairy waved her wand again. He saw the giant leaving with great bags of gold, a lovely pet hen, and a golden harp.

"This all was once your father's," said the fairy. "Go, Jack, and win it back."

Jack then awoke. The sun was shining and the soft air kissed his cheeks. Far away across the country he saw a great stone castle and back of it some high hills.

He bravely started off but it was farther than he thought. Many times he was ready to turn back, he grew so tired. But Jack was a brave boy, and did not like to give anything up when once started. So he trudged on and on, and finally, just at sunset Jack reached the castle.

Jack was tired and very hungry for he had had nothing to eat all day. He felt almost afraid to go to the door, but he could see nothing else to do so he finally gained courage and tapped.

No one came. Jack knocked louder, and finally the door swung open and Jack saw a woman looking at him.

"Oh, boy, what are you doing here?" she cried. "Don't you know that my husband is a wicked giant?"

"Dear lady, will you take me in?" asked Jack. "I have come on a long journey and have had nothing to eat all day."

"No! no!" said the woman. "If my husband should find you he would certainly kill you, and be very angry with me."

"But I don't know where to go. Just take me in for a little while and give me something to eat," begged poor Jack.

The woman, who was really kind-hearted, finally told Jack to come in. "But remember what I told you might happen," she said with a shake of her head.

Jack followed her down the long hall, through many rooms, and down a long stairway into a great kitchen.

His eyes grew very big indeed. Never had he seen such large pots, and kettles, and pans. The smallest was as big as a tub. He thought they must be going to feed an army.

She gave him some milk in her smallest tea cup which was as large as his mother's best soup-tureen, and a slice of bread from the smallest loaf. If Jack had eaten an hour he could hardly have finished it.

While Jack ate his supper he told the woman of the wonderful beanstalk and his journey to the house of the giant. Just as he was about to tell her of the strange dream he had, there came a knock like thunder on the door.

"What is that?" cried Jack turning pale. "My husband has come back. Quick! you must hide," and the woman opened the door of a great brick oven and pushed Jack inside.

She threw out what was left of his supper and brushed up the crumbs.

The giant kept up a dreadful pounding on the door. At last, when the woman opened it, she found her husband very angry.

"What in the world do you mean," he growled, "treating me in this way? I have a great mind to throw you off the roof of the highest tower. Quick with my supper or it will be the worse for you."

He walked ahead toward the kitchen, his trembling wife following. Every time he took a step the whole castle shook, and he growled and scolded at his wife like the great beast that he was.

Suddenly he stopped, his nose in the air:

"Fe, fi, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman.
And if he be alive or if he be dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread."

Poor Jack shook with fear. What if the woman should give him up?

She was frightened, also, for she knew the giant would be angry with her if he found Jack.

"Oh, no, husband," she said, "you only smell the fine, fat ox I am getting ready for your supper."

The giant was tired and hungry so when he saw the ox roasting he began to think about his supper.

"You must be going to give me a feast you kept me waiting so long at the door," he growled.

She made haste to bring his supper. First she brought a great tub of soup. The giant swalled it at a gulp.

"Quick! don't keep me waiting all day," he shouted.

She set before him a great fish so long it reached across the table. This was gone almost as soon as the soup, and the giant angrily asked for more.

Next the great ox that had been roasting before the fire, and huge baskets of bread and pots of coffee.

The giant greedily eating, smacking his lips and rolling his eyes swallowed one thing after another.

At last his wife brought in a great pie. This put the giant in a good humor for it was his favorite kind and so large was it that Jack thought he and his mother could not have eaten it in a year, even if they had had it every meal.

The giant ate and ate until he grew so stupid he could eat no longer.

When the giant first came in, Jack peeped out at him and almost fell back with fright. What should he see but the very giant of his dream? There was the same shaggy head of hair, the same fierce eys, and he seemed almost to reach the ceiling.

Jack was so frightened he dared not look out again for a long time. At last he grew braver and opened the oven door just a little and watched the giant eat.

When he saw him stick his sharp knife in the meat, open wide his mouth, and show his great teeth Jack thought of home and wished he was safe tucked in his own little bed.

He thought of his mother and wondered if he would ever see her again. He said to himself that if ever he reached home, never, never, would he go away.

After the giant had eaten so much that he was so stupid he could hardly sit in his chair he called to his wife: "Clear off this table, bring me my pet hen, and then you may go to bed.

The hen was brought and the giant put her on the table. Jacked rubbed his eyes. The very hen of his dream!

The giant stroked the hen's soft feathers. "Lay," said he and the hen laid an egg of solid gold.

"Ha! ha!" roared the giant. "Best day's work I ever did when I killed your master and got you for my self. Lay, my beauty," and the hen laid another golden egg. Every time he told her to lay he had another golden egg to add to the pile he already had.

At last the giant, grown tired and stupid with his supper fell fast asleep. He snored so loud you would have thought a great thunder storm was coming up.

As soon as Jack was sure the giant was quite sound asleep he crept out of the oven, seized the hen, and ran quickly toward home.

It did not take him long to reach the bean stalk for he was afraid every minute

the giant would find out his loss and catch him. He slid down the beanstalk at a great rate and was soon in his mother's arms.

She was so happy to have him safe home once more. Soon he was telling her of his great adventures, of his dream, and the fierce giant, and at last of the wonderful hen that he had brought.

"Why, Jack," she cried, that is my hen. It must be the same giant that killed your father. I never dared tell you about it."

Jack placed the hen on the table and stroked her feathers as he had seen the giant do. "Lay," said he. The hen laid a golden egg. Jack snatched it up and ran toward the door.

"Where are you going?" said his mother.

"You will soon see," said he. After a while back he came proudly leading the cow. The butcher was glad enough to take the golden egg in exchange for her.

The hen laid so many golden eggs that Jack and his mother soon had a new house, fine new furniture, and everything that heart could wish.

But as Jack grew older he grew tired of idleness. He often thought of the country at the top of the bean stalk. What was the giant doing now? Why couldn't he get the rest of his father's property back again, as the fairy had told him?

One bright morning he told his mother that he was going once more to seek the giant.

His mother begged him not to go. "We have plenty now. Why do you risk your life? Because you escaped once is no sign that you will again. If you go up the beanstalk, I am sure I will never see you alive again."

Jack laughed at her fears. "The Fairy will see that I come to no harm, and I will be careful. Tomorrow I shall try it."

The next morning he dressed differently from what he had when he went up the beanstalk before. He said good-by to his mother and started on his journey.

He was taller and stronger, so reached the top more easily than he had before. He did not stop to rest but went straight across the country to the giant's house.

This time he boldly knocked. When the woman came he asked for his supper and to stay all night.

She could not see very well so did not know Jack. "No, indeed," she said, "never could I think of such a thing. Some time ago I took a boy in and he stole my husband's pet hen. He has been very cross with me ever since."

Jack coaxed and begged and finally she consented. She gave Jack his supper and then shut him into the cupboard until her husband should be asleep.

Suddenly Jack heard a great noise and knew the giant had returned. By shutting one eye and putting the other close to the keyhole, he could see what went on in the room outside.

The great giant came in stamping and scolding. He seemed bigger and fiercer than ever.

"Fe, fi, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman.
And if he be alive or if he be dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread."

And he began to look around the room.

Jack was nearly frightened out of his wits. He thought sure both the woman and himself would have to suffer for his foolishness.

But the wife knew how to manage the giant. "It is only a piece of meat the dogs have carried into the kitchen," she said, and hastened to set his supper before him.

He ate just as much as he did before. Growling and scolding at his wife the whole time. When things did not suit him he flung them on the floor and kept his

poor wife running to wait on him every minute. Between every mouthful he was blaming her for the loss of his hen.

At last when he could eat no more he leaned back in his chair. "Go and get my bags of money and be quick about it, you lazy creature," he shouted and the very walls shook. "How I love to handle and count my gold."

His wife went after the bags and came slowly back dragging them after her, for they were so heavy she could not lift them.

She looked so patient and sad, Jack almost cried, he felt so sorry.

The giant snatched the bags out of her hand. "I suppose these will be stolen next," cried he. "It will be the worse for you if they go as my hen did."

He opened the bags and began to count the money. As he handled the yellow gold he grew good humored. "Ho! ho!" chuckled he. "A fine day's work I did when I killed your owner and gained you for myself."

After he had counted the money several times he grew tired and put it back in the sacks. These he tied very tight with a thick cord. Then as he was stupid with the great supper he had eaten he fell fast asleep in his chair.

When Jack saw the giant sleeping he opened the closet door softly and crept out. He quickly put the bags of money under his arms and started away.

Just as he went through the door one of the bags struck against the side. "Bow! wow!" barked a little dog that was awakened by the noise.

Jack ran on, his heart in his mouth. What if the giant should awaken! But he arrived safely at the beanstalk and soon was at home with his mother.

He proudly showed her what he had brought back. "Yes, Jack, I am glad that you have the money for it all once belonged to your father, so you are the only one that should have it. But I have been so frightened all day for fear I should never see you again. I would not give one look of your dear face for all the gold in the world."

Jack laughed and patted his mother's hand, then began planning all the nice things he was going to buy her with the money.

They now had money enough to buy all that heart could wish and for a time Jack was content, then he began thinking again of the country at the top of the beanstalk.

He wondered what the giant's poor wife was doing, if it would be possible to coax her to take him in again. Perhaps he could get back the beautiful harp he had seen in his dream.

He told his mother that he must climb the beanstalk once more. Nothing his mother could say had power to turn him from his purpose.

He changed his clothes and made himself look as different as possible, and started the third time on his journey up the beanstalk.

This time the climbing was so easy that it seemed he had hardly started until he was at the top. The distance to the giant's castle did not seem nearly so great.

When the giant's wife came to the door and saw a boy she quickly slammed it shut. Jack waited a while, then knocked again. This time when the door swung open he put his foot in and she could not shut the door.

Jack asked as before to be allowed to come in.

She refused as before, telling him how she had taken in two other boys and they had stolen her husband's hen and all his gold. "He has been so cross since I can scarcely stay here," she said. "Indeed he blames me with all his bad luck, and will never forgive me I fear."

Jack still begged and finally she consented, saying that if anything happened this time that she would never take anyone in again if he starved.

She hid Jack in a great copper boiler. When the giant's foot struck the kitchen door step he sniffed the air and began to say,

"Fe, fi, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman.
If he—"

"It is only the meat I am cooking for your breakfast," interrupted his wife.

He sat down to dinner scolding fiercely about the loss of his hen and his gold.

After he had eaten his dinner he called for his harp, and Jack saw carried in the lovely golden harp of his dream.

This was placed on the table. "Play," said the giant. The fairy harp began to play sweet music which soon put the giant to sleep.

This was Jack's chance. Off came the lid of the boiler and away went Jack with the harp.

Now the harp was a fairy. Jack did not know this and just as he ran through the gate it called, "Master, master."

The giant awoke and seizing a great knife from the table ran after Jack who reached the beanstalk first and scrambled down.

He looked up and saw the great feet of the giant just starting down.

"Mother, mother, come quick!" he cried. "Bring me the ax." She came running. Jack seized the ax and chopped away as hard as he could at the beanstalk. Soon it was cut through. Down tumbled the beanstalk with the giant on top. He fell so hard that his neck was broken and Jack and his mother knew that their enemy would trouble them no more.

The Golden Touch

Once upon a time, there lived a very rich man, and a king besides, whose name was Midas; and he had a little daughter, whom nobody but myself ever heard of, and whose name I either never knew, or have entirely forgotten. So, because I love odd names for little girls, I choose to call her Marygold.

This King Midas was fonder of gold than anything else in the world. He valued his royal crown chiefly because it was composed of that precious metal. If he loved anything better, or half so well, it was the one little maiden who played so merrily around her father's footstool.

But the more Midas loved his daughter, the more did he desire and seek for wealth. He thought, foolish man! that the best thing he could possibly do for this dear child would be to bequeath her the immensest pile of yellow, glistening coin, that had ever been heaped together since the world was made. Thus, he gave all his thoughts and all his time to this one purpose.

If ever he happened to gaze for an instant at the gold-tinted clouds of sunset, he wished that they were real gold, and that they could be squeezed safely into his strong box. When little Marygold ran to meet him, with a bunch of buttercups and dandelions, he used to say, "Pooh, pooh, child! If these flowers were as golden as they look, they would be worth the plucking!"

And yet, in his earlier days, before he was entirely possessed with this insane desire for riches, King Midas had shown a great taste for flowers. He had planted a garden, in which grew the biggest and beautifulest and sweetest roses that any mortal ever saw or smelt.

These roses were still growing in the garden, as lovely and as fragrant, as when Midas used to pass whole hours in gazing at them, and inhaling their perfume. But now, if he looked at them at all, it was only to calculate how much the garden would be worth, if each of the innumerable rose-petals were a thin plate of gold. And though he once was fond of music (in spite of an idle story about his ears, which were said to resemble those of an ass), the only music for poor Midas, now, was the chink of one coin against another.

At length (as people always grow more and more foolish, unless they take care to grow wiser and wiser) Midas had got to be so exceedingly unreasonable, that he could scarcely bear to see or touch any object that was not gold.

He made it his custom, therefore, to pass a large portiion of every day in a dark and dreary apartment, under ground, at the basement of his palace. It was here that he kept his wealth. To this dismal hole—for it was little better than a dungeon—Midas betook himself whenever he wanted to be particularly happy.

Here, after carefully locking the door, he would take a bag of gold coin, or a gold cup as big as a wash-bowl, or a heavy golden bar, or a peck measure of gold dust, and bring them from the obscure corners of the room into the one bright and narrow sunbeam that fell from the dungeon-like window. He valued the sunbeam for no other reason but that his treasure would not shine without its help. And then he would reckon over the coins in the bag; toss up the bar, and catch it as it came down; sift the gold dust through his fingers; look at the funny image of his own face, as reflected in the burnished circumference of the cup; and whisper to himself, "O Midas, rich King Midas, what a happy man art thou!"

But it was laughable to see how the image of his face kept grinning at him, out of the polished surface of the cup. It seemed to be aware of his foolish behavior, and to have a naughty inclination to make fun of him.

Midas called himself a happy man, but felt that he was not yet quite so happy as he might be. The very tip-top of enjoyment would never be reached, unless the whole world were to become his treasure-room, and be filled with yellow metal which should be all his own.

Now, I need hardly remind such wise little people as you are, that in the old, old times, when King Midas was alive, a great many things came to pass which we should consider wonderful if they were to happen in our own day and country. And, on the other hand, a great many things take place now-a-days, which seem not only wonderful to us, but at which the people of old times would have stared their eyes out. On the whole, I regard our own times as the strangest of the two: but, however that may be, I must go on with my story.

Midas was enjoying himself in his treasure room one day, as usual, when he perceived a shadow fall over the heaps of gold; and, looking suddenly up, what should he behold but the figure of a stranger, standing in the bright and narrow sunbeam. It was a young man, with a cheerful and ruddy face. Whether it was that the imagination of King Midas threw a yellow tinge over everything, or whatever the cause might be, he could not help fancying that the smile with which the stranger regarded him had a kind of golden radiance in it.

Certainly, although his figure intercepted the sunshine, there was now a brighter gleam upon all the piled-up treasures than before. Even the remotest corners had their share of it, and were lighted up, when the stranger smiled, as with tips of flame and sparkles of fire.

As Midas knew that he had carefully turned the key in the lock, and that no mortal strength could possibly break into his treasure-room he, of course, concluded that his visitor must be something more than mortal.

It is no matter about telling you who he was. In those days when the earth was comparatively a new affair, it was supposed to be often the resort of beings endowed with supernatural powers, and who used to interest themselves in the joys and sorrows of men, women and children, half playfully and half seriously. Midas had met such beings before now, and was not sorry to meet one of them again. The stranger's aspect, indeed, was so good-humored and kindly, if not beneficent, that it would have been unreasonable to suspect him of intending any mischief. It was far more probable that he came to do Midas a favor. And what could that favor be, unless to multiply his heaps of treasure?

The stranger gazed about the room; and when his lustrous smile had glistened upon all the golden objects that were there, he turned again to Midas.

"You are a wealthy man, friend Midas," he observed. "I doubt whether any other four walls, on earth, contain so much gold as you have contrived to pile up in this room."

"I have done pretty well—pretty well," answered Midas, in a discontented tone. "But, after all, it is but a trifle, when you consider it has taken me my whole life to get it together. If one could live a thousand years, he might have time to grow rich."

"What!" exclaimed the stranger. "Then you are not satisfied?"

Midas shook his head.

"And pray, what would satisfy you?" asked the stranger. "Merely for the curiosity of the thing, I should be glad to know."

Midas paused and meditated. He felt a presentiment that this stranger, with such a golden lustre in his good-humored smile, had come hither with both the power and the purpose of gratifying his utmost wishes. Now, therefore, was the fortunate moment, when he had but to speak, and obtain whatever possible, or seemingly impossible thing, it might come in his head to ask. So he thought, and thought, and thought, and heaped up one golden mountain upon another in his imagination, without being able to imagine them big enough. At last, a bright idea occurred to King Midas. It seemed really as bright as the glistening metal which he loved so much.

Raising his head, he looked the lustrous stranger in the face.

"Well, Midas," observed his visitor, "I see that you have at length hit upon something that will satisfy you. Tell me your wish."

"It is only this," replied Midas. "I am weary of collecting my treasures with so much trouble, and beholding the heap so diminutive, after I have done my best. I wish everything that I touch to be changed to gold."

The stranger's smile grew so very broad, that it seemed to fill the room like an outburst of the sun gleaming into a shadowy dell, where the yellow autumnal leaves —for so looked the lumps and particles of gold—lie strewn in the glow of light.

"The Golden Touch!" exclaimed he. "You certainly deserve credit, friend Midas, for striking out so brilliant a conception. But are you quite sure that this will satisfy you?"

"How could it fail?" said Midas.

"And you will never regret the possession of it?"

"What could induce me?" asked Midas. "I ask nothing else to render me perfectly happy."

"Be it as you wish then," replied the stranger, waving his hand in token of farewell. "Tomorrow at sunrise, you will find yourself gifted with the Golden Touch."

The figure of the stranger then became exceedingly bright, and Midas involuntarily closed his eyes. On opening them again, he beheld only one yellow sunbeam in the room, and, all around him, the glistening of the precious metal which he had spent his life in hoarding up.

Whether Midas slept as usual that night, the story does not say. Asleep or awake, however, his mind was probably in the state of a child's to whom a beautiful new plaything has been promised in the morning. At any rate, day had hardly peeped over the hills, when King Midas was broad awake, and, stretching his arms out of bed, began to touch the objects that were within reach.

He was anxious to prove whether the Golden Touch had really come, according to the stranger's promise. So he laid his finger on a chair by the bedside, and on various other things, but was grievously disappointed to perceive that they remained of exactly the same substance as before. Indeed, he felt very much afraid that he

had only dreamed about the lustrous stranger, or else that the latter had been making game of him.

And what a miserable affair would it be, if, after all his hopes, Midas must content himself with what little gold he could scrape together by ordinary means instead of creating it by a touch?

All this while, it was only the gray of the morning, with but a streak of brightness along the edge of the sky, where Midas could not see it. He lay in a very disconsolate mood, regretting the downfall of his hopes, and kept growing sadder and sadder until the earliest sunbeam shone through the window, and gilded the ceiling over his head. It seemed to Midas that this bright yellow sunbeam was reflected in rather a singular way on the white covering of the bed. Looking more closely, what was his astonishment and delight, when he found that this linen fabric had been transmuted to what seemed a woven texture of the purest and brightest gold! The Golden Touch had come to him with the first sunbeam.

Midas started up, in a kind of joyful frenzy, and ran about the room, grasping at everything that happened to be in his way. He seized one of the bedposts, and it became immediately a fluted golden pillar. He pulled aside a window-curtain, in order to admit a clear spectacle of the wonders which he was performing; and the tassel grew heavy in his hand—a mass of gold. He took up a book from the table. At his first touch it assumed the appearance of such a splendidly-bound and gilt-edged volume as one often meets with now-a-days; but, on running his fingers through the leaves, behold it was a bundle of thin golden plates, in which all the wisdom of the book had grown illegible. He hurriedly put on his clothes, and was enraptured to see himself in a magnificent suit of gold cloth, which retained its flexibility and softness, although it burdened him a little with its weight. He drew out his handkerchief, which little Marygold had hemmed for him. That was likewise gold, with the dear child's neat and pretty stitches running all along the border in gold thread!

Somehow or other this last transformation did not quite please King Midas! He would rather that his little daughter's handiwork should have remained just the same as when she climbed his knee and put it into his hand.

But it was not worth while to vex himself about a trifle. Midas now took his spectacles from his pocket and put them on his nose, in order that he might see more distinctly what he was about. In those days spectacles for common people had not been invented, but were already worn by kings, else how could Midas have had any? To his great perplexity, however excellent as the glasses were, he discovered that he could not possibly see through them. But this was the most natural thing in the world; for, on taking them off, the transparent crystals turned out to be plates of yellow metal, and, of course, were worthless as spectacles, though valuable as gold. It struck Midas as rather inconvenient that, with all his wealth he could never again be rich enough to own a pair of serviceable spectacles.

"It is no great matter, nevertheless," said he to himself, very philosophically. "We cannot expect any great good, without its being accompanied with some small inconvenience. The Golden Touch is worth the sacrifice of a pair of spectacles at least, if not of one's very eyesight. My own eyes will serve for ordinary purposes, and little Marygold will soon be old enough to read to me."

Wise King Midas was so exalted by his good fortune that the palace seemed not sufficiently spacious to contain him. He therefore went down stairs, and smiled on observing that the balustrade of the staircase became a bar of burnished gold, as his hand passed over it in his descent. He lifted the doorlatch (it was brass only a moment ago, but golden when his fingers quitted it) and emerged into the garden. Here, as it happened, he found a great number of beautiful roses in full bloom, and others in all the stages of lovely bud and blossom. Very delicious was their fragrance in the morning breeze. Their delicate blush was one of the fairest sights in the

world; so gentle, so modest, and so full of sweet tranquillity, did these roses seem to be.

But Midas knew a way to make them far more precious, according to his way of thinking, than roses had ever been before. So he took great pains in going from bush to bush, and exercised his magic touch most indefatigably; until every individual flower and bud, and even the worms at the heart of some of them were changed to gold. By the time this good work was completed, King Midas was summoned to breakfast; and, as the morning air had given him an excellent appetite, he made haste back to the palace.

What was usually a king's breakfast, in the days of Midas, I really do not know, and cannot stop now to investigate. To the best of my belief, however, on this particular morning the breakfast consisted of hot cakes, some nice little brook-trout, roasted potatoes, fresh boiled eggs, and coffee, for King Midas himself, and a bowl of bread and milk for his daughter Marygold. At all events, this is a breakfast fit to set before a king; and whether he had it or not King Midas would not have had a better.

Little Marygold had not yet made her appearance. Her father ordered her to be called, and seating himself at the table, awaited the child's coming in order to begin his own breakfast. To do Midas justice, he really loved his daughter, and loved her so much the more this morning, on account of the good fortune which had befallen him. It was not a great while before he heard her coming along the passage-way crying bitterly. This circumstance surprised him, because Marygold was one of the cheerfullest little people whom you would see in a summer's day, and hardly shed a thimble-full of tears in a twleve-month. When Midas heard her sobs, he determined to put little Marygold into better spirits by an agreeable surprise; so leaning across the table, he touched his daughter's bowl (which was a China one, with pretty figures all around it) and transmuted it to gleaming gold.

Meanwhile, Marygold, slowly and disconsolately opened the door, and showed herself with her apron at her eyes, still sobbing as if her heart would break.

"How now my little lady!" cried Midas. "Pray what is the matter with you, this bright morning?"

Marygold without taking the apron from her eyes, held out her hand in which was one of the roses which Midas had so recently transmuted.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed her father. "And what is there in this magnificent golden rose to make you cry?"

"Ah, dear father!" answered the child, as well as her sobs would let her; "it is not beautiful, but the ugliest flower that ever grew! As soon as I was dressed, I ran into the garden to gather some roses for you, because I know you like them, and like them better when gathered by your little daughter. But—oh dear, dear me!—What do you think has happened? Such a misfortune! All the beautiful roses, that smelled so sweetly and had so many lovely blushes, are blighted and spoilt! They are grown quite yellow, as you see this one, and have no longer any fragrance! What can have been the matter with them?"

"Pooh, my dear little girl,—pray don't cry about it," said Midas, who was ashamed to confess that he himself had wrought the change which so greatly afflicted her. "Sit down and eat your bread and milk. You will find it easy enough to exchange a golden rose like that (which will last hundreds of years), for an ordinary one, which would wither in a day."

"I don't care for such roses as this!" cried Marygold, tossing it contemptuously away. "It has no smell and the hard petals prick my nose!"

The child now sat down to the table but was so occupied with her grief for the blighted rose that she did not even notice the wonderful transmutation of her China bowl. Perhaps this was all the better; for Marygold was accustomed to take pleasure in looking at the queer figures and strange trees and houses that were painted on

the circumference of the bowl; and these ornaments were now entirely lost in the yellow hue of the metal.

Midas, meanwhile, had poured out a cup of coffee; and as a matter of course, the coffee-pot, whatever metal it may have been when he took it up, was gold when he set it down. He thought to himself that it was rather an extravagant style of splendor, in a king of his simple habits, to breakfast off a service of gold and began to be puzzled with the difficulty of keeping his treasures safe. The cupboard and the kitchen would no longer be a secure place of deposit for articles so valuable as golden bowls and coffee-pots.

Amid these thoughts he lifted a spoonful of coffee to his lips, and sipping it, was astonished to perceive that, the instant his lips touched the liquid, it became molten gold, and, the next moment, hardened into a lump!

"Ha!" exclaimed Midas rather aghast.

"What is the matter, father?" asked little Marygold, gazing at him, with the tears still standing in her eyes.

"Nothing, child, nothing!" said Midas. "Eat your milk, before it gets quite cold."

He took one of the nice little trouts on his plate and, by way of experiment, touched its tail with his finger. To his horror, it was immediately transmuted from an admirably-fried brook-trout into a gold fish, though not one of those goldfishes which people often keep in glass globes, as ornaments for the parlor. No; but it was really a metallic fish, and looked as if it had been very cunningly made by the nicest goldsmith in the world. Its little bones were now golden wires; its fins and tail were thin plates of gold; and there were the marks of the forks in it, and all the delicate frothy appearance of a nicely fried fish, exactly imitated in metal. A very pretty piece of work, as you may suppose; only King Midas just at that moment, would much rather have had a real trout in his dish than this elaborate and valuable imitation of one.

"I don't quite see," thought he to himself, "how I am to get my breakfast!"

He took one of the smoking hot cakes, and had scarcely broken it when to his cruel mortification, though, a moment before, it had been of the whitest wheat, it assumed the yellow hue of Indian meal. To say the truth, if it had really been a hot Indian cake, Midas would have prized it a good deal more than he now did, when its solidity and increased weight made him too bitterly sensible that it was gold. Almost in despair, he helped himself to a boiled egg which immediately underwent a change similar to those of the trout and the cake. The egg, indeed, might have been mistaken for one of those which the famous goose in the story-book was in the habit of laying; but King Midas was the only goose that had had anything to do with the matter.

"Well, this is a quandary!" thought he leaning back in his chair, and looking quite enviously at little Marygold, who was now eating her bread and milk with great satisfaction. "Such a costly breakfast before me and nothing that can be eaten!"

Hoping that, by dint of great despatch, he might avoid what he now felt to be a considerable inconvenience, King Midas next snatched a hot potato, and attempted to cram it into his mouth, and swallow it in a hurry. But the Golden Touch was too nimble for him. He found his mouth full, not of mealy potato, but of solid metal, which so burnt his tongue that he roared aloud, and, jumping up from the table, began to dance and stamp about the room, both with pain and affright.

"Father, dear father!" cried Marygold, who was a very affectionate child, "pray what is the matter! Have you burned your mouth?"

"Ah, dear child," groaned Midas, dolefully, "I don't know what is to become of your poor father!"

And, truly, my dear little folks, did you ever hear of such a pitiable case, in all your lives? Here was literally the richest breakfast that could be set before a king,

and its very richness made it absolutely good for nothing. The poorest laborer, sitting down to his crust of bread and cup of water, was far better off than King Midas, whose delicate food was really worth its weight in gold. And what was to be done? Already, at breakfast, Midas was excessively hungry. Would he be less so by dinner-time? And how ravenous would be his appetite for supper, which must undoubtedly consist of the same sort of indigestible dishes as those now before him! How many days, think you, would he survive a continuance of this rich fare?

These reflections so troubled wise King Midas that he began to doubt whether, after all, riches are the one desirable thing in the world, or even the most desirable. But this was only a passing thought. So fascinated was Midas with the glitter of the metal, that he would still have refused to give up the Golden Touch for so paltry a consideration as a breakfast. Just imagine what a price for one meal's victuals! It would have been the same as paying millions and millions of money (and as many millions more as would take forever to reckon up) for some fried trout, an egg, a potato, a hot cake, and a cup of coffee!

"It would be quite too dear," thought Midas.

Nevertheless so great was his hunger, and the perplexity of his situation, that he again groaned aloud, and very grievously too. Our pretty Marygold could endure it no longer. She sat a moment, gazing at her father, and trying with all the might of her little wit to find out what was the matter with him. Then, with a sweet and sorrowful impulse to comfort him, she started from her chair, and, running to Midas, threw her arms affectionately about his knees. He bent down and kissed her. He felt that his little daughter's love was worth a thousand times more than he had gained by the Golden Touch.

"My precious, precious Marygold!" cried he. But Marygold made no anwser.

Alas, what had he done? How fatal was the gift which the stranger bestowed! The moment the lips of Midas touched Marygold's forehead a change had taken place. Her sweet, rosy face, so full of affection as it had been, assumed a glittering, yellow color, with yellow tear-drops congealing on her cheeks. Her beautiful brown ringlets took the same tint. Her soft and tender little form grew hard and inflexible within her father's encircling arms. O, terrible misfortune! The victim of his insatiable desire for wealth, little Marygold was a human child no longer, but a golden statue!

Yes, there she was, with the questioning look of love, grief, and pity, hardened into her face. It was the prettiest and most woeful sight that ever mortal saw.

All the features and tokens of Marygold were there; even the beloved little dimple remained in her golden chin. But the more perfect was the resemblance, the greater was the father's agony at beholding this golden image, which was all that was left him of a daughter.

It had been a favorite phrase of Midas whenever he felt particularly fond of the child, to say that she was worth her weight in gold. And now the phrase had become literally true. And now, at last, when it was too late he felt how infinitely a warm and tender heart, that loved him, exceeded in value all the wealth that could be piled up betwixt the earth and sky!

It would be too sad a story, if I were to tell you how Midas, in the fullness of all his gratified desires, began to wring his hands and bemoan himself; and how he could neither bear to look at Marygold, nor yet to look away from her. Except when his eyes were fixed on the image, he could not possibly believe that she was changed to gold. But, stealing another glance, there was the precious little figure, with a yellow tear-drop on its yellow cheek, and a look so piteous and tender, that it seemed as if that very expression must needs soften the gold, and make it flesh again. This, however, could not be. So Midas had only to wring his hands, and to wish that he were the poorest man in the wide world, if the loss of all his wealth might bring back the faintest rose-color to his dear child's face.

While he was in this tumult of despair, he suddenly beheld a stranger standing near the door. Midas bent down his head, without speaking; for he recognized the same figure which had appeared to him the day before in the treasure-room and had bestowed on him this disastrous faculty of the Golden Touch. The stranger's countenance still wore a smile, which seemed to shed a yellow lustre all about the room, and glanced on little Marygold's image and on the other objects that had been transmuted by the touch of Midas.

"Well, friend Midas," said the stranger, "pray how do you succeed with the Golden Touch?"

Midas shook his head.

"I am very miserable," said he.

"Very miserable, indeed!" exclaimed the stranger.

"And how happens that? Have I not faithfully kept my promise with you? Have you not everything that your heart desired?"

"Gold is not everything," answered Midas. "And I have lost all that my heart really cared for."

"Ah! So you have made a discovery since yesterday?" observed the stranger. "Let us see then. Which of these two things do you think is really worth the most—the gift of the Golden Touch, or one cup of clear cold water?"

"O, blessed water!" exclaimed Midas. "It will never moisten my parched throat again!"

"The Golden Touch," continued the stranger, "or a crust of bread?"

"A piece of bread," answered Midas, " is worth all the gold on earth!"

"The Golden Touch," asked the stranger, "or your own little Marygold, warm, soft and loving as she was an hour ago?"

"Oh, my child, my dear child!" cried poor Midas, wringing his hands. "I would not have given that one small dimple in her chin for the power of changing this whole big earth into a solid lump of gold!"

"You are wiser than you were, King Midas!" said the stranger, looking seriously at him. "Your own heart, I perceive, has not been entirely changed from flesh to gold. Were it so, your case would indeed be desperate. But you appear to be still capable of understanding that the commonest things, such as lie within everybody's grasp, are more valuable than the riches which so many mortals sigh and struggle after. Tell me, now do you sincerely desire to rid yourself of this Golden Touch?"

"It is hateful to me!" replied Midas.

A fly settled on his nose, but immediately fell to the floor; for it, too, had become gold. Midas shuddered.

"Go then," said the stranger, "and plunge into the river that glides past the bottom of your garden. Take likewise a vase of the same water, and sprinkle it over any object that you may desire to change back again from gold into its former substance. If you do this in earnestness and sincerity it may possibly repair the mischief which your avarice has occasioned."

King Midas bowed low; and when he lifted his head, the lustrous stranger had vanished.

You will easily believe that Midas lost no time in snatching up a great earthen pitcher (but alas me! it was no longer earthen after he touched it) and hastening to the river-side. As he scampered along, and forced his way through the shrubbery, it was positively marvelous to see how the foliage turned yellow behind him, as if the autumn had been there, and nowhere else. On reaching the river's brink, he plunged headlong in, without waiting so much as to pull off his shoes.

"Poof! poof! poof!" snorted King Midas, as his head emerged out of the water. "Well, this is really a refreshing bath, and I think it must have quite washed away the Golden Touch. And now for filling my pitcher."

As he dipped the pitcher into the water, it gladdened his very heart to see it

change from gold into the same good, honest earthen vessel which it had been before he touched it. He was conscious, also, of a change within himself. A cold, hard and heavy weight seemed to have gone out of his bosom. No doubt, his heart had been gradually losing its human substance, and transmuting itself into insensible metal, but had now softened back again into flesh. Perceiving a violet that grew on the bank of the river, Midas touched it with his finger, and was overjoyed to find that the delicate flower retained its purple hue, instead of undergoing a yellow blight. The curse of the Golden Touch had, therefore, really been removed from him.

King Midas hastened back to the palace; and, I suppose, the servants knew not what to make of it when they saw their royal master so carefully bringing home an earthen pitcher of water. But that water, which was to undo all the mischief that his folly had wrought, was more precious to Midas than an ocean of molten gold could have been. The first thing he did, as you need hardly be told, was to sprinkle it by handfuls over the golden figure of little Marygold.

No sooner did it fall on her than you would have laughed to see how the rosy color came back to the dear child's cheek!—and how she began to sneeze and sputter —and how astonished she was to find herself dripping wet, and her father still throwing more water over her!

"Pray do not, dear father!" cried she. "See how you have wet my nice frock, which I put on only this morning!"

For Marygold did not know that she had been a little golden statue; nor could she remember anything that had happened since the moment when she ran with outsretched arms to comfort poor King Midas.

Her father did not think it necessary to tell his beloved child how very foolish he had been, but contented himself with showing how much wiser he had now grown. For this purpose he led little Marygold into the garden, where he sprinkled all the remainder of the water over the rosebushes, and with such good effect that above five thousand roses recovered their beautiful bloom. There were two circumstances, however, which, as long as he lived, used to put King Midas in mind of the Golden Touch. One was, that the sands of the river sparkled like gold; the other, that little Marygold's hair had now a golden tinge, which he had never observed in it before she had been transmuted by the effect of his kiss. This change of hue was really an improvement, and made Marygold's hair richer than in her babyhood.

When King Midas had grown quite an old man, and used to trot Marygold's children on his knee, he was fond of telling them this marvelous story, pretty much as I have now told it to you. And then would he stroke their glossy ringlets, and tell them that their hair, likewise, had a rich shade of gold, which they had inherited from their mother.

"And to tell you the truth my precious little folks," quoth King Midas, diligently trotting the children all the while, "ever since that morning, I have hated the very sight of all other gold, save this!"

—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

How Tom Bacame a Water Baby

From *The Water Babies* by Charles Kingsley.

CHAPTER I.

Once upon a time there was a little chimney-sweep, and his name was Tom. That is a short name, and you have heard it before, so you will not have much trouble in remembering it. He lived in a great town in the North country, where there were plenty of chimneys to sweep, and plenty of money for Tom to earn and his master to spend. He could not read nor write, and did not care to do either; and he never washed himself, for there was no water up the court where he lived.

He cried half his time, and laughed the other half. He cried when he had to climb the dark flues, rubbing his poor knees and elbows raw; and when the soot got into his eyes, which it did every day in the week; and when his master beat him, which he did every day in the week; and when he had not enough to eat, which happened every day in the week likewise.

And he laughed the other half of the day, when he was tossing half-pennies with the other boys, or playing leapfrog over the posts, or bowling stones at the horses' legs as they trotted by, which last was excellent fun, when there was a wall at hand behind which to hide.

One day a smart little groom rode into the court where Tom lived. Tom was hiding behind a wall to heave half a brick at his horse's legs, as is the custom of that country when they welcome strangers; but the groom saw him, and hallooed to him to know where Mr. Grimes, the chimney-sweep, lived. Now, Mr. Grimes was Tom's own master, and Tom was a good man of business, and always civil to customers; so he put the half-brick down quietly behind the wall, and proceeded to take orders.

Mr. Grimes was to come up next morning to Sir John Harthover's, at the Place, for his old chimney-sweep was gone to prison, and the chimneys wanted sweeping. And so he rode away, not giving Tom time to ask what the sweep had gone to prison for, which was a matter of interest to Tom, as he had been in prison himself.

His master was so delighted at his new customer that he knocked Tom down out of hand, and drank more beer that night than he usually did in two, in order to be sure of getting up in time the next morning. And when he did get up at four the next morning, he knocked Tom down again in order to teach him that he must be an extra good boy that day, as they were going to a very great house.

So he and his master set out: Grimes rode the donkey in front, and Tom and the brushes walked behind; out of the court, and up the street, past the closed window shutters and the winking, weary policeman, and the roofs all shining gray in the gray dawn.

Soon the road grew white and the walls likewise; and at the wall's foot grew long grass and gay flowers, all drenched with dew; and they heard the skylark saying his matins high up in the air, and the pit-bird warbling in the sedges.

On they went; and Tom looked, and looked, for he never had been so far into the country before; and longed to get over a gate, and pick buttercups, and look for birds' nests in the hedge; but Mr. Grimes was a man of business, and would not have heard of that.

Soon they came up with a poor Irishwoman, trudging along with a bundle at her back. She had a gray shawl over her head, and a crimson madder petticoat. She had neither shoes nor stockings, and limped along as if she were tired and footsore; but she was a very tall, handsome woman, with bright gray eyes, and heavy black hair hanging about her cheeks. And she took Mr. Grimes' fancy so much that when he came alongside he called out to her,—

"This is a hard road for a gradely foot like that. Will ye up, lass, and ride behind me?"

But perhaps she did not admire Mr. Grimes' look and voice, for she answered quietly: "No, thank you; I'd sooner walk with your little lad here."

"You may please yourself," growled Grimes, and went on smoking.

So she walked beside Tom, and talked to him, and asked him where he lived, and what he knew, and all about himself, till Tom thought he had never met such a pleasant-spoken woman. And she asked him at last whether he said his prayers; and seemed sad when he told her that he knew no prayers to say.

Then he asked her where she lived; and she said, "Far away by the sea." And Tom asked her about the sea; and she told him how it rolled and roared over the rocks in winter nights, and lay still in the bright summer days for the children to

bathe and play in it; and many a story more, till Tom longed to go and see the sea, and bathe in it likewise.

At last, at the bottom of a hill, they came to a spring. And there Grimes stopped and looked. Without a word he got off his donkey and clambered over the low road wall, and knelt down and began dipping his ugly head into the spring, and very dirty he made it.

Tom was picking the flowers as fast as he could. The Irishwoman helped him, and showed him how to tie them up; and a very pretty nosegay they had made between them. But when he saw Grimes actually wash, he stopped, quite astonished; and when Grimes had finished, and began shaking his ears to dry them, he said:

"Why, master, I never saw you do that before."

"Nor will again, most likely. 'T wasn't, for cleanliness I did it, but for coolness. I'd be ashamed to want washing every week or so, like any smutty collier lad."

"I wish I might go and dip my head in," said poor little Tom. "It must be as good as putting it under the town pump; and there is no beadle here to drive a chap away."

"Thou come along," said Grimes. "What dost want with washing thyself? Thou did not drink half a gallon of beer last night, like me."

"I don't care for you," said naughty Tom, and ran down to the stream, and began washing his face.

Grimes dashed at Tom with horried words, and tore him up from his knees, and began beating him. But Tom was accustomed to that, and got his head safe between Mr. Grimes' legs, and kicked his shins with all his might.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, Thomas Grimes?" cried the Irishwoman, over the wall.

Grimes looked up, startled at her knowing his name; but all he answered was, "No; nor never was yet," and went on beating Tom.

"True for you. If you ever had been ashamed of yourself, you would have gone over into Vendale long ago."

"What do you know about Vendale?" shouted Grimes; but he left off beating Tom.

"I know about Vendale, and about you, too."

"You do?" shouted Grimes, and, leaving Tom, climbed up over the wall and faced the woman. Tom thought he was going to strike her; but she looked him too full and fierce in the face for that.

"You are no Irishwoman, by your speech," said Grimes, after many bad words.

"If you strike that boy again, I can tell what I know."

Grimes seemed quite cowed, and got on his donkey without another word.

"Stop!" said the Irishwoman. "I have one more word for you both; for you will both see me again before all is over. Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be; and those that wish to be foul, foul they will be. Remember!" And she turned away, and through a gate into the meadow.

CHAPTER II

And now they had gone three miles and more, and came to Sir John's lodge gates. Tom and his master did not go in through the great iron gates, as if they had been Dukes or Bishops, but round the back way, and into a little back door, where the ash boy let them in.

And then in a passage the housekeeper met them, and she gave Grimes solemn orders about, "You will take care of this, and take care of that," as if he was going up the chimneys, and not Tom. And Grimes listened, and said every now and then, under his voice, "You'll mind that, you little beggar?" And then the housekeeper turned them into a grand room all covered up in sheets of brown paper, and bade

them begin; and so, after a whimper or two and a kick from his master, into the grate Tom went, and up the chimney.

How many chimneys Tom swept I cannot say; but he swept so many that he got quite tired, and puzzled too, for they were not like the town flues to which he was accustomed, but such as you would find in old country houses, large and crooked chimneys, which had been altered again and again, till they ran one into another, so that Tom lost his way in them, and at last, coming down as he thought the right chimney, he came down the wrong one, and found himself standing on the hearthrug in a room the like of which he had never been in before.

The room was all dressed in white: white window curtains, white bed curtains, white furniture, and white walls, with just a few lines of pink here and there. The carpet as all over gay little flowers, and the walls were hung with pictures in gilt frames, which amused Tom very much. There were pictures of ladies and gentlemen, and pictures of horses and dogs.

The horses he liked; but the dogs he did not care for much, for there were no bulldogs among them, not even a terrier. But the two pictures which took his fancy most were: One, a man in long garments, with little children and their mothers round him, who was laying his hand upon the children's heads. That was a very pretty picture, Tom thought, to hang in a lady's room. For he could see that it was a lady's room by the dresses which lay about it.

The other picture was that of a man nailed to a cross, which surprised Tom much. He fancied that he had seen something like it in a shop window. But why was it there? "Poor man," thought Tom; "and he looks so kind and quiet."

The next thing he saw, and that, too, puzzled him, was a washing-stand, with ewers and basins, and soap and brushes and towels, and a large bath full of clean water. "She must be a very dirty lady," thought Tom, "by my master's rule, to want as muoh scrubbing as all that."

And then, looking toward the bed, he saw that dirty lady, and held his breath with astonishment. Under the snow-white coverlet, upon the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl that Tom had ever seen. Her cheeks were almost as white as the pillow, and her hair was like threads of gold spread all about over the bed.

She might have been as old as Tom, or may be a year or two older; but Tom did not think of that. He thought only of her delicate skin and golden hair, and wondered whether she were a real live person, or one of the wax dolls he had seen in the shops. But when he saw her breathe, he made up his mind that she was alive.

And looking round he suddenly saw, standing close to him, a little, ugly, black, ragged figure, with bleared eyes and grinning white teeth. He turned on it angrily. What did such a little black ape want in that sweet young lady's room? And behold, it was himself, reflected in a great mirror, the like of which Tom had never seen before!

And Tom, for the first time in his life, found out that he was dirty, and burst into tears with shame and anger, and turned to sneak up the chimney again and hide, and upset the fender, and threw the fire-irons down with a noise as of ten thousand tin kettles tied to ten thousand mad dogs' tails.

Up jumped the little white lady in her bed, and, seeing Tom, screamed as shrill as any peacock. In rushed a stout old nurse from the next room, and seeing Tom likewise, made up her mind that he had come to rob, plunder, destroy, and burn; and dashed at him, as he lay over the fender, so fast that she caught him by the jacket.

But she did not hold him. Tom had been in a policeman's hands many a time, and out of them, too, what is more; and he would have been ashamed to face his friends forever if he had been stupid enough to be caught by an old woman. So he

doubled under the good lady's arms, across the room, and out of the window in a moment.

All under the window spread a tree with great leaves, and sweet white flowers almost as big as his head. It was a magnolia, I suppose; but Tom knew nothing about that, and cared less; for down the tree he went like a cat, and across the garden lawn, and over the iron railings, and up the park towards the wood, leaving the old nurse to scream murder and fire at the window.

Never was there heard at Hall Place such a noise, row, hubbub, hullabaloo, and total contempt of dignity, repose, and order, as that day, when Grimes, the gardener, the groom, the dairymaid, Sir John, the steward, the plowman, the keeper, and the Irishwoman all ran up the park shouting, "Stop thief!" in the belief that Tom had at least a thousand pounds' worth of jewels in his empty pockets; and the very magpies and jays followed Tom up, screaking and screaming as if he were a hunted fox.

CHAPTER III

Tom, of course, made for the woods. He had never been in a wood in his life; but he was sharp enough to know that he might hide in a bush or run up a tree, and, altogether, had more chance than in the open field. But when he got into the wood, he found it a very different sort of a place from what he had fancied. He pushed into a thick cover of rhododendrons, and found himself at once caught in a trap. And when he got through the rhododendrons, the hassock grass and sedges tumbled him over, and cut his poor little fingers afterwards most spitefully.

"I must get out of this," thought Tom, "or I shall stay here till somebody comes to help me,—which is just what I don't want." But how to get out was the difficult matter. And, indeed, I don't think he would ever have got out at all, but have stayed there till the cock robins covered him with leaves, if he had not suddenly run his head against a wall.

Tom was a brave boy, and did not mind that a penny. He guessed that over the wall the cover would end; and up it he went, and over like a squirrel. And there he was, out on the great grouse moors, which the country folk called Harthover Fell,—heather, and bog and rock,—stretching away and up, up to the very sky.

Now Tom knew as well as a stag that if he backed, he might throw the hounds out. So the first thing he did, when he was over the wall, was to make the neatest double sharp to his right, and run along under the wall for nearly half a mile.

Whereby Sir John, and the keeper, and the steward, and the gardener, and the plowman, and the dairymaid, and all the hue-and-cry together, went on ahead half a mile in the very opposite direction, and inside the wall, leaving him a mile off on the outside, while Tom heard their shouts die away in the wood, and chuckled to himself merrily.

At last he came to a dip in the land, and went to the bottom of it, and then he turned bravely away from the wall and up the moor; for he knew that he had put a hill between him and his enemies, and could go on without their seeing him. But the Irishwoman, alone of them all, had seen which way Tom went. She had kept ahead of every one the whole time; and yet she neither walked nor ran.

So Tom went on and on, till his head spun round with the heat, and he thought he heard church bells ringing a long way off.

"Ah!" he thought, "where there is a church there will be houses and people; and perhaps some one will give me a bit and a sup."

And in a minute more, when he looked round, he stopped again, and said, "Why, what a big place the world is!" And so it was, for, from the top of the mountain he could see,—what could he not see?

Behind him, far below, was Harthover, and the dark woods, and the shining salmon river; and on his left, far below, was the town; and far, far away, the river

widened to the shining sea, and little white specks, which were ships, lay on its bosom. Before him lay, spread out like a map, great plains, and farms, and villages, amid dark knots of trees. They all seemed at his very feet; but he had sense to see that they were long miles away.

And to his right rose moor after moor, hill after hill, till they faded away, blue into blue sky. But between him and those moors, and really at his very feet, lay something to which, as soon as Tom saw it, he determined to go, for that was the place for him.

A deep, deep green and rocky valley, very narrow and filled with wood; but through the wood, hundreds of feet below him, he could see a clear stream glance. Oh, if he could but get down to that stream! Then, by the stream, he saw the roof of a little cottage, and a little garden set out in squares and beds. And here was a tiny little red thing moving in the garden no bigger than a fly.

As Tom looked down, he saw that it was a woman in a red petticoat. Ah! perhaps she would give him something to eat. And there were the church bells ringing again. Surely there must be a village down there!

Down he went, like a brave little man as he was, though he was very footsore and tired, and hungry and thirsty; while the church bells rang so loud, he began to think that they must be inside his own head, and the river chimed and tinkled far below.

So Tom went down, and all the while he never saw the Irishwoman going down behind him.

CHAPTER IV

A mile off, and a thousand feet down. So Tom found it; though it seemed as if he could have chucked a pebble on to the back of the woman in the red petticoat who was weeding in the garden, or even cross the dale to the rocks beyond. Down Tom went, by stock and stone, sedge and ledge, bush and rush, as if he had been born a jolly little black ape, with four hands instead of two. And all the while he never saw the Irishwoman coming down behind him.

At last he got to the bottom. But behold! it was not the bottom; for at the foot of the crag were heaps and heaps of fallen limestone of every size from that of your head to that of a stagewagon, with holes between them full of sweet heath fern; and before Tom got through them he was out in the bright sunshine again; and then he felt, once for all and suddenly, as people generally do, that he was b-e-a-t, beat, and he lay down on the grass.

But the gnats blew their trumpets so loud in his ear, and the midges nibbled so at his hands and face wherever they could find a place free from soot, that at last he woke up and stumbled away, down over a low wall, and into a narrow road, and up to the cottage door.

And there sat by the empty fireplace, which was filled with a pot of sweet herbs, the nicest old woman that ever was seen, in her red petticoat, and short dimity bedgown, and clean white cap, with a black silk handkerchief over it tied under her chin. Opposite her sat, on two benches, twelve or fourteen neat, rosy, chubby little children, learning their Chris-cross-row.

All the children started at Tom's dirty black figure. The girls began to cry, and the boys began to laugh, and all pointed at him rudely enough; but Tom was too tired to care for that.

"What art thou, and what dost want?" cried the old dame. "A chimney sweep! Away with thee! I'll have no sweeps here."

"Water," said poor little Tom, quite faint.

"Water? There's plenty i' the beck," she said quite sharply.

"But I can't get there; I'm clemmed with hunger and drought." And Tom sank down upon the doorstep and laid his head against the post.

And the old dame looked at him through her spectacles one minute, and two, and three; and then she said, "God forgive me!" and she put by her spectacles, and rose, and came to Tom. "Water's bad for thee; I'll give thee milk." And she toddled off into the next room, and brought a cup of milk and a bit of bread. Tom drank the milk off at one draught, and then looked up, revived.

"Why dost not eat thy bread?"

"I can't."

"It's good enough, for I made it myself."

"I can't," said Tom, and he laid his head on his knees and then asked, "Is it Sunday?"

"No, then; why should it be?"

"Because I hear the church bells ringing so."

"Bless thy pretty heart! the bairn's sick. Come wi' me, and I'll hap thee up somewhere. If thou wert a bit cleaner I'd put thee in my own bed, for the Lord's sake. But come along here."

But when Tom tried to get up he was so tired and giddy that she had to help him and lead him. She put him in an outhouse upon soft sweet hay and an old rug, and bade him sleep off his walk, and she would come to him when school was over, in an hour's time. And so she went in again, expecting Tom to fall fast asleep.

But Tom did not fall asleep. He turned and tossed and kicked about in the strangest way, and felt so hot all over that he longed to get into the river to cool himself; and then he fell half asleep, and dreamt that he heard the little white lady crying to him, "Oh, you're so dirty; go and be washed;" and then that he heard the Irishwoman saying, "Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be."

And all of a sudden he found himself in the middle of a meadow over the road, with the stream just before him, saying continually, "I must be clean, I must be clean." He had got there on his own legs, between sleep and awake, as children will often get out of bed and go about the room when they are not quite well.

He pulled off his clothes in such haste that he tore some of them, which was easy enough with such ragged old things; and he put his poor, hot, sore feet into the water, and then his legs; and the further he went in, the more the church bells rang in his head.

"Ah!" said Tom, "I must be quick and wash myself; the bells are ringing quite loud now, and they will stop soon, and then the door will be shut, and I shall never be able to get in at all."

And all the while he never saw the Irishwoman,—not behind him this time, but before. Just before he came to the river side, she had stepped down into the cool water, and her shawl and her petticoat floated off her, and the green water weeds floated round her sides, and the white water lilies floated round her head, and the fairies of the stream came up from the bottom and bore her away and down upon their arms; for she was the Queen of them all, and perhaps of more besides.

"Where have you been?" they asked her.

"I have been smoothing sick folks' pillows, and whispering sweet dreams into their ears; opening cottage casements, to let out the stifling air; coaxing little children away from gutters and foul pools, where fever breeds; doing all I can to help those who will not help themselves; and little enough that is, and weary work for me. But I have brought you a new little brother, and watched him safe all the way here."

And the Queen floated away down the river; and whither she went, thither she came. But all this Tom, of course, never saw or heard; for he was so hot and thirsty, and longed so to be clean for once, that he tumbled himself as quick as he could into the stream.

And he had not been in it two minutes before he fell fast asleep, into the quietest, sunniest, coziest sleep that ever he had in his life; and he dreamt about the green meadows by which he had walked that morning, and the tall elm trees, and the

sleeping cows; and after that he dreamt of nothing at all. The reason of his falling into such a delightful sleep is very simple, and yet hardly any one has found it out. It was merely that the fairies took him.

Ah, now comes the most wonderful part of this wonderful story. Tom, when he woke, found himself swimming about in the stream, being about four inches long. and having round his neck a set of gills, which he mistook for a lace frill, till he pulled at them, found he hurt himself, and made up his mind that they were part of himself, and best left alone. In fact, the fairies had turned him into a water baby.

Stories of Robin Hood

Note—Before reading these stories or telling them to the pupils, study the article *Robin Hood* in the *Standard Reference Work.*

How Robin Hood Won the Sheriff's Golden Arrow.

It was very pleasant in Sherwood Forest to those who did not fear hardship, and Robin Hood and his men came to love every tree that grew and every bird that sang there. They did not mind that they had no houses to live in. They made themselves shelters of bark and logs to keep the rain off, and mostly they stayed in the open. They did not sigh for soft beds or fine tables and furnishings. They put down rushes and spread deer skins over them to lie on, and slept under the stars. They cooked over a great fire built beside a big tree, and they sat and ate on the ground.

More than a hundred men were in Robin Hood's band; every one was devoted to him and obeyed his slightest word. They were the best archers, the best wrestlers, the best runners and the best wielders of cudgel and quarter-staff in all the country, and they grew better continually, for they practiced these things every day.

Robin Hood was the best archer in all the land. Even the king had heard of his wonderful marksmanship, and even though he knew him an outlaw, he had an admiring and almost kindly feeling for this bold outlaw who shot so marvelously well. But the greedy lords and churchmen who oppressed the people hated Robin Hood; and the sheriff of Nottingham hated him most of all, and wished above all things to hang him on the gallows.

He was a cruel, hard man with no kindness in his bosom, and all his spite was turned against Robin Hood, because every time that he tried to catch him, Robin outwitted him. Now he was especially angered, for he had sent a messenger with a warrant to take Robin Hood and the merry Robin had met the messenger and feasted him, and then, while he was asleep after the feast, stolen the very warrant out his pocket so that he had to go back to the sheriff without man or warrant either. So the sheriff of Nottingham used all his wits to get another plan to take Robin Hood. It was plainly of no use to send men, no matter how stout, with warrants after him. He must be coaxed into their clutches.

"I have it," said the sheriff of Nottingham at last, with a very sour look on his grim face. "I'll catch him by craft. I'll proclaim a great archery festival, and get all the best archers in England to come here to shoot. I'll offer for the prize an arrow of beaten gold. That will be sure to fetch Robin Hood and his men here, and then I'll catch them and hang them."

Now Robin Hood and his men did come to the archery contest. But they did not come in the suits of Lincoln green that they wore as men of the forest. Each man dressed himself up to seem somebody else. Some appeared as barefoot friars, some as traveling tinkers or tradesmen, some as beggars, and some as rustic peasants. Robin Hood was the hardest to recognize of all.

"Don't go, master," his men had begged. "This archery contest is just a trap to catch you. The sheriff of Nottingham and his men will be looking for you and they

will know you by your hair and eyes and face and height, even if you wear different clothes. The sheriff has made this festival just to lure you to death. Don't go."

But Robin Hood laughed merrily.

"Why, as to my yellow hair, I can stain that with walnut stain. As to my eyes, I can cover one of them with a patch and then my face will not be recognized. I would scorn to be afraid, and if an adventure is somewhat dangerous, I like it all the better."

So Robin Hood went, clad from top to toe in tattered scarlet, the raggedest beggerman that had ever been seen in Nottingham. The field where the contest was to be held was a splendid sight. Rows and rows of benches had been built on it for the gentlefolk to sit on, they wore their best clothes and were gayer than birds of paradise. As for the sheriff and his wife, they wore velvet, the sheriff purple and his lady blue. Their rich garments were trimmed with ermine. They wore broad gold chains around their necks, and the sheriff had shoes with wondrously pointed toes that were fastened to his gold-embroidered garters by golden chains. Oh! they were dressed very splendidly, and if their faces had been kind, they would have looked beautiful. But their faces were full of pride and hate. The sheriff was looking everywhere with spiteful glances for Robin Hood, and very cross he was that he did not see Robin there.

But Robin was there, though the sheriff did not see him. There he stood in his ragged beggar's garments, not ten feet away from the sheriff.

The targets were placed eighty yards from where the archers were to stand. Pace that off, and see what a great distance it is. There were a great number of archers to shoot and each was to have one shot. Then the ten who shot best were to shoot two arrows each; and the three who shot best out of the ten were to shoot three arrows apiece. The one who came nearest to the center of the target was to get a prize.

The sheriff looked gloweringly at the ten.

"I was sure that Robin Hood would be among them," he said to the man-at-arms at his side. "Could no one of these ten be Robin Hood in disguise?"

"No," answered the man-at-arms. "Six of these I know well. They are the best archers in England. There is Gill o' the Red Cap, Diccon Cruikshank, Adam o' the Dell, William o' Leslie, Hubert o' Cloud, and Swithin o' Hertford. Of the four beside, one is too tall and one too short and one not broad-shouldered enough to be Robin Hood. There remains only this ragged beggar, and his hair and beard are much too dark to be Robin Hood's, and beside, he is blind in one eye. Robin Hood is safe in Sherwood Forest."

Even as he spoke, the man-at-arms was glad, for he was but a common soldier, and he loved Robin Hood and wished no harm to come to him. One reason why Robin Hood got away from the sheriff so many times was that the common people, even among the sheriff's own men, were friendly to him and helped him all they could. The gatekeepers shut their eyes when Robin Hood went through the gates that they might say they had not seen him enter. Hardly any one would betray him, and many, when they knew of evil being planned against him, sent warning to him. But even the man-at-arms who loved him did not recognize Robin Hood today.

The ten made wonderful shots. Not one arrow failed to come within the circles that surrounded the center. But when the three shot, it was more wonderful still. Gill o' the Red Cap's first arrow struck only a finger's breadth from the center, and his second was nearer still. But the beggar's arrow struck in the very center. Adam o' the Dell, who had one more shot, unstrung his bow when he saw it.

"Fourscore years and more have I shot shaft, and beaten many competitors, but I can never better that," he said.

The prize of the golden arrow belonged to the tattered beggar, but the sheriff's face was very sour as he gave it to him. He tried to induce him to enter his service, promising great wages.

"You are the best archer I have ever seen," he said. "I trow you shoot even better than that rascal and coward of a Robin Hood who dared not show his face here today. Will you join my service?"

"No, I will not," answered the scarlet-clad stranger, and then the sheriff looked at him so spitefully that he knew it was well to get away. As he walked toward Sherwood Forest, the sheriff's words rankled.

"I cannot bear to have even my enemy think that I am a coward," he said to Little John. "I wish there was a way to tell the sheriff that it was Robin Hood that won his golden arrow."

And they found a way. That evening the sheriff sat at supper, and though the supper was a fine one, his face was gloomy.

"I thought I could catch that rascal Robin Hood by means of this archery contest," he said to his wife, "but he was too much of a coward to show his face here."

Just then something came through the window and fell rattling among the dishes on the table. It was a blunted gray goose quill with a bit of writing tied to it. The sheriff unfolded the writing. It told that it was Robin Hood who had won the golden arrow. When the sheriff read it, even his wife thought best to slip away, for he was the crossest man in Nottingham.

The King's Visit to Robin Hood

"I wish I could see Robin Hood," said King Richard. "I wish I could see him and his men shoot and wrestle and go through all the feats in which they have such wondrous skill. But if they heard that the king was coming, they would think it was only to arrest them, and they would flee deep into the forest and I should never get a glimpse of them."

King Richard spoke kindly, for he was a king who loved all manly sports and those who excelled in them.

"I would give a hundred pounds to see Robin Hood and his men in the greenwood," he said.

"I'll tell you how you can see him without a doubt," spoke up one of the king's trusty companions with a laugh. "Put on the robes of a fat abbot and ride through Sherwood Forest with the hundred pounds in your pouch, and you will be sure to see him and be feasted by him."

"I'll do it," cried bluff King Richard, slapping his knee. "It will be a huge joke."

So he and seven of his followers dressed themselves as an abbot and seven black friars and rode out along the highway toward Sherwood Forest. And Robin Hood and his men took them and brought them to the trystal Tree, and there they searched them and took the pouch of gold. But they gave half the gold back to the king, for it was not their custom to leave any man in need. They were pleased with these travelers because they did not resist or rail at them.

"Now we shall give you a feast that will be worth fifty pounds," said Robin Hood.

"I have a good appetite for a feast," said the pretended abbot, "but even more do I desire to see the archery and wrestling and play with the quarter-staff and all those things in which I am told you excel."

"You shall see the very best we can do," answered Robin Hood. "But, I pray you, holy father, lay aside your cowl that you may enjoy this sweet evening air."

"No," answered the mock abbot. "It may not be, for I and my brothers have vowed not to let our faces be seen during this journey."

"Very well, then," said Robin Hood. "I interfere with no man's vows." And he never dreamed that it was the king.

They gave them a splendid feast of roasted venison and pheasants and fish and wild fowls, all done to a turn over the roaring fire, and the best of drink. Then they arranged the sports.

The target was a garland of leaves and flowers that was hung six score paces distant upon a stake. It was a mark that only the best of archers could hit at all.

"Now shoot!" said Robin Hood. "You shall each of you have three shots. and every one who fails to place his arrows within the garland shall forfeit the arrow and receive beside a box on the side of the head as stout as can be given."

"Can any one hit inside that little garland at such a distance?" asked the king in amaze.

"Look and see," answered Robin Hood proudly.

First, David of Doncaster shot, and lodged all three arrows within the garland, while the king looked on, astonished. Then Midge, the miller's son, and he also placed all his arrows inside of the garland. Then Wat the Tinker drew his bow; but he was unlucky, for one of his arrows missed the mark by the breadth of two fingers.

"Come here and take your punishment," called Robin Hood. The king supposed that, since he had missed by so little, he would receive but a light tap, but he got a blow that knocked him spinning across the grass, heels over head.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed his comrades, and "O ho!" thought King Richard, "I am glad I am not in this." But he was much impressed with the way Robin Hood's men obeyed him.

"They are better to follow his commands than my servants are to follow mine," he thought.

The shooting went on, and most of the men shot their arrows within the garland, but a few missed and received tremendous buffets.

Last Robin Hood shot. His first shaft split off a piece of the stake on which the garland was hung. His second lodged a scant inch from the first. But the last arrow he shot was feathered faultily, and it swerved to one side, and smote an inch outside the garland.

Then all the company roared with good-natured laughter, for it was seldom indeed that they saw their master miss.

"Go and take your punishment, master," said Midge, the miller's son. "I hope it will be as heavy as Wat's."

"Well," said Robin Hood, "I will forfeit my arrow to our guest and take my buffet from him."

Now the merry Robin was somewhat crafty in this, for, though he did not mind hard knocks at all, he did not like the thought of being sent sprawling before his band. The hands of churchmen were soft, and their strongest blows but feeble, for they did not work nor use their muscles much. But the pretended abbot bared an arm so stout and muscular that it made the yeomen stare. Robin Hood placed himself fairly in front of him and he struck a blow that would have felled an ox. Down went Robin Hood on the ground rolling over and over, and his men fairly shouted with laughter.

"Well," said Robin Hood, sitting up, half dazed, "I did not think that there was an arm in England that could strike such a blow. Who are you, man? I'll warrant you are no churchman as you seem."

Then Richard threw his cowl, and Robin knew his king. If he had been a disloyal man as well as an outlaw, he would have trembled then. But, though he knelt at the king's feet and signalled all his men to kneel, his voice was not ashamed.

"Your majesty," he said, "you have no subjects in all England more loyal to you than I and my merry men. We have done no evil except to certain of the greedy and rich who oppressed your subjects. We crave your pardon if we have done wrong, and we beg for your protection, and swear that we will ever serve you faithfully."

Then the king looked down in amazement that an outlaw should speak so. But

he knew men, and he knew what people said of Robin Hood. And he knew, too, that he was the best archer in all England and he wanted him in his own train.

"I will forgive all your law-breaking," he said, "if you will come with me to my court and serve me there. You shall take Little John and Will Scarlet and Allen-a-Dale, who is the sweetest singer I ever heard; and the rest of your men I will make into royal rangers, since I judge that they can protect Sherwood Forest better than any others.

So Robin Hood left the greenwood and went to the king's court and he served King Richard well. But he did not like the confinement of the court and could not abide the gaieties and jealousies of the courtiers. After King Richard died, his brother John took the throne, and he was one of the worst kings that ever ruled England. Then Robin Hood went back to the forest and his merry men gathered around him once more, and again they became outlaws. And there in the forest he lived till he died.

The Ballad of Robin and Allen-a-Dale

Come listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw,
That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
All under the greenwood tree,
There he was aware of a brave young man,
As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was clad in scarlet red,
In scarlet fine and gay;
And he did frisk it over the plain,
And chaunted a roundelay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood
Amongst the leaves so gay,
There did he espy the same young man
Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before
It was clean cast away;
And at every step he fetched a sigh
"Alas! and a-well-a-day!"

Then stepped forth brave Little John,
And Midge, the miller's son;
Which made the young man bend his bow,
When he saw them come.

"Stand off! stand off!" the young man said,
"What is your will with me?"
"You must come before our master straight,
Under yon greenwood tree."

And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin asked him courteously,
"Oh, hast thou any money to spare,
For my merry men and me?"

"I have no money," the young man said,
"But five shillings and a ring;
And that I have kept this seven long years,
To have at my wedding.

"Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she was from me ta'en,
And chosen to be an old knight's delight,
Whereby my poor heart is slain."

"What is thy name?" then said Robin Hood,
"Come tell me, without any fail."
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"My name it is Allen-a-Dale."

"What wilt thou give me," said Robin Hood,
"In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her unto thee?"

"I have no money," then quoth the young man,
"In ready gold nor fee,
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servant for to be."

"How many miles is it to thy true love?
Come tell me without guile."
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"It is but five little mile."

Then Robin he hasted over the plain;
He did neither stint nor lin,
Until he came unto the church
Where Allen should keep his weddin'.

"What dost thou here?" the bishop then said,
"I prithee now tell unto me."
"I am a bold harper," quoth Robin Hood,
"And the best in the north country."

"Oh welcome, oh welcome," the bishop he said;
"That music best pleaseth me."
"You shall have no music," said Robin Hood,
"Til the bride and bridegroom I see."

With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old,
And after him a finikin lass,
Did shine like the glistering gold.

"This is not a fit match," quoth Robin Hood,
"That you do seem to make here,
For since we are come into the church,
The bride shall choose her own dear."

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
  And blew blasts two or three;
When four-and-twenty yeomen bold
  Came leaping over the lea.

And when they came into the churchyard,
  Marching all in a row,
The first man was Allan-a-Dale
  To give bold Robin his bow.

"This is thy true love," Robin he said,
  "Young Allen, as I hear say;
And you shall be married this same time,
  Before we depart away."

"That shall not be," the bishop cried,
  "For thy word shall not stand;
They shall be three times ask'd in the church,
  As the law is of our land."

Robin Hood pull'd off the bishop's coat,
  And put it upon Little John;
"By the faith of my body," then Robin said,
  "This cloth doth make thee a man."

When Little John went into the quire,
  The people began to laugh;
He asked them seven times into church,
  Lest three times should not be enough.

"Who gives me this maid?" said little John,
  Quoth Robin Hood, "That do I;
And he that takes her from Allen-a-Dale,
  Full dearly he shall buy."

And then having ended this merry wedding,
  The bride looked like a queen;
And so they returned to the merry greenwood,
  Amongst the leaves so green.

—*Author Unknown.*

The King of the Golden River

I

In a secluded and mountainous part of Styria there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks, which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westward, over the face of a crag so high that, when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was therefore called by the people of the neighborhood the Golden River. It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains and by populous cities. But the clouds were drawn so

constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley; and its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to every one who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small, dull eyes, which were always half shut, so that you couldn't see into *them,* and always fancied they saw very far into *you.* They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds, because they pecked the fruit; and killed the hedgehogs, lest they should suck the cows; they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen; and smothered the cicadas, which used to sing all summer in the lime-trees. They worked their servants without any wages, till they would not work any more, and then quarreled with them, and turned them out of doors without paying them. It would have been very odd if, with such a farm and such a system of farming, they hadn't got very rich; and very rich they did get. They generally contrived to keep their corn by them till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value; they had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity; they never went to mass; grumbled perpetually at paying tithes; and were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper, as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings, the nickname of the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely opposed, in both appearance and character, to his seniors as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers, or, rather, they did not agree with him. He was usually appointed to the honorable office of turnspit, when there was anything to roast, which was not often; for, to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he used to clean the shoes, the floors, and sometimes the plates, occasionally getting what was left on them, by way of encouragement, and a wholesale quantity of dry blows, by way of education.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country round. The hay had hardly been got in, when the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by an inundation; the vines were cut to pieces with the hail; the corn was all killed by a black blight; only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came to buy corn at the farm, and went away pouring maledictions on the Black Brothers. They asked what they liked, and got it, except from the poor people, who could only beg, and several of whom were starved at their very door, without the slightest regard or notice.

It was drawing toward winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out, with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the roast, that he was to let nobody in, and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable-looking. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown. "What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner. I'm sure, when they've got such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has got so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke, there came a double knock at the house-door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up,—more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door."

No; it wasn't the wind: there it came again very hard, and, what was particularly astounding, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; his cheeks were very round and very red, and might have warranted a supposition that he had been blowing a refractory fire for the last eight-and-forty hours; his eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes, his mustaches, curled twice around like a cork-screw on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four feet six in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration of what is now termed a "swallow-tail," but was much obscured by the swelling folds of an enormous, black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.

Gluck was so perfectly paralyzed by the singular appearance of his visitor, that he remained fixed without uttering a word, until the old gentleman, having performed another, and a more energetic concerto on the knocker, turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with its mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hollo!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door: I'm wet, let me in."

To do the little gentleman justice, he *was* wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella; and from the ends of his mustaches the water was running into his waistcoat-pockets and out again like a mill-stream.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir,—I can't, indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman, petulantly, "I want fire and shelter; and there's your great fire there, blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself."

Gluck had had his head, by this time, so long out of the window, that he began to feel it was really unpleasantly cold, and when he turned, and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring, and throwing long bright tongues up the chimney, as if it were licking its chops at the savory smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing. "He does look very wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour." Round he went to the door, and opened it; and as the little gentleman walked in, through the house came a gust of wind that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown."

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen and sat himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap accommodated up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did *not* dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed and sputtered and began to look very black and uncomfortable: never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck at length, after watching the water spreading in long, quicksilver-like streams over the floor for a quarter of an hour; "mayn't I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

"I'm all right, thank you," said the old gentleman, rather gruffly.

"But,—sir,—I'm very sorry," said Gluck, hesitatingly, "but—really, sir,—you're—putting the fire out."

"It'll take longer to do the mutton, then," replied his visitor, dryly.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behavior of his guest; it was such a strange mixture of coolness and humility. He turned away at the string meditatively for another five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman at length. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman; "I've had nothing to eat yesterday, nor today. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

He spoke in so very melancholy a tone that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice today, sir," said he; "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.

Then Gluck warmed a plate, and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton, there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob, as if it had suddenly become inconveniently warm. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, with desperate efforts at exactitude, and ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face.

"Aye, what for, indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans, administering an educational box on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz, when he opened the door.

"Amen," said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing with the utmost possible velocity.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

"I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck, in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"My dear brother," said Gluck, deprecatingly, "he was so very wet!"

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head, but, at the instant, the old gentleman interposed his conical cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap, than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the further end of the room.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I'm a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began very modestly, "and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen, without making it a drying-house."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my gray hairs." They hung down to his shoulders, as I told you before.

"Aye!" said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz; "do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans, sneeringly. "Out with you."

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

"Pray, gentlemen."

"Off, and be hanged!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round, till he fell into the corner on the top of it. Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him, when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round with velocity in the opposite direction; continued to spin until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him; clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling), gave an additional twist to his corkscrew mustaches, and replied with perfect coolness: "Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock tonight I'll call again; after such a refusal of hospitality as I have just experienced, you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you."

"If ever I catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming, half frightened, out of the corner,—but before he could finish his sentence, the old gentleman had shut the house-door behind him with a great bang; and past the window, at the same instant, drove a wreath of ragged cloud, that whirled and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes; turning over and over in the air; and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

"A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!" said Schwartz. "Dish the mutton, sir. If ever I catch you at such a trick again—Bless me, why the mutton's been cut!"

"You promised me one slice, brother, you know," said Gluck.

"Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir; and have the kindness to wait in the coal-cellar till I call you."

Gluck left the room melancholy enough. The brothers ate as much mutton as they could, locked the rest in the cupboard, and proceeded to get very drunk after dinner.

Such a night as it was! Howling wind and rushing rain without intermission. The brothers had just sense enough left to put up all the shutters, and double bar the door, before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room. As the clock struck twelve, they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

"What's that?" cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up on their bolster, and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by a misty moonbeam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter, they could see, in the midst of it, an enormous foam globe, spinning round, and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which, as on a most luxuri-

ous cushion, reclined the little old gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for it now, for the roof was off.

"Sorry to incommode you," said their visitor ironically. "I'm afraid your beds are dampish; perhaps you had better go to your brother's room; I've left the ceiling on there."

They required no second admonition, but rushed into Gluck's room, wet through, and in an agony of terror.

"You'll find my card on the kitchen table," the old gentleman called after them. "Remember, the *last* visit."

"Pray Heaven it may be!" said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's little window in the morning. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The inundation had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left, in their stead, a waste of red sand and gray mud. The two brothers crept, shivering and horror-struck, into the kitchen. The water had gutted the whole first floor; corn, money, almost every movable thing had been swept away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were engraved the words:—

SOUTHWEST WIND, ESQUIRE

II.

Southwest Wind, Esquire, was as good as his word. After the momentous visit above related, he entered the Treasure Valley no more; and, what was worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the West Winds in general, and used it so effectually, that they all adopted a similar line of conduct. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the Three Brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse skies, abandoned their valueless patrimony in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious, old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths?" said Schwartz to Hans, as they entered the large city. "It is a good knave's trade: we can put a great deal of copper into the gold, without any one's finding it out."

The thought was agreed to be a very good one; they hired a furnace, and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected their trade: the first, that people did not approve of the coppered gold; the second, that the two older brothers, whenever they had sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and drink out the money in the ale-house next door. So they melted all their gold, without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking mug, which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and which he was very fond of, and would not have parted with for the world; though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water. The mug was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than like metal, and these wreaths descended into, and mixed with, a beard and whiskers of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face, of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference. It was impossible to drink out of the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of the side of these eyes; and Schwartz positively averred that once, after emptying it full of

Rhenish seventeen times, he had seen them wink! When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting pot, and staggered out to the ale-house: leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars, when it was all ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting-pot. The flowing hair was all gone; nothing remained but the red nose, and the sparkling eyes, which looked more malicious than ever. "And no wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way." He sauntered disconsolately to the window, and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening air, and escape the hot breath of the furnace. Now this window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains which, as I told you before, overhung the Treasure Valley, and more especially of the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was just at the close of the day, and, when Gluck sat down at the window, he saw the rocks of the mountain-tops, all crimson and purple with the sunset; and there were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell, in a waving column of pure gold, from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray.

"Ah," said Gluck aloud, after he had looked at it for a little while, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be!"

"No, it wouldn't, Gluck," said a clear, metallic voice, close at his ear.

"Bless me, what's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody there. He looked round the room, and under the table, and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he didn't speak, but he couldn't help thinking again that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the same voice, louder than before.

"Bless me!" said Gluck again, "what *is* that?" He looked again into all the corners and cupboards, and then began turning round and round, as fast as he could, in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now very merily "Lala-lira-la;" no words, only a soft running effervescent melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Upstairs, and downstairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time and clearer notes every moment. "Lala-lira-la." All at once it struck Gluck that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening and looked in; yes, he was right, it seemed to be coming, not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He uncovered it, and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing. He stood in the farthest corner of the room, with his hands up, and his mouth open, for a minute or two, when the singing stopped, and the voice became clear and pronunciative.

"Hollo!" said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Hollo! Gluck, my boy," said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted and its surface as smooth and polished as a river; but instead of its reflecting little Gluck's head, as he looked in, he saw meeting his glance, from beneath the gold, the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice out of the pot again, "I'm all right; pour me out."

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

"Pour me out, I say," said the voice rather gruffly.

Still Gluck couldn't move.

"*Will* you pour me out?" said the voice passionately. "I'm too hot."

By a violent effort, Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible, and sloped it so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream, there came out, first, a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat tails, then a pair of arms stuck akimbo, and, finally, the well-known head of his friend the mug; all which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically on the floor, in the shape of a little golden dwarf about a foot and a half high.

"That's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs, and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes, without stopping; apparently with the view of ascertaining if he were quite correctly put together, while Gluck stood contemplating him in speechless amazement. He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture that the prismatic colors gleamed over it, as if on a surface of mother-of-pearl; and over this brilliant doublet his hair and beard fell full half-way to the ground, in waving curls, so exquisitely delicate that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended; they seemed to melt into air. The features of the face, however, were by no means finished with the same delicacy; they were rather coarse, slightly inclining to coppery in complexion, and indicative in expression, of a very pertinacious and intractable disposition in their small proprietor. When the dwarf had finished his self-examination, he turned his small, sharp eyes full on Gluck, and stared at him deliberately for a minute or two. "No, it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.

This was certainly rather an abrupt and unconnected mode of commencing conversation. It might indeed be supposed to refer to the course of Gluck's thoughts, which had first produced the dwarf's observations out of the pot; but whatever it referred to, Gluck had no inclination to dispute the dictum.

"Wouldn't it, sir?" said Gluck, very mildly and submissively indeed.

"No," said the dwarf conclusively. "No, it wouldn't." And with that the dwarf pulled his cap hard over his brows, and took two turns, of three feet long, up and down the room lifting his legs very high and setting them down very hard.

This pause gave time for Gluck to collect his thoughts a little, and, seeing no great reason to view his diminutive visitor with dread, and feeling his curiosity overcome his amazement, he ventured on a question of peculiar delicacy.

"Pray, sir," said Gluck rather hesitatingly, "were you my mug?"

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height. "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River." Whereupon he turned about again, and took two more turns, some six feet long, in order to allow time for the consternation which this announcement produced in his auditor to evaporate. After which he again walked up to Gluck and stood still, as if expecting some comment on his communication.

Gluck determined to say something, at all events. "I hope your Majesty is very well," said Gluck.

"Listen!" said the little man, deigning no reply to this polite inquiry. "I am the King of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you; therefore attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his

first, can succeed in a second attempt; and if any one shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone."

So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away, and deliberately walked into the centre of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling,—a blaze of intense light—rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

"Oh!" cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him; "oh dear, dear, dear me! My mug! my mug! my mug!"

III.

The King of the Golden River had hardly made his extraordinary exit before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house, very savagely drunk. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate had the effect of sobering them just enough to enable them to stand over Gluck, beating him very steadily for a quarter of an hour; at the expiration of which period they dropped into a couple of chairs, and requested to know what he had got to say for himself. Gluck told them his story, of which, of course, they did not believe a word. They beat him again, till their arms were tired, and staggered to bed. In the morning, however, the steadiness with which he adhered to his story obtained him some degree of credence; the immediate consequence of which was, that the two brothers, after wrangling a long time on the knotty question, which of them should try his fortune first, drew their swords, and began fighting. The noise of the fray alarmed the neighbors, who, finding they could not pacify the combatants, sent for the constable.

Hans, on hearing this, contrived to escape, and hid himself; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and having drunk out his last penny the evening before, was thrown into prison till he should pay.

When Hans heard this, he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give any holy water to so abandoned a character. So Hans went to vespers in the evening for the first time in his life, and, under pretense of crossing himself, stole a cupful, and returned in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but Schwartz himself peeping out of the bars, and looking very disconsolate.

"Good morning, brother," said Hans; "have you any message for the King of the Golden River?" Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage, and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him, and advising him to make himself comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his basket, shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz's face till it frothed again, and marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

It was, indeed, a morning that might have made any one happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines of dewey mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massive mountains,—their lower cliffs in pale gray shadow, hardly distinguishable from the floating vapor, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy color along the angular crags, and pierced, in long level rays, through their fringes of spear-like pine. Far above shot up red splintered masses of castellated rock, jagged and shivered into myriads of fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow, traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning; and, far beyond, and far above

all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept, in the blue sky, the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the undulating line of the cataract and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

On this object, and on this alone, Han's eyes and thoughts were fixed; forgetting the distance he had to traverse, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of the green and low hills. He was, moreover, surprised, on surmounting them, to find that a large glacier, of whose existence, notwithstanding his previous knowledge of the mountains, he had been absolutely ignorant, lay between him and the source of the Golden River. He entered on it with the boldness of a practiced mountaineer; yet he thought he had never traversed so strange or so dangerous a glacier in his life. The ice was excessively slippery, and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water; not monotonous or low, but changeful and loud, rising occasionally into drifting passages of wild melody, then breaking off into short, melancholy tones, or sudden shrieks, resembling those of human voices in distress or pain. The ice was broken into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, like the ordinary forms of splintered ice. There seemed a curious *expression* about all their outlines,—a perpetual resemblance to living features, distorted and scornful. Myriads of deceitful shadows and lurid lights played and floated about and through the pale blue pinnacles, dazzling and confusing the sight of the traveler; while his ears grew dull and his head giddy with the constant gush and roar of the concealed waters. These painful circumstances increased upon him as he advanced; the ice crashed and yawned into fresh chasms at his feet, tottering spires nodded around him, and fell thundering across his path; and though he had repeatedly faced these dangers on the most terrific glaciers, and in the wildest weather, it was with a new and oppressive feeling of panic terror that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

He had been compelled to abandon his basket of food, which became a perilous incumbrance on the glacier, and had now no means of refreshing himself but by breaking off and eating some of the pieces of ice. This, however, relieved his thirst; an hour's repose recruited his hardy frame, and, with the indomitable spirit of avarice, he resumed his laborious journey.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare, red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot or a projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless, and penetrated with heat. Intense thirst was soon added to the bodily fatigue with which Hans was now afflicted; glance after glance he cast on the flask of water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may at least cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside him; he thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment; and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the hill cataracts sounded like mockery in his ears; they were all distant, and

his thirst increased every moment. Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side; it was half empty, but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and again, as he did so, something moved in the path above him. It was a fair child stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. And a dark gray cloud came over the sun, and long, snake-like shadows crept up along the mountain sides. Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but its descent seemed to bring no coolness; the leaden weight of the dead air passed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hillside, scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a momnt to breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned, and saw a gray-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale, and gathered into an expression of despair. "Water!" he stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly—"Water! I am dying."

"I have none," replied Hans; "thou hast had thy share of life." He strode over the prostrate body, and darted on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the east, shaped like a sword: it shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with one heavy, inpenetrable shade. The sun was setting; it plunged toward the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Han's ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset: they shook their crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses, his brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering, he drew the flask from his girdle, and hurled it into the centre of the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs: he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over

The Black Stone

IV.

Poor little Gluck waited very anxiously alone in the house for Han's return. Finding he did not come back, he was terribly frightened, and went and told Schwartz in the prison all that had happened. Then Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone, and he should have all the gold himself. But Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night. When he got up in the morning, there was no bread in the house, nor any money, so Gluck went and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard, and so neatly, and so long every day, that he soon got money enough together to pay his brother's fine, and he went and gave it all to Schwartz and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased, and said he should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Now when Schwartz had heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a proceeding might not be considered altogether correct by the King of the Golden River, and determined to manage matters better. So he took some more of Gluck's money, and went to a bad priest, who gave him some holy water very readily for it. Then Schwartz was sure it was all quite right. So Schwartz got up early in the morning, before the sun rose, and took some bread and wine in a basket, and put his holy water in a flask, and set off for the mountains. Like his brother, he was much surprised at the sight

of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him. The day was cloudless, but not bright: a heavy purple haze was hanging over the sky, and the hills looked lowering and gloomy. And as Schwartz climbed the steep rock path, the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted his flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him, and moaned for water.

"Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and passed on. And as he went he thought that the sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a low bank of black clouds rising out of the West; and when he had climbed for another hour the thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk. Then he saw the old man lying before him on the path, and heard him cry out for water. "Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade from before his eyes, and he looked up and, behold, a mist, of the color of blood, had come over the sun; and the bank of black cloud had risen very high, and its edges were tossing and tumbling like the waves of the angry sea. And they cast long shadows, which flickered over Schwartz's path.

Then Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again his thirst returned; and as he lifted his flask to his lips, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him, and, as he gazed, the figure stretched its arms to him and cried for water. "Ha, ha," laughed Schwartz, "are you there? Remember the prison bars, my boy. Water, indeed! do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for *you?*" And he strode over the figure; yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about its lips. And, when he had gone a few rods farther, he looked back; but the figure was not there.

And a sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why; but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. And the bank of black cloud rose to the zenith, and out of it came bursts of spiry lightning, and waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between their flashes, over the whole heavens. And the sky where the sun was setting was all level, and like a lake of blood; and a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments, and scattering them far into the darkness. And when Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black like thunder clouds, but their foam was like fire; and the roar of the waters below, and the thunder above met, as he cast the flask into the stream. And, as he did so, the lightning glared in his eyes, and the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over

The Two Black Stones

V.

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry, and did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard, and gave him very little money. So, after a month or two, Gluck grew tired, and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had occasioned a great deal of fatigue to his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong or so practiced on the mountains. He had several very bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was

very much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass, after he had got over, and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour, he got dreadfully thirsty, and was going to drink like his brothers, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble and leaning on a staff. "My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst; give me some of that water." Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water: "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two-thirds empty. Then he bade him good speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. And the path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it, and some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it; and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

Then he went on for another hour, and the thirst increased on him so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But, as he raised the flask, he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried piteously for water. Then Gluck struggled with himself, and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank it all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him and got up, and ran down the hill; and Gluck looked after it, till it became as small as a little star, and then turned, and began climbing again. And then there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss, with pale pink starry flowers, and soft-belled gentians, more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white transparent lilies. And crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet, when he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became intolerable again; and when he looked at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. And as he was hanging the flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath,—just as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. And Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him; and he thought of the dwarf's words, "that no one could succeed, except in his first attempt;" and he tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and Gluck stopped again. "Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it'll be dead when I come down again, if I don't help it." Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eyes turned on him so mournfully that he could not stand it. "Confound the King and his gold too," said Gluck; and he opened the flask, and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared, its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red, its eyes became very twinkling; in three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the monarch; "but don't be frightened, it's all right;" for Gluck showed manifest symptoms of consternation at this unlooked-for reply to his last observation. "Why didn't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make too."

"Oh dear me!" said Gluck, "have you really been so cruel?"

"Cruel?" said the dwarf; "they poured unholy water into my stream; do you suppose I am going to allow that?"

"Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, sir,—your Majesty, I mean—they got the water out of the church font."

"Very probably," replied the dwarf; "but," and his countenance grew stern

as he spoke, "the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses."

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves hung three drops of clear dew, and the dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good speed."

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The playing colors of his robe formed themselves into a prismatic mist of dewy light; he stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colors grew faint, the mist rose into the air; the monarch had evaporated.

And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal, and as brilliant as the sun. And when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because not only the river was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains, toward the Treasure Valley; and, as he went, he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. And when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river, like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

And as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew, and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle, and tendrils of vine, cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance which had been lost by cruelty was regained by love.

And Gluck went and dwelt in the valley and the poor were never driven from his door; so that his barns became full of corn and his house of treasure. And, for him, the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

And to this day the inhabitants of the valley point out the place where the three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River under the ground, until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. And at the top of the cataract of the Golden River are still to be seen two black stones, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset: and these stones are still called, by the people of the valley,

THE BLACK BROTHERS

—*John Ruskin.*

DRAMATICS

"The play's the thing," said the wise Shakespeare. Long, long before the church had discovered that to get great Bible and moral ideas over to the masses the play was the thing. But in the course of time this powerful method of impressing the people has been utilized for amusement entirely. The stage with its endless triangles, the movies with their excessive fightings failed to live up to their high possibilities. Through the schools must be established a standard of taste which the stage will meet.

But if the theatre and the movie met their great possibilities ideally, there would still be a large place for dramatics in the school. To every human being has the dramatic instinct been given in greater or less measure, and this instinct is not satisfied by being merely an onlooker.

Consider thoughtfully what a child may gain by taking part in good plays properly taught him.

If the play is a good story he

First. Gets it clearer than he could in any other way. Or if the play deals with information it is acquired in a never to be forgotten form.

Second. Clear, distinct, direct speech is motivated. So magical is this that sad stutterers may be given prominent speaking parts, with no fear of their speech being impeded by their infirmity. It is one of the best of cures for those so afflicted.

Third. The child gets good training in standing, sitting, moving.

Fourth. He is practiced in subordinating himself to the picture, to the action. Consider what that means as a lesson in harmonious living.

Fifth. It gives strong incentive for close observations of what is read in connection with the play, of life about him, of all things which relate to the costuming and impersonation.

Sixth. He gets some suggestion of the impression one's thought and emotions can make, even in motionless silence.

Seventh. If the play is a worthy one his English is bettered by taking part in it.

Eighth. He gets real pleasure out of it. A thirteen-year old boy upon being asked if there ought to be plays in school, replied promptly and decisively, "Yes. Give the kids something they like to do."

Ninth. Dramatics have real value in character development, in helping the child to put himself in another's place, and therefore training him to think more sympathetically of the other fellow.

Tenth. All of these gains are possible in dramatic audience. But if a play is produced before an audience of parents and friends, its enthusiastic reception has a reflex influence upon the actor in making him feel that it is a completed piece of work, in inspiring him to greater effort, and in adding to his wholesome pride in his classmates and in his school.

Lastly. Through the work they may learn something of what constitutes a good play, so that when they go to the theatre they will get more pleasure and more culture from going.

Structure of the Play. First as to the structure of a play.

The simplest play is built upon the same pattern or structure as great plays.

1. *The introduction in which necessary knowledge of the situation is given.* To illustrate with the *Lost Camel* (page 274). The situation appears in the action and the opening words. These four Arabs are traveling together and as they issue from the inn after dinner they find that the camel is lost.

2. *The Entanglement.* This is started by Abdallah's suggestion that the camel has been stolen. This so colors their thinking that they are ready to misinterpret what the Dervish says.

3. *The Climax.* This is reached when the case against the Dervish is so convincingly presented to the Cadi.

4. *The Disentanglement.* This begins with the Cadi's position that a wise judge should hear both sides of a case, and from this point the diminuendo is rapid.

5. *The Denouement.* At the close all suspicion has been done away with, and Abdallah and Ibrahim make the only reparation possible by courteous apology.

The pupils get the notion that a good play moves rapidly, one significant picture resolving itself into another, and that there should be no action or word which does not forward the story, and that all spoken words, all action is to interpret the story or the character clearly to the audience.

Finally, the long remembered joy of a play is one of the many proofs of its value. Much that the schools attempt to teach is forgotten—a good play in which the children have had a part is never forgotten.

Primary Grades. The dramatic work of the first grade is not set—that is, no parts are given the children to memorize. They create and recreate the play as they give it. While to the child this is just good play, for the teacher it is an excellent opportunity to see what the child's mental pictures are.

The up-to-date primary teacher has the story which admits of dramatization played by the children before the child attempts to retell it as a story. Action is used freely to interpret sentences silently read. And the children, when they reach the point when they can work out a story from the book for themselves, frequently suggest that they play it.

Let us watch this little play by a group of first grade children, worked out by themselves and wholly at their own initiative. The teacher had never thought of the story as one to be played.

The Discontented Pine Tree.

Little Pine Tree.—(A little girl standing on a kindergarten chair with arms extended, looked at first one arm and then the other with a discontented look on her face.) I do not like my needles. I wish I had green leaves like the other trees. (She fell asleep.)

Fairy—(Appeared and waved a wand before the little pine tree.) You shall have your wish, Little Pine Tree. (And danced lightly back to her corner.)

Little Pine Tree—(Awakes, looks at her leaves in glad surprise.) Now I am like the other trees.

Goat—(A boy impersonating the goat appeared.) Ah, here are green leaves. (He ate them all.)

Little Pine Tree—I do not like green leaves, I wish I had glass leaves to glitter in the sun. (Fell asleep.)

Fairy—You shall have your wish, Little Pine Tree.

Little Pine Tree—(Awakes, looks at herself with face alight with pleasure.) See my beautiful glass leaves. No other tree in the forest is so beautiful as I am.

Wind—(A boy impersonating the wind blows fiercely. The leaves are supposed to fall broken to the ground.)

Little Pine Tree—All my pretty glass leaves are broken. I do not want green leaves, I do not want glass leaves. I want gold leaves. (Fell asleep.)

Fairy—You shall have your wish, Little Pine Tree.

Little Pine Tree—(Awakes delightedly, discovers gold leaves.) See my beautiful gold leaves. No other tree of the forest has such beautiful leaves.

Thief—(The thief is a boy with a bag or a waste-paper basket.) Ah, here are gold leaves. (He stuffs them hastily into his bag.)

Little Pine Tree—I do not want green leaves. I do not want glass leaves. I do not want gold leaves. I want my needles again. (Fell asleep.)

Fairy—You shall have your wish, Little Pine Tree.

Little Pine Tree—(Awakes, looks at her needles with delight.) Ah, needles are the best for a Little Pine Tree, after all.

The Three Billy Goats Gruff dramatizes well.

The Three Bears is another beloved story which plays well. Only don't forget that it was a naughty prying old woman who so rudely entered the house when the owners were away, and don't spoil an artistic story by introducing as the villain a pretty little girl.

Second Grade. Dramatization should be of the same spontaneous sort in the second grade. *The Lion and the Mouse* is suggestive to the primary teacher as to how that and similar stories work out.

The Crow's Children, Belling the Cat, Chicken Little, work out well.

Third Grade. Work of the same type should be done in the third grade. *The Pig Brother, Eepaminondas, Ibbity* all have touches of humor which the children appreciate.

Briar-Rose is charming and any number of pupils may be used in forming the fence.

In the third grades some easy dramatic reader is a joy.

Fourth Grade. The dramatic reader is fine for the fourth grade. *A Pair of Red Shoes* is a particularly good little play for this grade's dramatic reading.

William Tell, worked out as a play by the fourth grade, is especially desirable work.

Fifth Grade. The fifth grades may well make the *Robin Hood Ballads* their own by working some of them over into plays. (It is worth while to secure some costuming for this. Cheap knit underwear dyed green, with tunics made from English cambric, and caps make most desirable costumes. And these costumes will help out in many another play.)

The Sixth Grade. This grade should have the *Arthurian Legends,* many of which dramatize well.

Miles Standish is excellent sixth grade material for dramatization.

Among the plays here presented, *The Lost Camel* is good for sixth grade. It is not only a good detective story, but it will motivate the study of Arabia and the Arabs if the pupils are permitted to costume for the play.

The Christmas scene from the *Birds' Christmas Carol* is fine for this grade..

Only the slightest suggestion of costuming is needed in the primary grades. The more advanced the grade, the more the costuming aids the play, but if the work in securing it is largely on the pupils themselves there are genuine educational gains to recompense the effort.

The Seventh Grade. The seventh grade should have *The Merchant of Venice,* and should memorize the *Court Scene.*

The Eighth Grade. This grade should have *Julius Caesar,* and memorize *The Quarrel Scene* and *The Forum Scene.*

The three upper grades will greatly enjoy reading *The Bluebird* by Maeterlinck, (not the Children's Bluebird written down for them), and *The Piper* by Josephine Peabody.

The seventh or eighth grade or the two together should dramatize the *Cratchett's Christmas*. *The Magic Trunk* is a beautiful play for a Christmas entertainment.

Three Questions plays well and may be used in any of the three upper grades and carries its great lesson easily over to the audience.

A Quarrel in Grammar Land was written for a group of people trying to master the parts of speech. When given spiritedly, it is amusing and helps the children to learn about the parts of speech.

The Minimum Essentials was written for a group of eighth grade boys to spur them on in the mastery of sufficient English to get to High School.

The play of *Gurth and Wamba* helps the children to a little historic knowledge of the make up of our language.

For Better English week there are three good plays available: *The Magic Voice, The Better Speech Child,* and for eighth grade or High School, *The Four Verb Brothers.*

Monologues are very good especially as preparation for dramatics in which more than one has a part. In the monologue the pupil learns mentally to place the other persons and objects so as to make the audience picture the scene.

Marmion and Douglas, and *I Am An American,* are delightful for two boys each, and when they have prepared these poems they have added something worth while to their mental furnishing.

The House of the Heart is a charming morality play for children, and will repay all the work required for its production.

The Lion and the Mouse

(Lion comes in and lies down. Speaks in a big voice.)

Lion — Here is my den.
I am sleepy.
I will take a nap.

(Mouse comes in, steps on paw of lion. Speaks in a little voice but clear and easily heard.)

Mouse—I must hurry home.
My little ones are hungry.
What is this?
What have I stepped on?
It is a lion.
I must run.

Lion — Too late.
Why did you step on my paw?
I am hungry.
Now I will eat you.

Mouse—Please, Mr. Lion, please!
I have four little ones at home.
Please, Mr. Lion, let me go home.

Lion — Why did you step on my paw?

Mouse—I did not see you, Mr. Lion.
I was in a hurry.

Lion — Well, you woke me up.
I will eat you for that.

Mouse—Please, Mr. Lion, let me go.
I will not step on you again.
Lion — I am hungry.
I want something to eat.
Mouse—But I am little.
I am not a mouthful for you.
If you eat me you will be just as hungry as ever.
Lion — That is so.
Mouse—Please let me go.
Someday I will do something for you.
Lion — That is a joke.
What could a mouse do for a lion?
Mouse—I do not know, Mr. Lion, but everybody needs friends.
Everybody can help.
Lion — Well, run along; but don't wake me up again.
Mouse—Thank you, good Mr. Lion.
Thank you.

Exit Mouse.

Part Two

Lion — I am hungry.
I must go out to hunt.
(Lion rising and stretching—becomes entangled in net.)
What is this?
A net?
I am caught in a net.
The hunters will kill me now.
O! O! O!
(Roaring.)

(Enter mouse, running.)

Mouse—Did you call, Mr. Lion?
Lion — I am caught in this net.
The hunters put it here to catch me.
They will kill me.
Mouse—No, Mr. Lion, the hunters shall not kill you
Your friend, Mrs. Mouse, is here.
Lion — But what can you do?
Mouse—You will see.
I have not forgotten that you let me go home to my little ones.
See my sharp teeth (showing them).
I can gnaw the rope with my sharp teeth.
Lion — O be quick!
The hunters will come.
Mouse—I will be quick.
(Bends over and pretends to gnaw, lifting the net so that the lion is freed.)
There you are free.
You can go home.
Lion — Thank you.
Thank you, Mrs. Mouse.
Mouse—Isn't it good to have a friend, even if it is only a little mouse?

Gurth and Wamba

This play is well worth while, brief as it is, for it gives a detail from a picture of life in England shortly after the Norman Conquest, and shows something of the formation of our language from the introduction of the Norman French into the Anglo-Saxon speech.

Scene—A grassy glade in the forest. May be layed out of doors, or simply in the open space in front of the desks.

Gurth, the swineherd. Tousled hair, jacket made of some light brown cloth to suggest the tanned skin of some animal, sleeves so short that they do not reach the elbow. Sandals, strips to look like leather twined round the legs, leaving knees bare. Belt in which is stuck two-edged knife with buck's-horn handle. Loose brass ring around the neck (on which is engraved "Gurth, the son of Beowulph is the born thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood"). A horn in his hand.

Wamba, the jester. Jacket of bright purple. Short cloak reaching half way down his thigh, crimson, lined with bright yellow. Sandals. Garters, one red, the other yellow, cap with tiny bells to jingle as he moves his head, silver bracelets on his arms. Large silver ring about his neck (on which is engraved "Wamba, the son of Witless, is the thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood"). Sword of lath. Wamba, seated at left of stage.

Gurth—standing near centre blows obstreperously on his horn to call together the scattered herd of swine.

(Grunting swine heard off stage.)

The curse of St. Withhold upon them and upon me; if the two legged wolf snap not up some of them ere nightfall, I am no true man. Here, Fangs! Fangs! a devil draw the teeth of him, and the mother of mischief confound the Ranger of the forest, that cuts the foreclaws off our dogs and makes them unfit for their trade. Wamba, up and help me, and thou beest a man; take a turn round the back of the hill to gain the wind on them; and when tho'st got the weather-gage, thou mayst drive them before thee as gently as so many innocent lambs."

Wamba. Truly, I have consulted my legs upon this matter, and they are altogether of opinion, that to carry my gay garments through these sloughs would be an act of unfriendship to my sovereign person and royal wardrobe; wherefore, Gurth, I advise thee to call off Fangs, and leave the herd to their destiny, which, whether they meet with bands of travelling soldiers, or of outlaws, or of wandering pilgrims, can be little else than to be converted into Normans before morning, to thy no small ease and comfort.

Gurth—The swine turned Norman to my comfort! Expound that to me, Wamba; for my brain is too dull, and my mind too vexed, to read riddles.

Wamba—Why how call you those grunting brutes running about on their four legs?

Gurth—Swine, fool, swine, every fool knows that.

Wamba—And swine is good Saxon; but how call you the sow when she is flayed, and drawn, and quartered, and hung up by the heels like a traitor?

Gurth—Pork.

Wamba—I am very glad every fool knows that too, and pork I think is good Norman-French; and so when the brute lives, and is in charge of a Saxon slave, she goes by her Saxon name; but becomes a Norman, and is called pork, when she is carried to the castle hall to feast among the nobles. What dost thou think of this, friend Gurth, ha?

Gurth—It is but too true doctrine, friend Wamba, however it got into thy fool's pate.

Wamba—Nay, I can tell you more. There is old Alderman Ox continues to hold his Saxon epithet while he is under the charge of serfs and bondsmen such as thou, but becomes Beef, a fiery French gallant, when he arrives before the worshipful jaws that are destined to consume him. Mynheer Calf, too, becomes Monsieur de Veau in the like manner. He is Saxon when he requires tendence, and takes a Norman name when he becomes a matter of enjoyment. But soft, whom have we here?" (Listening to horses approaching from front and left.)

Gurth—Never mind whom.

Wamba—Nay, but I must see the riders, perhaps they are come from fairy-land with a message from King Oberon.

Gurth—A murrain take thee! Wilt thou talk of such things while a terrible storm of thunder and lightning is raging within a few miles of us? Let us home before the storm begins to rage, for the night will be fearful.

A Quarrel in Grammar Land

Mr. Verb—I repeat, I am the most important Part of Speech—for without me you can neither tell a thing, nor ask a question. I am the word which asserts.

Madam Noun—O you are pretty conceited because they have named you Verb—*the word*. If it were not for me, who could know what you were talking about? The Germans call me the "head word." All the names in the world belong to me.

Miss Pronoun—Remember I am used instead of you, Madam Noun. I take your place much of the time.

Mr. Adverb—I am almost as important as you, Verb. You can't tell how, when, or where a thing is done without me. Besides you call me often to affirm or deny the very things you say.

Miss Adjective—What a poor thing language would be without me, Madam Noun. Conceit is unbearable. You and Mr. Verb will never get the blessing of the meek. Think of me, for example. How poor the language would be without my family. I keep you in your place, Madam Noun.

Madam Noun—Keep me in my place, pert thing! What do you mean?

Miss Adjective—Why, I build a fence about you to keep you in proper limitations and to keep out the things you do not mean.

Madam Noun—I do not understand.

Miss Adjective—Well take your child Elephant. When you call "Elephant," any elephant on earth might think itself called; but when I come to your assistance and we call "White Elephant," all the gray elephants may keep on feeding. I have fenced them out.

Mr. Verb—That's true. Adjective has you there, Madam Noun.

Mr. Adverb—But I do much the same thing for you, Mr. Verb.

Mr. Verb—How is that, smarty?

Mr. Adverb—I told you before you can do little work that is fine and exact without the help of my family. If you wish to tell when a thing is done you are compelled to summon to your aid an Adverb of Time; if you wish to tell where it is done, you must summon an Adverb of Place; if you wish to tell how it is done, you must summon an Adverb of Manner; if you wish to affirm or deny a thing you say, you must summon an Adverb of Affirmation or an Adverb of Negation; if you wish to—

Mr. Verb—You and your whole family are just servants. You serve me, you serve Adjectives, you even serve other Adverbs.

Mr. Adverb—That's true. But it seems to me someone has said, "Let him that is greatest among you be the servant of all." I am proud of being a helper. And

you most impolitely interrupted me before I had a chance to remind you of all the ways in which I help—

Mr. Conjunction—Don't be rude to one another. I have been thinking, and I am not sure that I am not the most important Part of Speech because I do a lot of the work of joining you together.

Mr. Verb—Yes, you with your ubiquitous child And. I get so tired of And-uhs, And-uhs, And-uhs, that—

Mr. Conjunction—But I am not to blame that people overwork that little fellow, because he is *easy* and *willing* and forget my *therefores*, and—

All—The teachers don't forget that one.

Mr. Conjunction—No, bless their hearts, no; but you'd better not make fun of teachers—Nobody would ever hear of one of you if it weren't for the faithfulness and persistency of teachers.

Buddy Preposition—Let me speak, please. I'm little. There are not many in my family; but we're important, too. We're joiners, too.

Mr. Conjunction—If joining were all you did, Preposition, there would be little need of you.

Noun and Pronoun—(Taking hold of hands, and stepping up to Verb). Well, anyhow, old Mr. Verb, you have to agree with us when we are your subject.

Mr. Verb—Yes, but I govern your case when you are my object.

Buddy Proposition—Well, if that's anything to brag about, I do, too.

Mr. Conjunction—Come, come, Parts of Speech, can't I get you to live in peace.

Mr. Verb—O, Conjunction, attend to your own business.

Mr. Conjunction—But it is my business to unite you. I'm a joiner, you know.

Mr. Conjugative Adverb—I'm a joiner too.

Mr. Verb—Come to think of it, I'm something of a joiner, too.

Madam Noun—Well, let's agree to live in harmony hereafter. This is too much like a family quarrel for such old aristocrats as we.

Mr. Adverb—There, peace is proclaimed before I had a chance to tell all the things I do. I didn't have half a chance.

Miss Adjective—Nor I.

Miss Pronoun—Nor I and I'm mighty afraid those boys and girls will never know how important I am.

Madam Noun—Nor how important I am.

Miss Adjective—Nor how important I am.

Mr. Adverb—Nor how important I am.

Mr. Conjunction—Nor how important I am.

Buddy Preposition—Nor how important I am.

Mr. Verb—Nor how important I am.

The Minimum Requirements

At the Illinois State Teachers' Association, the teachers of English formulated what was in their judgment the least that should be expected of a pupil upon entering high school. They preceded their list by the following list of fundamentals.

The following points in syntax are fundamental:

1. A well-constructed authoritative rule is a valuable convenience to be understood, learned, and applied until its use becomes automatic.
2. Words are classified as parts of speech according to their uses in sentences.
3. Every subject and object is related to a verb or a preposition.
4. Most pronouns have an antecedent, which should be clearly expressed.

5. Participles and participial phrases must be joined to some word, usually a substantive, with which they are connected in sense.

6. A dependent clause differs from a phrase in that it has a subject *and a predicate.*

The instances of incorrect usage that occur most frequently are:

The confusion of such verbs as *lie* and *lay*, *rise* and *raise, sit* and *set.* The use of *leave* and *let.*

The list of minimum requirements was made the basis of this little play which was written to interest a group of eighth grade boys who had failed to make good in their English.

The Minimum Essentials

Bob—Stop your fooling, Jack; I must get this English lesson.

Jack—O what's the difference whether you get it or don't get it?

Bob—Just this; I want to go to High School.

Jack—What d'ye want to go to High School for?

Bob—Because I don't want to be considered an ignoramus.

Jack—Well I'm going to work. I can earn as much now as you can when you get through with your old High School.

Bob—No, you can't. I've been looking that up. The High School fellows get jobs more readily, they get more pay, and they advance farther and faster.

Jack—Prove it.

Bob—See this. My father gave it to me just last evening. (Shows statistics.)

Jack—Well if that's a fact, I'm goin' to High School, too. I'm not going to let you or any other fellow beat me like that.

Bob—Good.

Jack—Let's see your old English lesson. What is it anyhow?

Bob—It's the *Minimum Essentials.*

Jack—What's that? Hello, Charley, come here. See what Bob has. Now just what are your old *Minimum Essentials,* and what does that mean anyhow?

Bob—I don't know exactly what it means, but you must know all these things or they won't let you into High School.

Jack—Spiel away! What are they?

Chas.—Yes, what are they? I aint goin' there, but I'd like to see if I know them things.

Bob—If you did know all of them you never would say "them things."

Chas.—Why not?

Jack—O I know. *Them* is a pronoun only, and you used it as if were an adjective.

Chas.—What should I say?

Bob—Why say "all of them," and stop there, or "all those things."

Chas.—All right. What else you got in your old paper? Let's set down.

Bob—Sit down, Charles.

Jack—O that don't sound right.

Bob—Doesn't sound right, you mean. I know it doesn't.

Jack—Well if it *doesn't* sound right it can't be right. Guess I know the English language as well as you do.

Bob—That's nothing to brag about. All I know is I heard teacher say that it is correct to say "I sit down" and "I set a lamp on the table."

Jack—O I know now. *Sit* is an intransitive verb and *set* is transitive. I remember Miss Hoyt drilled us on that. It's like *lie* and *lay*. I lie on the bed. I lay my hat on a chair.

Chas.—All right! Let us *sit* down. What are your old *Minimum Essentials?* I don't want to talk like a school teacher, but I don't object to knowing what's right. It seems a little ridiculous to be born an American and live in America and not know the language.

Jack—Yes, I heard Mr. Skiles say that Carl Olson speaks better English than I do, and he's been in this country only three years.

Bob—Well, listen. (Jack takes hold of the paper to take it away from Bob.) Leave go of that paper, Jack.

Chas.—*Let* go, you mean, Bob.

Bob—Well, let go. (Reads.)

Minimum Essentials.

1. Indentation of paragraphs.
2. Margins:
   required on left.
   optional on right.
   No open spaces left unnecessarily on the right.
3. Periods:
   at end of sentences.
   at end of abbreviations.
4. Question mark:
   at end of interrogative sentences.
5. Capitals:
   to begin sentences.
   to begin proper names.
   to begin names of months, and days of week.
   not to begin names of seasons and points of the compass.

Chas.—O we know all that stuff.

Jack—Of course you know it, but do you do it? I take it that's the point.

Bob—(Goes on reading.)

6. Avoidance of amputated members of sentences, i. e. clauses and phrases written as sentences. Gross errors of case; e. g. objective case as subject.

Jack—Him and me'll go. Gee whiz! I know better than to talk like that.

Bob (reading)—"Correct spelling of the following twenty words: to. too, two, their, there, all right, already, lose, loose, chose, choose, which, dining, whether, together, quite, quiet, until, develop, separate. Such words as belong to the subject: e. g. grammar, analysis, declarative.

8. Proper division of words at end of lines: division between syllables only (to be liberally interpreted.)
monosyllables not divided."

That bothers me. I have to go to the dictionary pretty often to find out where to divide a word. I think that the teachers might have drilled us more on that.

Chas.—Yes, blame the teachers for it. I guess if we'd learned all they did try to teach us we wouldn't need to be worrying about these old *Minimum Essentials.* I suspect they are for fellows who haven't much brains anyhow. What's that at the bottom of the page?

Bob (reading)—"Reasonable requirements."

1. The minimum requirements stated above.
2. Case:
   predicate nominative.
   object of verb or verbal.
   object of preposition.

3. Parts of speech.

4. Verbs, only: did, went, broke, look, rang, ought, wrote, saw.

Verbals, only: done, seem, taken.

Pronouns, only: them.

I don't understand this.

Chas.—I do. You mustn't use did, went, etc., as if they were verbals. Some fellows say, "I have went."

Jack—Yes, and in that play, *The Four Verb Brothers,* one of the criminals said, "We have did the deed," Jimminy! It seems ridiculous to make mistakes on little easy words like that.

Bob—It sure does!

Chas.—*Surely* does. Miss Barker corrected me on that the last week of school.

Bob—It surely does; but Miss Hoyt says it's just little everyday words that do trip us. We got into the habit of making these mistakes when we were little fellows ourselves.

Jack—Well, I'm not going to let any of them trip me unless I do it on purpose hereafter. I am going to speak as well as I know how.

Bob—Good for you. The principal says, "The English language is a precious inheritance, and that we ought to guard it as we would our own mothers."

Chas.—But I hate to be laughed at. I'd rather die than be laughed at.

Jack—How do you know that? You have tried being laughed at, but you haven't tried dying.

Bob—I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll stand by each other and master these *Minimum Essentials.* You won't mind being laughed at if we are in the same boat. Besides we'd better be laughed at for being right than for being ignoramuses.

Jack—All right! I'll stand by.

Chas.—Guess I will too and go to High School with you.

The Three Questions

(Dramatization of *The Three Questions* by Tolstoi.)

Scene I: Court.

Queen—Why so sad, O King, when all about you are merry?

King—I am thinking of our great kingdom and wishing, O Queen, that I might be assured that I would rule it as wisely as did my good father before me.

Courtier—Why should you not? You are well prepared to rule.

Lady-in-Waiting—And your people are all loyal to you, gracious King.

Queen—And you have the good example of your father to aid you.

King—There are three questions troubling me. If I knew the answer to these three questions I am assured I could succeed in everything I undertake.

All—What are the three questions?

King—First, how can I always know the right time to begin anything?

Second, how can I know who are the right people to listen to?

Third, and above all, how can I know what is the most important thing to do? Summon my Heralds.

Page—His Majesty doth desire his Heralds.

(Enter Heralds from left.)

King—Go forth, my Heralds, and proclaim throughout my kingdom,—"Honor and rich reward to him who shall answer rightly these three questions: First, how can one know the right time to begin a thing? Second, how can one know who are the people of most importance to him? Third, how can one know what is the most important thing to do?

(Heralds pass off to right, as they reach the exit, blow the bugle, and chant, "The King doth proclaim Honor and rich reward to him who doth answer three questions, First—" voices dying down as if at a distance.)

Scholar (in cap and gown, carrying a large book, horn spectacles)—To know the right time for every action, Most Gracious King, one must draw up in advance a table of days, months and years, and must live strictly according to it. Only thus could everything be done in proper time.

Fool—Too witt, too witt, too hoo.

Priest (in skull cap and long gown and large cross on chain about the waist.) (To scholar)—Truly it is impossible to decide before hand the right time for every action, reverend Scholar. (Turning to King) But, your Majesty, by not letting oneself be absorbed in idle pastimes, one could always attend to all that is going on, and then do that which is most needful.

Fool—Caw, caw, caw.

Magician—(oriental gown and turban)—In order to decide such matters one must know before hand what is going to happen. It is only us Magicians who know that. Therefore in order to know the right time for every action you must consult your Magicians.

Fool—S-s-s-s-s-s. Each bird hath sung after his own fashion, Sire, but I do not see that you are any the wiser.

King—Hush thee. Fool, for once you have spoken wisely. No two of these agree. I cannot think my question has been answered. I trust you may be more helpful on the second question, "Who are the people of most importance to me?"

Queen—O My Lord, I can answer that. Your Courtiers, for they are the ones who make happy your leisure hours; and is not happiness the end and aim of life?

Fool—No, no, King, your Fool is the most important of all, for your Fool makes you laugh and laughter—

King—Be silent, Fool, this is no time for thy foolish chatter.

Councillor—Your Councillors are of the most value to you, for upon them must you rely for advice when important measures are under consideration.

Priest—Not so, O King, for they can but advise you about temporary affairs, we, your Priests, are the most necessary because upon us you must rely for instruction about eternal things.

Physician—O King, do you know that your Physicians are the most important to you? They guard your health and thus make it possible for you to execute your great plans.

General—But, Gracious King, how could you preserve your life or hold your kingdom without your great army to protect you? Surely even this Fool here can see that your soldiers are the most important to you.

Fool—Still it is every man for himself, and as the Good Book says, "The De—

King—Canst thou not hold thy tongue, Fool? Each one has spoken only the partial truth which his own interest reveals to him. Can you not more nearly answer my third question, "What is the most important occupation?"

Scientist—I can answer that with assurance, King. Science is the most important thing in the world. It is through the discoveries of science that man makes his progress from the hardships of savage life to the ease and comforts of civilization. Therefore, O King, the study of science is clearly the most important occupation.

Priest—Again, O Gracious King, let me remind you that the soul is of more worth than the body, therefore religious worship is man's most important duty.

(Re-enter Heralds.)

Heralds—We have gone throughout your kingdom, and we have found no one, Gracious King, who could answer your three questions.

King—Since neither the people of my court nor of my kingdom can help me, I will go to a Hermit who lives in the woods nearby. He is renowned for his wisdom. I will consult him.

Fool—He will not receive a man, Sire, in royal toggery. He sees only common folk.

King—Thanks, Fool, for the hint. I will go simply dressed. Summon my bodyguard. They shall accompany me to the entrance of the forest and there await my return. (King retires.)

Page—Enter, ye Bodyguard.

Second-Lady-in-Waiting—O, why should we weary ourselves over such serious questions when we might spend our days in merriment? Here we are all as solemn as apes.

Fool—When we might be as merry as monkeys.

Third-Lady-in-Waiting—What a horrid thing to say, Fool.

King—(King re-enters in simple dress, bows graciously to the Queen): Until I know the answers to my three questions I cannot deal wisely by my people. (Retires with his Bodyguard.)

Curtain

Scene II.

(In the Forest. Hut at left. Hermit spading in garden at right.)

King—I have come to you, wise Hermit, to ask you three questions: How can I learn to do the right thing at the right time? Who are the people I most need and to whom therefore I should pay more attention than the rest? And what affairs are the most important, and need my first attention?

(The Hermit listened, then went on digging.)

King—You are weary. Let me take the spade and work a while for you.

Hermit—Thanks.

King (after spading a while)—Will you not answer me?

Hermit—Now rest a while and let me work a bit.

King (holding on to the spade)—I came to you, wise man, for an answer to my questions. If you can give me none, tell me so, and I'll return home.

Hermit—Here comes some one running, let us see who it is.

(Man runs into scene and falls bleeding. King washes and bandages his wound. Then the King and Hermit lift him to a bench in front of the hut.)

Man—Water.

(The King gives him a drink, and then sits down.)

Man—Forgive me.

King—I do not know you, and have nothing for which to forgive you.

Man—No, you do not know me, but I know you. I am your enemy. You executed my brother. You took my property, and I swore to be revenged. I knew you had gone alone to see the Hermit, and I resolved to kill you on the way back. Hours passed. You did not return. So I came out of my ambush. Your bodyguard saw and recognized me. They set upon and wounded me. I escaped from them but would have bled to death had you not dressed my wounds. I wished to kill you but you have saved my life. Now I will be your faithful servant, and bid my sons to do the same. Forgive me.

King—I am glad to have you for a friend. My physician shall attend you; and I shall gladly restore your property to you.

(He goes to the Hermit who is down on his knees planting seeds in the beds.)

King—For the last time I pray you to answer my questions, wise man.

Hermit—You have already been answered.

King—How answered? What do you mean?

Hermit (rising)—Do you not see? If you had not pitied my weakness, and had not dug these beds for me, but had gone your way that man would have attacked you. So the most important time was when you were digging the beds. I was the most important man. To do me good was your most important business.

King—I see that.

Hermit—Afterwards when that man ran to us, the most important time was when you were attending to him. If you had not bound up his wounds he would have died without making peace with you. So he was the most important man, and what you did for him your most important business.

King—I see.

Hermit—Remember then: there is only one time that is important—*NOW*. It is the most important because it is the only time when we have any power.

King—And the most necessary man?

Hermit—The most necessary man is he with whom you are, for no man knows whether you will ever have dealings with anyone else.

King—And the most important affair?

Hermit—The most important affair is to do him good, because for that purpose alone was man sent into this life.

(Enter Queen, Attendants, etc.)

Queen—O King, long have we waited your return. We feared some evil had befallen thee.

King—Physician, attend this wounded man with thine utmost skill. Gracious Queen, I have found much more than I sought. Yon Hermit has proved a wise councillor.

My enemy has been transformed into a friend.

I sought the answer to my three questions that I might rule my kingdom wisely. The answer teaches me not merely how to rule my kingdom but how to make my own life successful. The answer is to you, my friends, and to all mankind.

"The Only Time Is Now."

"The Most Important Man Is He With Whom You Are."

"The Most Important Act Is to Do Good."

Ingratitude the Reward of This World

This play will require no scenery; it takes about ten minutes.

(A street scene. Miss Gray seated on porch at the left; Father and John at right.)

Father—So now that I am old I must go to the Poor House? Have you forgotten, my son, how hard I worked to make a good home for you, to send you through High School, and even two years in college?

John—No, father, I have not forgotten. But I stayed with you until I was twenty-one. I gave you part of what I earned up to that time.

Father—True, my son.

John—But now I am married. My wife has extravagant tastes. My own boy goes to an expensive school. For the sake of my business I must keep up appearances. This takes all I can earn. I cannot take you into my home. I cannot afford to pay for your keep elsewhere. It is not safe for you to continue to live here alone.

Father—Do you think, my son, that you have repaid me for all that I have done for you?

John—Certainly not father, you did not do it expecting to be repaid, besides had you expected it you would only have met with bitter disappointment. Every language has the saying, "Ingratitude is the world's reward." I am repaying your kindness to me in what I do for my son. I'll never expect any reward from him for what I am doing.

Father—I did not neglect my father in his old age, we welcomed him to our home, and your mother and I cared for him tenderly until the end came.

John—True, father, I remember it well, but times have changed. My wife is a different woman from mother.

Father—Well, son, if it must be so, walk with me to the Poor House. We have had many happy walks together. This sad one will be our last, and, son, it may be that you are right though I cannot think so. Let us ask the first three aged people we meet, and if they agree with you that ingratitude is this world's reward, I will say no more.

John—Agreed, father, for I know that you will be convinced.

(They start toward centre of stage, but stop again on seeing Mr. Jones and Joe.)

Father—Here comes old Mr. Jones and his son Joe from the city.

Joe—How do you do, Mr. Wilson?

Father—So, so, and how are you?

Joe—Fine and dandy. Hello Jack, old boy. Good to see you again.

John—Hello, Joe; how's the world using you?

(John and Joe talking in rear of stage.)

Father—Why how cheerful you look, old fellow!

Farmer Jones—Why should I not look cheerful? You know, I've had so much trouble lately with poor crops, and low prices, (and then you know how much sickness there has been in my family) that I have been obliged to mortgage my farm. And just yesterday when I feared foreclosure within the month, here came my son out from the big city and paid off the mortgage. Why shouldn't I be cheerful?

(Hearing what his father is saying, Joe turns from John to his own father.)

Joe—O cut it out, Dad. Don't mention it. I'm not such a piker that I won't take care of my father and mother. I don't forget what I owe to you. What'd ye mortgage the old place for anyhow, Dad?

Farmer Jones—O pride, Joe, pride; and pride always rides to a fall.

(Turning to his father.)

John—It's no use to ask him, father.

Joe—Well, good day, Mr. Wilson—so long, Jack.

Father—Good by, Joe.

John—Good by, good luck.

Father—Well, here comes our Pastor. He is old and feeble, and the church intend to ask him to retire so that they may call a younger man. I fancy he may agree with you. Good morning, Pastor, son and I wish to ask you a question.

(Stop near centre of stage.)

John—Have you not found that ingratitude is the reward you have received for your service, Pastor?

Pastor—It is true that I am only sixty-five, and my congregation are beginning to be restless and are asking for a younger man.

John—They always do.

Pastor—It is also true that with the small amount of pay they have given me I have nothing laid by for the years before me.

Father—How could you on what we paid you?

Pastor—Yet I trust somehow that God will not forget me. And I have had my reward as the days have passed.

John—How had your reward?

Pastor—There are many who say I have helped them. I have comforted the bereaved, the sick, the dying, and I have been able to help many to more hopeful views of life here and to more assurance of a happy life hereafter. Even where no word has been spoken I do not believe my people are all ungrateful. But I have not done my work to be thanked; and, if I have really helped, I have had my reward. Good day, friends.

Father and John—Good day, Pastor.

John—It is no use to appeal to one so unworldly as this for our answer. But see Miss Gray. She sits there in her shabby dress all alone on that ruined porch. She is nearly blind, and often hungry I'll be bound, and she has no one to care for her. We have no need to ask her our question. The answer is written big all over and around her.

Father—Nevertheless we will ask her; good morning, Sarah.

(Stepping forward to shake hands with her.)

Miss Gray—Good morning, neighbor, and is that John with you? O John, 'tis so long since I have seen you. How thoughtful of you when you have come to see your good father to stop a minute to see your old teacher.

John (shaking hands with her)—How long did you teach here, Miss Gray?

Miss Gray—Just as long as the children of Israel were wondering through the widerness—forty years.

John—I remember how troublesome we boys often were. I thought it smart then, I am ashamed of it now.

Miss Gray—O I looked beyond the boyish mischief to the fine men you would some day be. Just think of yourself, John, I hear that you are a good business man with a fine wife and a dear boy of your own, so my patience with you is more than rewarded.

John—But surely you think it is wrong that the community you served so faithfully does not see that you are cared for in your age?

Miss Gray—Yes, for the sake of the children who are wronged when teachers are not properly paid and provided for when no longer able to continue their arduous work. Yes, I feel the wrong keenly. But for myself, I count with pride the boys and girls who are making a success of life, and I hope that their work at school helped. I even think of those that have failed and trust that the memory of their school days are pleasant thoughts, and I am sure that their failures are less complete because of that.

John—But how do you live? Why do you not go to the Poor House? You would be more comfortable there than here.

Miss Gray—I, go to the Poor House, the home of the friendless! I, a woman who has been a teacher go to the alms house! Why, John, *you* wouldn't let me go there—None of my old pupils would let me go there. They come to see me sometimes just as you have to-day. They bring their children to see me. I am not friendless—I sit here and think of my boys and girls. They are all my friends. How do I live? I work in my garden. I take care of my chickens. I can live on bread and tea. You would not let anyone you ever loved go to the Poor House, John.

John—No, Miss Gray, thanks to you, no. (Putting his arm around his father's shoulder.) Father, come home with me. Nothing I can do for you is too much to reward you for what you have done for me. May my son deal with me as I do with you.

(Turns back to take Miss Gray by the hand.) Good-by, Miss Gray, your faith in me when I was a boy made me more decent than I otherwise would have been. Your belief in me to-day has saved me from a dastardly deed. Goes to father. Turns to the audience.) Never again will I excuse myself by saying ingratitude is the world's reward.

The Lost Camel.

This play, which is a dramatization of a story found in Vol. IX., page 197, suggests to the teacher how she may utilize a dramatic story by turning it into a play. She may fit the play to her own group. It may be played by only three, *Ibrahim,* the *Dervish,* and the *Cadi,* if she has only three boys large enough for it. Or if there are only two boys, a girl may take the part of the Cadi. But in most of schools the question is how to give a large number a part. In this play a group of men servants may stand behind the Cadi—their white robes and turbans making a background for the gay coloring of the Cadi's turban and rich robes. A company of spectators may be ranged behind Abdallah, Ibrahim and the Dervish, in various colored gowns. Children are so happy to have a part in a play even if it is as only a part of background so long as they can do a bit of costuming.

The teacher needs to have pretty clearly in mind what she will do about costuming, if anything. (This play will be found valuable and interesting without costumes.) But she should throw responsibility on the children. They will study the pictures in their geography as never before. *The Geographic Magazine* takes on new significance. Arabia and the Arabians have a living interest for them now, and what they learn about them in preparing for the play is vitally interesting.

Cheese cloth dyes easily and makes fine turbans. Sheets make fine gowns for the servants. A bright colored kimona helped out with gilt tinsel adds to the glory of the Cadi.

Bright striped shawls and white sheets will make the costumes of the four Arabs, who must wear bright colors. If they wear white turbans, have them of the type with a straight piece shielding the neck.

The Dervish may dress in white—a full belted tunic ending at the knees.

The Cadi may wear very bright slippers. The others sandals.

The teacher must study her grouping so that it will make a pleasing picture.

There is not a great deal of action in the play, make the most of what there is; but let it move easily from one picture to another. The effect of the pictures on the audience is almost as important as the words, and should enhance their value.

Each child should get a clear conception of the character he impersonates.

Cadi—Wise, deliberate, unhurried.

Dervish—Exact, sure of himself.

Abdallah—Quick, nervous, talkative, suspicious.

Ibrahim—Slower to speak, led into the blunder of suspecting the Dervish by the suggestions of his companions.

Characters: Four Arabs, Ibrahim, Abdallah, Ali, Saif, Dervish.

Cadi—(An Arabian Judge.)

Servants—Any number.

Scene I.

A road on the border of the desert. Ibrahim, Abdallah, Ali and Saif come out of the Inn door where they have just had dinner, at left of the stage.

Abdallah—A good dinner!

Ibrahim—Yes, a good dinner. (Looking around anxiously.) But where is my camel? I left it right here. (Indicating the rear near left of stage.) While we are at dinner it has strayed away.

Abdallah—Yes, strayed or more likely stolen.

Ibrahim—Well, help me find it. You two (turning to Ali and Saif, who stand at his right and slightly to the rear), go this way, (indicating to the right) and Abdallah and I will go this way, (indicating to the front across stage), to see if we can discover any traces of the camel.

Ali—Yes, and I hope I catch the thief.

Saif—Yes, it is high time this region was made more safe for honest men. Exit Ali and Saif at right.

(Ibrahim and Abdallah start across the stage looking for the camel, but looking off in the distance and not at all at the tracks in the road).

Abdallah—I see no trace of your camel.

Ibrahim—Nor I.

Abdallah—But here comes a Dervish. Perhaps he may have seen your camel Let us ask him.

Dervish—Friends, have you lost a camel?

Abdallah and *Ibrahim*—Yes, yes, we have.

Ibrahim—Where is he?

Dervish—Is he lame in the left hind leg?

Abdallah (to Ibrahim)—Yes, Ibrahim, your camel is lame in his left hind leg. I noticed his lameness this morning.

Dervish—Is he blind in his right eye?

Ibrahim—Yes, he is blind in his right eye. You must have observed him very closely for it shows very little.

Dervish—Was his load honey on one side and wheat on the other?

Ibrahim—Yes, yes, his load was wheat and honey, where is he? Please take me to him at once.

Dervish—Had he lost one of his front teeth?

Ibrahim—Yes, yes, he had lost a front tooth. Why don't you tell me quickly where he is?

Dervish—Tell you where he is? I don't know where he is.

Abdallah—That fellow must have stolen your camel.

Dervish—I must have stolen the camel? I haven't so much as seen your old camel.

Ibrahim—Not seen it?

Abdallah—Not seen it? And yet describe it so accurately!

Dervish—No, I've not seen your old camel. Go down the road further (indicating across stage) and you will, doubtless find your camel.

Abdallah—Yes, and let you escape. (Seizes the Dervish by the arm).

Ibrahim—(Seizing the other arm of the Dervish.) You shall go with us to the Cadi. He will quickly make you give up the camel, you dishonest fellow!

Scene II.

The Cadi, gorgeously dressed, sits at left. Behind him stand servants in white turbans and white gowns, bare arms and legs, sandals. Near middle of the stage the Dervish with Abdallah at his right slightly in front, and Ibrahim at his left and slightly behind him.

Cadi—I am ready to hear your case now.

Ibrahim—Your honor, we stopped at the inn for dinner, leaving my camel near the door.

Abdallah—(Stepping forward.) And when we came out the camel was gone. We found that fellow had stolen it.

Cadi—Stolen your camel? That is a serious charge.

Ibrahim—Yes, your honor, make him restore my camel to me.

Cadi—But what evidence have you that this Dervish is the one who stole your camel?

Ibrahim—Evidence enough, your honor—when we came out of the inn, we found the camel gone. We started down the road in search of him and met this dervish.

Abdallah—And before we asked him a single question he asked us if we had lost a camel. He even described the camel minutely, lame in the left hind leg, blind in the right eye.

Ibrahim—Yes, he had even noticed that one front tooth was gone and he even told us what the load was.

Abdallah—And when we asked him to take us to the camel he said he hadn't so much as seen our old camel. Isn't that pretty good evidence?

Cadi—It would seem so. But a wise judge would never decide until he has heard both sides of a case. You, Dervish, what have you to say in your own defense?

Dervish—Your honor, I have never seen this camel.

All—Never seen the camel?

Cadi—How then, Dervish, if you had never seen the camel did you know that there was one lost?

Dervish—I saw the tracks of a camel, and as I saw no tracks of a man, I concluded that he was alone.

Cadi—That is reasonable. But how did you know that the camel was lame?

Dervish—I observed that the track of the left hind foot was ligther than the other, so I knew that he was lame in that foot.

Cadi—That is clear. But how could you know that he was blind—in which eye was it?

Ibrahim—The right eye.

Cadi—How could you know that?

Dervish—I knew that because he ate grass from the left side of the road only, though the grass was just as green on the other side.

Cadi—That is good reasoning. But the load?

Abdallah—Yes, how could he know that the load was honey and wheat if he hadn't stolen the camel?

Cadi—How about that, Dervish?

Dervish—I saw the ants carrying away grains of wheat from the left side of the path, and bees were gathering around some drops of honey on the other side.

Cadi—Well, that answers that question; but how could you know that a camel which you had never seen had lost a front tooth?

Abdallah—Yes, tell that if you can.

Dervish—Why that was very easily determined, for in the places where the camel had eaten the grass, there was a little strip left that was not bitten off.

Cadi—You have clearly proved your innocence and are free to go. You have better eyes than most men and you certainly make good use of them.

Ibrahim—Yes, if we had used ours as well we should not now need to ask your pardon.

Dervish—I pardon you freely. I fear I did not use my tongue as wisely as I did my eyes.

(Abdallah and Ibrahim bow low to the Dervish, who returns their bow. The three turn and bow low to the Cadi.)

Curtain.

WHAT TO READ

What to read to the children, or what to direct them to read, is often a perplexing question. The vast number of so-called "children's books" that are on the market makes the selection doubly difficult. Out of the vast number of such books it has been our aim to select such as have proven of value in connection with the education of the child. We do not pretend that this list contains all the good, usable books, but that it is a carefully selected list that has received the severest tests. This list has received the special approval of the *Illinois Pupil's Reading Circle Board* and these titles are contained in the best selected library and reading lists generally. We give the regular retail prices for the information of prospective purchasers. Any of these books may be obtained from any well supplied bookstore or school supply house, and they are usually on the shelves of public and school libraries.

LITERARY AND ETHICAL
First and Second Grades

		Price
Circus Reader	*Jones*	$0.36
For Childhood Days	*Thompson*	.25
Bunny Cottontail	*Smith*	.25
Bunny Boy and Grizzly Bear	*Smith*	.25
Bunny Bright Eyes	*Smith*	.25
Three Little Cottontails	*Smith*	.25
Hiawatha Primer	*Holbrook*	.40
Moufflon—Dog of Florence	*D'La Rame*	.25
Lansing's Fairy Tales		.35
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Grimm's Fairy Tales I	*Pratt*	.50
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Docas, The Indian Boy	*Shedan*	.35
Bird's Christmas Carol	*Wiggin*	.50
Story of Patsy	*Wiggin*	.60
Toby Tyler; or Ten Weeks With a Circus	*Otis*	.60
Mr. Stubb's Brother	*Otis*	.60
Lolami, the Little Cliff Dweller	*Bayliss*	.50
Dog of Flanders	*La Rame*	.25
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Timothy's Quest	*Wiggin*	1.00
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A Rose of Holly Court	*Gould*	1.00
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The Little Colonel	*Johnston*	.50
Fairy Tales Every Child Should Know	*Media*	.90
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Shaggycoat	*Hawkes*	1.25
The Spectacle Man	*Leonard*	1.00
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Hiawatha Reader	*George*	.67
Land of the Blueflower	*Burnett*	.75
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AIDS IN GEOGRAPHY AND NATURE STUDY

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September to June with Nature	*Warren*	.35
Animals, Wild and Tame	*Davis*	.35
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AIDS IN UNITED STATES HISTORY

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Stories of Great Americans	*Eggleston*	.40
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Alice's Adventures in Wonderland	*Carroll*	.35
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Stories of Old Germany	*Pratt*	.60
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Bluebonnet's Ranch Party	*Jacobs*	1.50
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Just So Stories	*Kipling*	.95
Our Feathered Friends	*Grennel*	.30

AIDS TO UNITED STATES HISTORY

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A Daughter of the Rich	*Waller*	$1.50
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AIDS TO UNITED STATES HISTORY

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Franklin's Autobiography		.40
Lincoln, the Boy and the Man	*Morgan*	1.00
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LITERARY AND ETHICAL

Advanced Grade

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Betty Wales, Sophomore	*Warde*	1.25
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He Knew Lincoln	*Tarbell*	.60
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Tales of Heroism	*Brooks*	1.25

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Classified List of Books for the Teacher

FAIRY TALES

Fairy Tales, by Andersen. Dutton & Co., $2.50.
Grimm's Fairy Tales. Lippincott, $1.50.
Celtic Fairy Tales, by Jacobs. Putnam, $1.25.
English Fairy Tales, by Jacobs. Putnam, $1.25.
Indian Fairy Tales, by Jacobs. Putnam, $1.25.
The Crimson Fairy Book, by Andrew Lang. Longman's, $1.60.
Japanese Fairy Tales, by Williston. Rand, $0.75.

STORIES FROM THE NATIONS

Old Norse Stories, by Bradish. American Book Co., $0.45.
Boy Life of Napoleon, by Foa. Lothrop, $1.25.
Stories of Beowolf, Roland, Napoleon, William Tell. Dutton Co., each, $0.50.
In the Days of Alfred the Great, by Tappan.
In the Days of William the Conqueror, by Tappan. Lee, $1.00.
Story of Roland, by Baldwin. Scribner, $1.50.

HERO STORIES

Stories of the Golden Age, by Baldwin. Scribner, $1.50.
Famous Leaders Among Men, by Sarah K. Bolton. Crowell, $1.50.
Historic Boys, by Brooks. Putnam, $1.50.
Boys' Book of Famous Rulers, by Farmer. Carroll, $1.50.
The Boys' King Arthur, by Sidney Lanier. Scribner, $2.00.
Red Book of Heroes, by L. B. Lang. Longman's, $1.60.
Story of Sir Galahad, by Sterling. Dutton, $1.50.

KINDERGARTEN STORIES

Mother Goose Village, by Brigham. Rand, $1.00.
Tales of Mother Goose, by Perrault. Heath, $0.25.
Queer Little People, by Stowe. Houghton, $1.25.
Kindergarten Stories and Morning Talks, by Wiltse. Ginn & Co., $0.75.
Stories for Kindergarten and Primary Schools. American Book Co., $0.25.

NATURE STORIES

Nature Myths, by Cooke. Flanagan, $0.35.
Stories Mother Nature Told Her Children, by Andrews. Ginn & Co., $0.50.
Wings and Stings, by Daulton. Rand, $0.40.
Legends of the Springtime, by Hoyt. Educational Publishing Co., $0.30.
True Bird Stories, by Miller. Houghton, $1.00.
Seed Babies, by Morley. Ginn & Co., $0.25.
Among the Meadow People, by Pierson. Dutton, $1.00.

Catalogs, Indexes, Etc.

A Mother's List of Books for Children, by Gertrude Weld Arnold. McClurg.
Index to Short Stories, prepared by Grace E. Salisbury and Marie E. Beckwith.
Mother Stories, by Maud Lindsay. Milton, Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass.
The Child and His Book, by Mr. E. M. Field. (An interesting history of the development of books for children.)
Graded List of Stories for Reading Aloud, by Hassler. Public Library Commission of Indiana.
List of Good Stories to Tell to Children Under Twelve Years of Age. $0.05, postpaid. Apply to Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh.
How to Tell Stories to Children, by Bryant. Houghton, $1.00.
When the King Came (Collection of Bible Stories). Houghton, $1.25.

ENGLISH LITERATURE

ENGLISH LITERATURE

No subject is so vitally and perennially interesting as the study of literature. Since the world began, the romancer, the story-teller, the poet, has been the inspirer and educator not only of his contemporaries but of the generations that come after him. And this will, doubtless, always be true as long as men go to books for information, for solace, or for pleasure.

For the purpose of reading merely for relaxation or for pleasure, the world's literature will probably always be to the average reader a vast miscellaneous storehouse of songs, plays, histories, essays, novels, and epics. But for the purpose of systematic study, literature, like many other standard subjects, has of late undergone processes of analysis and classification that make it as exacting in its methods and requirements as astronomy or geometry.

The following outline of English Literature has been developed with this idea in mind. Instead of giving a general survey or history of the subject such as can be found in any good text, the principal types or forms have been selected and, by means of questions and implied answers or brief, suggestive notes, a scheme has been worked out by which the student may carry on indefinitely a systematic study of the great English masterpieces.

THE DRAMA

1. Definition and origin—that form of literature suited to performance before an audience and especially designed to portray human life. It first appeared in India and China.
2. Classification—comedy, tragedy, mask (masque).
3. The Greek Drama—its general characteristics those of tragedy and comedy. Explain the unities (action, time, place) and their origin. Note other limitations as to subject-matter and form.
    a. Name some noted Greek writers of comedy and of tragedy and mention works of each.
    b. Special features of some drama of each of the following authors:
        Comedy—Aristophanes, Menander.
        Tragedy—Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides.
4. The Roman Drama—its general characteristics borrowed from an imitation of the Greek. Ancient Roman drama best portrayed in the works of Seneca (tragedy) and of Terence and Plautus (comedy).
5. The Modern Drama—origin in the mystery and miracle plays of the church in many European countries. Its first themes largely religious.
6. The English Drama—due primarily to classical influence, the drama in England soon assumed a type of its own.
    a. Mystery and miracle plays.
    b. Moralities and interludes.
    c. *Ralph Roister Doister,* by Nicholas Udall, the first English comedy. What are its special features?
    d. *Gorboduc,* or *Ferrex and Porrex,* largely by Sir Thomas Sackville, the first English tragedy. What is its basis? (See SACKVILLE.)

e. How did the group of poets immediately preceding Shakespeare determine the character of the English drama and prepare the way for this great dramatist? (Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Lyle.) General characteristics of this group. Name some works of each author. Why select these?

f. What features characterized the work of the group following Shakespeare? Study each of these: Ben Jonson, Chapman, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massenger, Ford, Webster, Middleton, Dekker, Shirley. Why was Ben Jonson the most important writer of the group? How does his work differ in spirit and form from that of the others? From that of Shakespeare especially?

g. The English dramas declined at the time of the Civil War and the Restoration (1650-1688). Why?

h. Drama of Restoration mainly comedy. What of Collier's attack upon Wycherley, Congreve, Otway, etc.?

i. What one dramatist stands out in the latter part of the Seventeenth century as a gigantic literary figure? Characterize his work.

j. In what verse form was the tragedy of the period from 1650 to 1700 written? In what form the comedy?

k. Why did the reform drama of Steele and Addison fail to be popular? What features marked the fine comedies later in the century by Goldsmith and Sheridan? (*See Stoops to Conquer, The School for Scandal.*)

l. But little in the way of strong stage plays until time of Pinero and Shaw. Good closet-dramas by Coleridge, Shelley, Tennyson, Browning and others.

m. Very late English drama is presented by Pinero, Shaw, Stephen, Phillips and Yeats. What are its features?

7. German Drama—no independent development until the latter part of the Eighteenth century.

   a. Six comedies by the nun Roswitha, after the style of Terence, the first effort.

   b. Mystery and miracle plays, etc., have some representation (Hans Sachs).

   c. What difference between the drama of the first modern German dramatist and those of the Nineteenth century—Lessing, Schiller, and Goethe, Sudermann and Hauptmann?

   d. What is considered the first national drama of Germany?

   e. What is the best known and perhaps the greatest comedy?

   f. As a brief study of German dramatists, note: The difference between Lessing's *Minna von Barnhelm* and Schiller's *William Tell.* What other historical plays did Schiller write?

      Goethe's first plays were wildly romantic; his later plays classic in manner and spirit. Note what plays come under each head. Goethe's *Faust* the greatest work in German literature. What is the source? The theme?

      Hauptmann belongs to what period? Wrote in what two different veins? Name one drama illustrating each of these lines of thought.

8. Scandinavian Drama—The greatest name not only in Scandinavian drama, but in all the Nineteenth century drama, is that of Ibsen. What was his personal attitude toward society, the government, and the church? Try to see how this is shown in his plays. Classify his dramas as (a) historical and social; (b) prose and poetry. Which play is called the Scandinavian Faust? Why is Ibsen called the Scandinavian Faust? What can you say of his influence on the modern drama?

GROWTH OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

9. French Drama.
   a. Name the three great French dramatists of the Seventeenth century, a work of each, and its characteristics.
   b. By what influence was the form of their work determined?
   c. What revival in the drama came early in the Nineteenth century?
   d. What are the great names of the drama of this time?
   e. What of Ibsen's influence on modern French dramatic literature?

A STUDY OF THE DRAMA

1. Classification: Romantic, classical, or realistic? Comedy, tragi-comedy, or tragedy?

   The classical drama follows the unities of time, place, and action. The most strict classical drama limits the time to twenty-four hours and the place to one scene. This drama never introduced humor in a tragedy. The Greek and Roman dramas are examples of this class. Moliere, Racine, Ben Jonson, and Dryden also wrote classical dramas. The romantic drama is free in time and place, but must have an inherent unity of action; it mingles freely tragedy and humor. It deals much in the ideal. The realistic drama deals with life in a cold and analytical way and excludes the ideal, making no appeal to the imagination.

2. Sources. These may be historical, an older drama, a story, or human life as seen directly by the dramatist.

3. The plot should be read first for the story, a second time more critically. Is the plot well motived; well knit; does it develop naturally and inevitably? Note carefully the exposition, complication, resolution.

   The *exposition* sets forth the dramatic situation by telling some things that happen before the play opens, introducing the characters and giving their relation to each other. It gives historic background, etc. All this is usually disclosed in the first, the third, or the fourth scene.

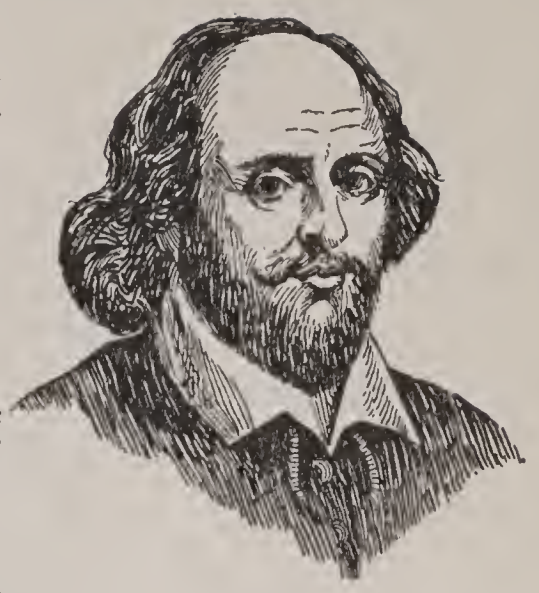
   Complication presents the dramatic conflict—a clash of interests, a plot to undermine or overthrow some one, a falling in love with an hereditary enemy, or what not.

   The *resolution* is the unravelling of a plot, the untying of a knot, the righting of the wronged parties, or the punishing of a criminal, etc. It naturally forms the close of the play.

4. The *characters* may be classed as leading and subordinate, or they may be studied from other points of view. In studying a drama one should note the central character or characters and also classify the characters in groups. Those belonging to upper or lower classes of society, or those belonging primarily to the main plot and those to under-plot, or any good basis may be used for grouping. In studying this element of the drama it is well to ask if the characters are clearly drawn and well differentiated, and also if they are interesting in themselves.

5. Relation of characters to plot.
   a. Does the plot grow naturally and inevitably out of the characters?
   b. Is there a close and intimate relationship between characters and plot? Do the characters make the plot, or do the environment and action mould the characters? (In the best drama, some such intimate relation exists. Often there is an intriguing villian, as in *Richard III* and *Othello,* who manipulates the action. Again the hesitation of such a character as Hamlet, together with his final action, shapes the progress of a play. Seek to discover the source of the main action and of the opposition or under-plot, if there be such.)

A STUDY OF SHAKESPEARE



One or two typical dramas of each class and period should be studied with special care. The following, for example, may be taken, as a good method in the study of Shakespeare. Our illustrations include dramas of different kinds.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

(Comedy)

A playful fantasy, a charming interweaving of three widely different strands—the hempen or homespun of the mechanic, the golden strand of the aristocrat, and the "dewey cobweb" of the fairy. We may note:

a. The settings and the names of the leading characters are Greek, the names of the mechanics and, in general, the characters themselves, also the fairy folk lore, are English; how can you harmonize such inconsistency?

b. Show with what skill the dramatist interweaves all the strands of his plot.

c. What special powers and attributes have the fairies?

d. Write a character sketch of Theseus and of Bottom.

RICHARD III

(Historical play)

Shakespeare gives a dramatic history of England from King John to Henry VIII, inclusive. *Richard III* is a good choice for study.

a. Compare Richard III as Shakespeare presents him with the Richard III of history.

b. Note how the personality of Richard III dominates the play, and how he manipulates the action. Give instances.

c. What hints can you find as to the coming overthrow of Richard?

d. What can you say as to the poetic justice of the play?

ROMEO AND JULIET

(An early tragedy)

a. Note the Italian elements in the play.

b. What part does Mercutio play?

c. Which takes the initiative in the love-making, Romeo or Juliet? Which of the two acts moves promptly and seems to be the more efficient?

d. What seems to be Juliet's relation to her mother and father?

e. Note the accidents on which the action seems to turn.

MACBETH

(A later tragedy)

a. Sources. Holinshed's *Chronicle-History of England, Scotland, and Ireland* and Reginald Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft.*

b. Date of Writing. Simon Forman saw it acted April 20, 1610. (See allusion to James I as King of two countries, Act IV, Scene 1.)

c. Time Scheme. Nine days represented on the stage, and intervals. (See Mr. P. A. Daniel, in the *Shakespeare Society's Transactions* for 1877-1879, pp. 201-208.)

d. Setting and Atmosphere: Are they fitting?

e. Analysis of the Plot or Action.
   (a). Exposition, Act I, Scenes 1 and 2.
   (b). Complication, Act I, Scene 3, to Act III. Note in Scene 4 the escape of Fleance. This marks the turning point.
   (c). Resolution, Act III, Scene 4, to the end—a double catastrophe. Study the incidents in Act III, 4, 51, where Macbeth sees the ghost of Banquo; also in Act V, 8, 15, where is made a revelation of Macduff's birth.

f. Study of the Characters.
   (a). The two central characters well defined.
      (1). A study in character parallelism and contrast.
      (2). Their comparative guilt.
      (3). Their personal development or degradation.
      (4). Their relation to the plot.
   (b). Secondary characters—Banquo and Macduff the only ones well differentiated.
      (1). Did Banquo connive at the murder of Duncan in order to carry out his own ambitious plans, or was he pure and disinterested?
      (2). The place of each (Banquo and Macduff) in working out the plot.

g. The Witches.
   (a). Physical appearance.
   (b). Mental and moral characteristics.
   (c). Artistic and psychological purpose in the drama.

h. The Ethics of the Play. "Every sin bears within itself the seed of its own punishment."

Questions for Discussion

(a) Had Macbeth conceived the idea of murdering Duncan before he met the witches?
(b). Did Lady Macbeth only pretend to faint?
(c). Did Lady Macbeth know of Macbeth's intention to murder Banquo?
(d). Did Shakespeare mean his readers to understand that the ghost of Banquo really appeared?
(e). What was the artistic purpose of the knocking at the gate, and of the porter scene?

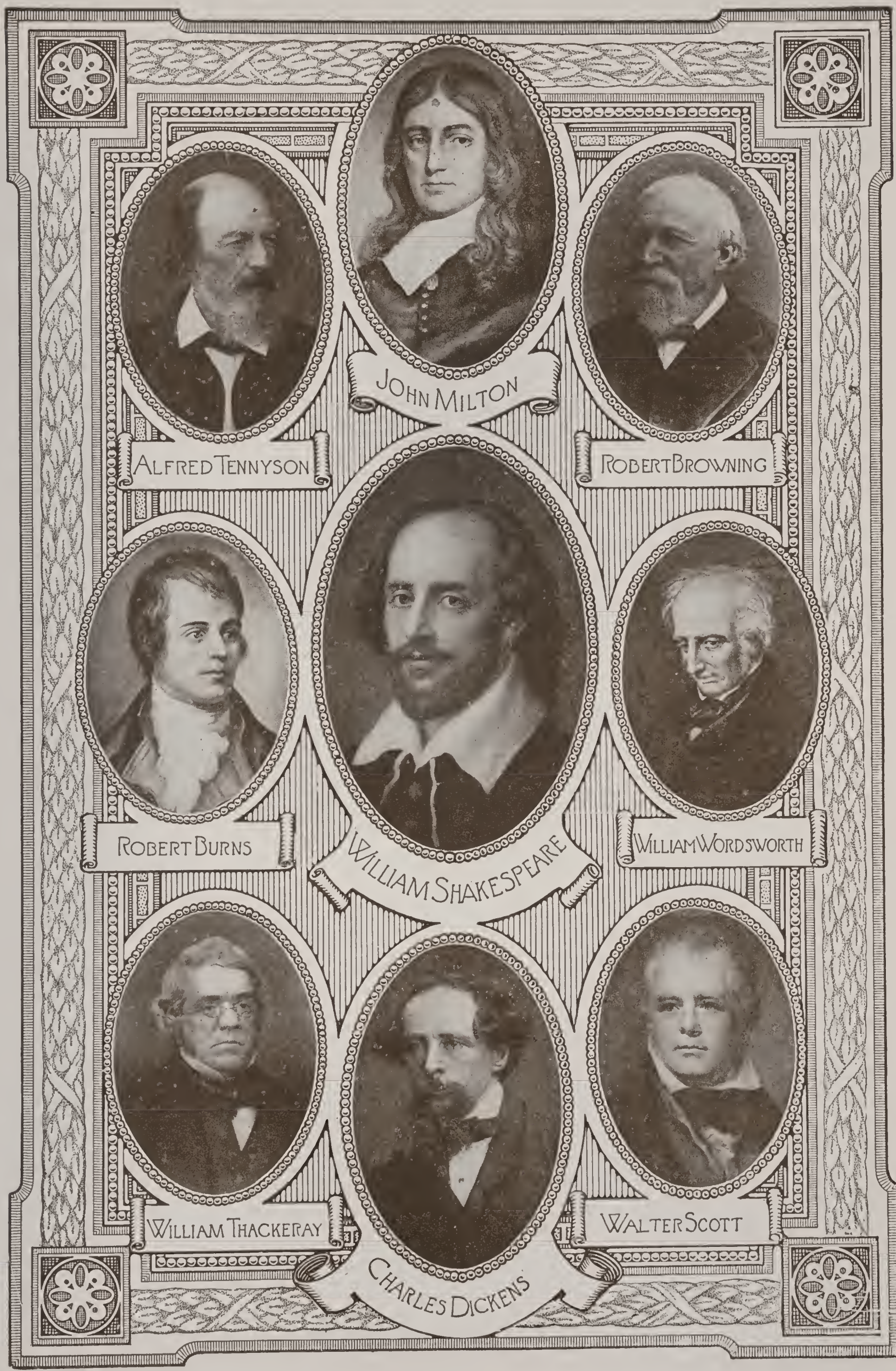
JULIUS CAESAR

(Shakespeare's greatest historical tragedy)

a. Brutus is an idealist, Cassius the practical man of affairs. (Note that the following of Brutus' advice is always disastrous.) Discuss.
b. Julius Caesar represents monarchy; Brutus, ideal democracy. Which wins, and why?
c. Compare Mark Antony and Octavius Caesar as presented in the play. Did Antony succeed in making Octavius his tool?
d. Shakespeare had supreme respect for Julius Caesar; he speaks of him in some way in virtually all of his plays. Why, then, does he present him in this play as deaf, an apoplectic, etc.?

THE TEMPEST

This is a drama of reconciliation following the stormy tragedies. It is deemed by many the most personal of Shakespeare's plays. Prospero is thought to be Shakespeare himself. He is a great magician and rules the elements; so when he lays down his magician's wand he typifies Shakespeare giving up his writing and retiring to Stratford.



BRITISH AUTHORS

Home of Shakespeare

Anne Hathaway Cottage

'ASSOCIATED WITH SHAKESPEARE

QUESTIONS

(a). Compare Miranda and Juliet.
(b). Compare Ariel and Puck.
(c). Compare Caliban with Browning's Caliban, in *Caliban upon Setebos.*
(d). Show that Prospero gathers up the threads of the whole action in his own hands and manages everything. In his dealings, is he just and wise enough to typify Providence?
(e). The courtship of Ferdinand and Miranda is an exquisite idyll. Study it.

THE EPIC

1. Definition.
2. Classification according to (a) form or treatment; (b) subject matter.
3. The leading epic of each nation.
4. General outline for the study of the epic applied to *The Iliad.*
   a. Classification. An epic of growth, if we judge by the material used, yet shaped into a unified and artistic whole by one writer.
   b. Sources. The legends and myths of Greece.
   c. Theme. The wrath of Achilles.
   d. Historical Background. The events leading to the Trojan War and the war itself; especially the direct causes of the war—the awarding of the golden apple by Paris, son of King of Troy, to Venus; and the stealing of Helen, wife of Menelaus, by Paris, assisted by Venus.
   e. Characters. The leading characters should be studied in groups, with brief comments on each.
      (a). Human (or half human) characters.
         (1). Greeks.
            Agamemnon, leader of Grecian hosts, brother of Menelaus.
            Achilles, the most valiant and feared of the Greeks.
            Menelaus, King of Sparta, husband of Helen.
            Ulysses, crafty king of Ithaca, hero of *The Odyssey.*
            Nestor, wisest of the Greeks.
            Ajax, strongest of the Greeks.
            Patroclus, friend of Achilles.
         (2). Trojans.
            Hector, leader of Trojan hosts, son of Priam.
            Priam, King of Troy.
            Paris, son of Priam, abductor of Helen.
            Aeneas, son of Venus and Anchises, hero of *The Aeneid.*
         (3). Women.
            Helen, daughter of Jove (Zeus) and Leda, now in Troy as wife of Paris.
            Hecuba, wife of Priam.
            Andromache, wife of Hector.
            Cassandra, daughter of Priam.
         (4). Gods and Goddesses.
            Jove, Juno, Minerva, Venus, Apollo, Mars, Mercury, Vulcan and others.
   f. The Plot. Achilles is angered by Agamemnon's taking from him his beautiful slave maiden, Briseis. He withdraws from the war, taking with him his soldiers, and calls upon his mother, Thetis, to appeal to Jove to avenge his wrong. Jupiter consents; the Greeks are driven back by the Trojans until they are forced to implore the valiant Achilles to return to battle. Achilles refuses, but allows Patroclus to return in

his armor. Patroclus is slain by Hector. Then, in rage and grief, Achilles returns, burning like a star in resplendent beauty. After driving Hector around the walls of Troy under the eyes of Trojans and Greeks, Achilles, with the help of Minerva, slays Hector. The epic closes with the appeal of Priam to Achilles for the body of his hero son and the funeral rites of the latter. The plot then deals with a single episode of the ten-year Trojan War, but is greatly enriched by the relation of events occurring before the story proper opens, and by the part that the gods play in the great conflict.

g. Supernatural Elements. To what extent used? In the *Iliad* to what extent do the gods shape the action? What room is left for the individual will and for individual responsibility? Find out which gods and goddesses side with the Greeks and which with the Trojans, and why.

h. Form and Style.

(a). Verse, hexameter.

(b). Imagery is especially rich in similes. Note the sources of these—nature, common life, etc.

(c). Epithets are most significant, and are characteristic of this epic. "White-armed Juno," "swift-footed Achilles," etc. Find others and comment on their literary value.

NOTE.—The best translations of *The Iliad* are by Bryant, in blank verse; Pope, in heroic couplet; Lang, Leaf, and Meyer, in prose. The most thorough analysis of this and Homer's other epic, *The Odyssey,* is found in Wolf's *Prolegomena ad Homerum* (1795).

THE LESSER EPIC

This form of literature is more commonly known as the Metrical Romance, the Ballad, the Pastoral, or the Idyll.

Of the Metrical Romance or Tale, Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales,* Spenser's *Faerie Queene,* William Morris' *Earthly Paradise,* and Longfellow's *Tales of the Wayside Inn* are illustrations.

The Ballad. Definition, characteristics, origin, subject matter, the minstrel, history of English ballads, their preservation, Percy's *Reliques,* the art-ballad supersedes the "folk song"—all these topics may be studied with profit. Name English and American ballad writers.

The Pastoral. This form of the lesser epic has a special province and special characteristics. Examples in which this may be seen are: *Ruth* (Bible); *Hermann and Dorothea* (Goethe); *Comus* (Milton); and *The Gentle Shepherd* (Ramsey).

Idyll. Definition, derivation of name.

Idylls of the King, Tennyson.

(1). Form and main division.
(2). Subject.
(3). When written.
(4). Source of titles of the different poems of the series.
(5). Character of King Arthur, the hero.
(6). How are the poems unified?
(7). Written in blank verse.

THE LYRIC

1. Define and characterize *Lycidas,* etc.
2. Compare with the drama and the epic.

3. Different kinds of Lyrics:

a. The sonnet, its definition and origin. Name the first English sonneteers; other great English sonneteers. Look up each and learn what sonnets each wrote, together with characteristics as a sonneteer, etc. Form, and how may this vary?

b. The elegy, its definition and purpose. Name most noted elegies of English literature.

Some Well Known Elegies

(a). *Lycidas*—author, date, main thought, divisions. Note the pastoral elements; also Milton's treatment of nature and of immortality. Source of name Lycidas. Whom does Lycidas represent? Who is the mourning shepherd?

(b). *Adonais*—author, in memory of whom? Modeled after what poems? What does Shelley say about the poem?

(c). *In Memoriam.* (See article.) Author? In whose memory written? Form. Treatment of nature, immortality, belief in God. Note the rise from despair to hope, disbelief to belief, sorrow to joy.

(d). The Ode. Definition and characteristics, origin of ode, its form; some great English odes.

4. An outline for the study of the Lyric may be applied to *L'Allegro.*

a. Thought.

(a). Central thought, the pleasures of the day.

(b). Whole line of thought.

(1). Banishment of Melancholy.

(2). Welcome to Joy.

(3). Joy's companions.

(4). The pleasures of the day in company with Joy or L'Allegro—morning, noon, afternoon, evening, night.

(5). Dedication of the poet to Joy.

b. Emotion.

(a). Dominant—Joy, a radiant good cheer.

(b). Minor emotions—strong dislike of Melancholy akin to indignation; lights and shades of Joy all through the poem.

c. Form.

(a). Stanzaic structure—irregular, determined by the thought.

(b). The verse-form is normal—iambic tetrameter, with many irregularities, in harmony with the thought and emotion. (See discussion of verse-form under Poetry.) There are alternating rhymes, with many irregularities.

d. Style.

(a). Imagery. Point out figures and note what figure prevails, also the sources from which figures are drawn. (See Figures of Speech.)

(b). Diction. Are the words simple, picturesque, musical, etc.?

e. Questions on *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso.* Make a list of their resemblances and of their contrasts. Write your thoughts on each. Discuss the treatment of nature, and the classical references in each.

THE NOVEL

Based on articles in THE STANDARD REFERENCE WORK. (See many noted works of fiction, the names of writers, etc.)

1. Define fiction, novel, romance.
2. What three series of medieval fiction have strongly influenced modern literature?
3. General characteristics of medieval fiction.
4. What great work did much to extinguish the romance of chivalry?
5. What line of fiction followed this? (The Picaresque novel.)
6. What is considered to be the beginning of modern English fiction?
7. Name several romances and novels that you have read and draw up a list of points in which they differ. (See list at close of FICTION.)
8. Make a list of the novelists of the Eighteenth century, together with a few works by each.
9. Richardson. Why specially worthy of mention? How old when he began to write novels? Form of these novels? What was the first modern English novel? (This letter-form of the novel, as well as Richardson's sentimentality, widely influenced not only English, but continental literature.)
10. Make a list of Nineteenth century English novelists in chronological order.
11. Note the praise Walter Scott gives Jane Austen. Read *Pride and Prejudice* and discuss in the light of Scott's comment.
12. Read Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre*. Compare its passion and power and its intensely dramatic situations with the more quiet and polished *Betty Alden* of Jane Austen.
13. Read Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford*. Read article on *Cranford* and discuss some of the points there made, i. e., "The story is full of a quaint and almost pathetic humor."
14. What was Scott's first novel? Date? How received? How rapidly written? Authorship made known when? Total number of his novels? Note the relative number of Scottish, English, Continental, and social novels. Try to find out what periods of history Scott's novels cover. Study *Ivanhoe* to get its historical background. Compare the treatment of Norman and Saxon. Compare Rebecca and Rowena. Write a character sketch of Ivanhoe and of Isaac of York.
15. What experiences in Dickens' life did he utilize in his novels? His literary apprenticeship. The reception of his first work. Name several of his novels and tell briefly of what they treat. To what extent did his novels strike at social abuses? His treatment of children. The literary results of his trips to America. Was he a mere caricaturist, or are his characters true to nature? Does he deal much with character development? Does he often attempt to depict men and women of the upper classes? With what success? Is his humor bitter and cynical, or tender, kindly, and sympathetic? Describe a few humorous scenes and characters. Is his pathos genuine or a little strained? Had he a fine sense of the dramatic? Does he lead up to dramatic scenes by artistic preparation? (Illustrate from his works all points discussed.)
16. Compare Thackeray's life with that of Dickens. Make a list of his novels with significant points about each. Read especially *Vanity Fair* and *Henry Esmond*. It is said that *Vanity Fair* taught the English adventurer how to live on nothing a year. Discuss. Make a list of points in which Becky Sharp and Amelia Sedley differ. *Henry Esmond* is considered by many the finest character in English fiction. Discuss his strong points and weak points, if they are to be found. Can you justify the author for allowing the beautiful Beatrice to fall as low as she does? Does this seem inevitable?

17. What was "George Eliot's" real name? Into what two groups may her novels be divided? Her place in literature?
18. An outline as a model for the study of the novel, *Silas Marner.*

SILAS MARNER

By George Eliot

a. Setting. Time, early in the Nineteenth century. Place, Middle England (A small country community surrounding the estate of the English squire.)

b. Character study.

Upper class: Squire Cass, Godfrey Cass, Dunstan Cass, Nancy Lammeter, Priscilla Lammeter.

Lower class: Silas Marner, Molly Cass, Aaron Winthorpe, Dolly Winthorpe.

Connecting character: Eppie Cass.

c. Questions on characters. Are the characters well drawn, true to life and well marked or differentiated? Do we see character development; if so, can we point out the causes? Are they interesting in themselves? Which are especially clever and witty? Characterize the wit of each. Is Silas, the central character, especially interesting in himself? If not, how account for the ever-living interest in the story?

d. Plot. Is it well motived? Does one event grow naturally from another? Do we find artistic preparation and dramatic foreshadowing—that is, are there sufficient hints of coming events? Do we find suspense, and yet surprise? Point out fine dramatic situations.

e. Relation between plot and characters. Is this close? Do the characters motive the plot; and on the other hand, does the plot or order of events influence markedly the characters?

f. Theme. The Influence of a Little Child.

Note.—In *Silas Marner,* the turning points in the plot coincide with the turning points in the character of Silas.

THE ESSAY

1. Definition and derivation of word.
2. To what extent may the essay be personal?
3. Give some of its leading characteristics.
4. History of the literary essay.
5. Name leading English essayists.
6. Classify the essay as to subject matter and style.
7. Some noted essayists and their works.

a. Francis Bacon. Note the abstract nature of his titles. Note the terseness and axiomatic nature of his sentences. Read *Friendship, Truth, Ambition.*

b. Addison and Steele. For what periodicals did they write? Read a few essays by each and comment on differences in thought and style. What was the aim of the *Spectator* essays? Make a list of the social follies and vices at which they are aimed. What two great social elements were united in Addison? Can you show this through his work?

c. William Hazlitt. Name some of his friends. What were his main interests as shown in his essays? Read some of his Shakespeare criticism; do you find it suggestive and illuminating?

d. Charles Lamb. Lamb's essays belong, in the main, to the personal type; and it is in their revelation of the author's charming and winsome personality that their special interest lies. Note in his *Essays of Elia* how he presents himself as Elia, his sister Mary as Bridget, his father as Lovell, etc. Find from his essays what his special interests were, also his personal characteristics.

e. Matthew Arnold. Read his essays on Wordsworth and Shelley. Is he a sympathetic critic? Does he deal mainly with the men themselves, or with their writings? What does Arnold mean by "Philistine?" Of what service is *Culture?*

f. Emerson. Name some of his special interests. What was his attitude toward the Civil War? The general characteristics of his essays. How did he write them? What can you say of him as a stimulator of thought? Verify all these points from his essays.

8. Model Lesson on Macaulay's *Essay on Milton.*

ESSAY ON MILTON

I. Thought Analysis.
- A. Introduction—occasion of writing. (Paragraphs 1 to 7.)
- B. The body of the essay.
  - 1. Milton's genius as a poet.
    - a. His disadvantage because of the time in which he lived, 8-18.
    - b. His Latin poetry, 19 and 20.
    - c. Characteristics of his poetry, 21-25.
      - (1). Harmony of versification.
      - (2). Remoteness of association.
      - (3). Magical quality.
      - (4). *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* as illustrations.
    - d. Milton's dramatic works, 26-30.
      - (1). *Comus.*
      - (2). *Samson Agonistes.*
    - e. Epics, 31-49.
      - (1). *Paradise Regained.*
      - (2). *Paradise Lost.*
    - f. Comparison of *Paradise Lost* and the *Divine Comedy,* 32-41.
      - (1). Subjects somewhat the same; treatment different.
      - (2). Definiteness of the *Divine Comedy,* 28; indefiniteness of *Paradise Lost,* 33-35.
      - (3). Dante an eye-witness, Milton not, 36.
      - (4). Treatment of supernatural beings by the two poets, 37-41.
    - g. Milton's treatment of the supernatural compared with that of Klopstock and Aeschylus, 41-43.
    - h. Poetry of Milton and Dante takes its character from their personalities, 44-47.
    - i. Milton's Sonnets, 48-49.
  - 2. The public conduct of Milton, 50-93.
    - a. Characteristics of the age in which he lived, 53-57.
    - b. Milton to be judged according to our judgment of the resistance of the people to Charles I, 52-57.
      - (1). Attitude of Macaulay toward Charles I, 74.
      - (2). Attitude of Milton toward Charles I, 73-75.

c. Milton's attitude toward Cromwell as Protector, 76-77.
d. The public character of Milton distinguished from that of his associates, 79-87.
(1). The Puritans, 80-85.
(2). The Royalists, 86.
(3). Milton combines the best qualities of Puritan and Royalist, 87.
e. The great battle fought by Milton for liberty—civil, religious, and domestic, 88-90.
f. Characteristics of his prose works, 91-92.

C. Conclusion.
1. Warm personal feeling for Milton.
2. A picture of the poet, old and blind.
3. A tribute to his noble character.

II. Style.
A. Paragraphing.
a. Clear, one topic developed as a rule in each paragraph.
b. Topic sentence at beginning, 22, 23, 24, 41.
c. Transitions fine.
B. Antitheses, 45, 82, 83.
C. Illustrations, 69, 70, 33, 34, 36, 30.
D. Comparisons, including similes, 25, 26, 27, 29, 43, 42, 45, 47.
E. Allusions, 23, 28, 29, 39, 42, 83.
F. Climax, 81-82.
G. Balanced sentences, 62, 82.
H. Faults of style. Too much display in his wealth of illustrations; paints in too strong colors; too free a use of hyperboles and paradoxes; apt to lose the main thesis by the use of too many details.
I. Excellences of style. Clearness; vividness; picturesqueness; strength; fine paragraphing.

III. General estimate of Macaulay. Underlying the body of his thought was "common sense," but he lacked "penetrative imagination" and insight into human character and human motives. His judgments were too hasty—"ready made." He was not highly regarded either as a critic or as a stylist by the best English critics, though he had a wide popularity among the people. The writer for a busy man, because of his clear and picturesque way of presenting the subject in hand. Has had a marked and, in the main, good effect on modern journalism.

AMERICAN LITERATURE

I. COLONIAL LITERATURE (1607-1765)

A. In the South

The seventeenth century was the golden age of English literature—a century of invention, discovery, adventure, romanticism. The earliest Southern literature in America reflects this life for it was produced by fortune hunters, colonizers, and "gentlemen" in search of wealth.—(Capt. John Smith.)

B. In the North

The earliest writings were religious (*Bay Psalm Book; Day of Doom*). Reason: The Plymouth settlers had come for religious freedom. The Bible was their rule of conduct. Furthermore, they believed they were founders of a great nation. Hence they recorded their achievements. (*History of Plymouth Plantation*—Bradford.)

II. THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD (1765-1790)

This was a period of intense political excitement. The literature of the time is full of this spirit. Newspapers (Boston *Gazette*, New England *Courant*) were founded to disseminate political ideas. Song-writers and poets inspired patriotism (Philip Freneau, Joel Barlow, Timothy Dwight). Political writers were the dominant class because they directly influenced the people (James Otis, Thomas Paine, Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson). Benjamin Franklin, diplomat, philosopher, editor, scientist, was the first real American.

III. THE NATIONAL PERIOD (1800-)

A. Knickerbocker Group

This was so called because the writers lived in or near New York. Literary progress was rapid after the Revolutionary War. Washington Irving, "the Father of American Letters," was the first to be recognized abroad. (*Life and Voyages of Columbus; The Conquest of Granada; Life of Goldsmith.*)

He became famous at home for his tales of the Hudson Valley (*Legend of Sleepy Hollow; Rip Van Winkle*) and for his *Knickerbocker's History of New York.* Cooper's *Spy* brought instant recognition, which was shown to be merited by his "Leatherstocking" series, and many sea stories. William Cullen Bryant was the poet of the group. He was the first to write of nature in our own country. (*The Fringed Gentian; The Blue Violet.*) *Thanatopsis* was written before he was eighteen. Minor poets were Drake, Halleck, and Willis. Unlike Bryant, they were men of wealth and wrote gay society verse.

B. The Transcendentalists

About 1830 the center of literary interest again shifted back to New England. Transcendentalism, a mixture of religion, philosophy, idealism, and impractical notions of life found many followers. Great pulpit orators (Channing, Parker) abandoned the old. harsh religion and adopted the new, liberal faith. Poetry broke away from

old conventions and voiced the new belief in the brotherhood of man and the omnipresence of God. Emerson, "The Sage of Concord," was the leading spirit. Amos Bronson Alcott was his greatest disciple. Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote *The Scarlet Letter*, America's greatest novel. Thoreau lived alone and wrote our first great nature essays. For a time the Transcendentalists had a community of their own at Brook Farm. But the movement soon failed, as did also its paper, *The Dial*.

C. The Southern Group

After the Revolutionary War, literature in the South declined. There were no large cities, no publishers, no means of ready communication. The management of plantations, moreover, called for executive and not artistic ability. There was, however, a large group of minor writers (Timrod, Hayne, Simms) ; and two poets, Edgar Allan Poe and Sidney Lanier, are of note. Poe is the originator of the American short story, and in the field of mystery and the detective tale he has no equal (*Murders in the Rue Morgue; The Gold Bug*). His poetry is wonderfully musical, as in *Annabel Lee, The Bells*. Better than anyone else he can express feeling by means of sound. Lanier was both a poet and a musician. His love of music is reflected in his poetry, for it is rich, melodious, and full of feeling. (*The Marshes of Glynn; The Symphony.*)

D. The Civil War Group

Opposition to slavery was hastened by the Transcendental movement, for both had the same object, i. e., the freedom of man to think and live according to his own conscience. The crisis was precipitated by Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, our first novel with a purpose, and Whittier's *Songs of Freedom*. The abolitionist orators (Daniel Webster, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner) helped to rouse the people, and lecturers and editors (William Lloyd Garrison) wrote and suffered for the cause. Nearly all are forgotten since the war except Daniel Webster. Nothing like his vigor, eloquence, and logic have been approached in America.

E. The New England Group

The best known writers of this group were Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. All were born near Boston, reared in refined homes, given college education, and broadened by travel. All were Harvard professors. Lowell is our greatest critic (*Fable for Critics*), but he will also be remembered for his anti-slavery poetry and for much humorous verse. Longfellow is more genuinely loved by people of all classes than any other American poet. He dealt with the joys and griefs of life in a sincere, sympathetic manner. Among scholars he is given a high place for his translations and his treatment of foreign folk tales and sagas. (*The Skeleton in Armor.*) Holmes was the humorist of the group. For fifty years he wrote a poem annually for the reunion of his college class. Among the rest of his works, his charming series, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,* and such poems as *My Aunt* and *The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay,* will never be forgotten.

F. The Historians

From earliest times historical interest in our country has been great—especially at Harvard University, from which institution most of our historians have come. Each worked in a different field. George Bancroft spent fifty years on a scholarly history of the United States. William H. Prescott, though blind, learned Spanish and gave his life to three volumes on Spain, the *History of the Conquest of Mexico,* and *Conquest of Peru.* John L. Motley wrote a fine history of the Netherlands; and Francis Parkman wrote several volumes on the struggle between France and England for the New World. His *Conspiracy of Pontiac* and *A Century of Conflict* are best known.

LATER WRITERS

In addition to the authors generally given high place is a class so near our own time that it is difficult to judge at present what their permanent position in literature will be. Among them is Walt Whitman, the poet of American Democracy. His attitude toward science, nature, the individual man, and especially his disregard of the commonly accepted forms of poetry, place him in a class by himself. Totally unlike him, and yet like him in his love of outdoor life and the freedom and ardor of his temperament, is Bayard Taylor. Much of Taylor's poetry will probably be forgotten, yet his *Poems of the Orient* are full of beauty, and his *Lars* and *Bedouin Song* have been universally read. Among minor poets a host of others should be mentioned. The work they did is not of the high order of the Cambridge group, but, within its limits, it is finished in form and often full of sentiment. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's work is delicate and refined. Richard Watson Gilder and Edmund Clarence Stedman possess high poetic feeling. Edward Rowland Sill has written some of our best sonnets. Eugene Field is the author of our best children's poems, and James Whitcomb Riley's verses are full of humor, pathos, and kindliness. In the class of minor poets should also be mentioned Lucy Larcom, Emily Dickinson, The Cary Sisters, Celia Thaxter, Thomas B. Reade, and Cincinnatus Heine (Joaquin) Miller. Much of the poetry, especially that written by women, is designed for children. Aside from these, however, hosts of others, notably Louisa Alcott, Frances Hodgson Burnett, John Abbott, J. T. Trowbridge, and Nathaniel Hawthorne have written several volumes of children's stories in prose.

Since the close of the Civil War the development of American literature has been phenomenal. The settling of new territories, the opening of new industries, and the progress of science and industry have given a wealth of material for short stories, sketches, essays, and poems. In general it is safe to say that the day of the long story is past. The hurry of life today demands the more compressed form and swifter action of the short story. Moreover, there has been a marked change in style and treatment. We no longer seek romantic incidents, far-away scenes, and impossible actions. On the other hand the story writer of today finds in every day life and among every day people the material for his work. The leaders in this Realistic movement have been William Dean Howells and Henry James. Both analyze their characters with great subtlety and precision, but one cannot read them long without wishing for a larger, freer movement.

A second feature of present literature is its local color. The greatly reduced cost of publication, the peculiarities of life in the different sections, and the novel situations arising in new conditions, have furnished an inexhaustible fund for authors in all sections of the country. George W. Cable and Thomas Nelson Page have written of the Old South, and Joel Chandler Harris has given us some of our best negro dialect stories. James Lane Allen has given Kentucky a place and William Allen White has done the same for Kansas. Though the literary center has again shifted from Boston to New York, much good work is still done in New England. Kate Douglas Wiggin, Sarah Orne Jewett, Mary E. Wilkins, Harriet Prescott Spofford, and Alice Brown, have written stories full of the color of New England life. Western literature is still new and experimental, yet one needs but recall Bret Harte's stories of California mining camps to realize what a field it offers. In addition to those already mentioned the North has produced Edward Everett Hale and Frank R. Stockton.

In comparison with the older literature it is fair, on the whole, to say that the newer is fresher, more luxuriant, more imaginative, and more artistically finished. Another quality distinctly American remains for separate mention—its humor, often crude and vulgar, but never borrowed. It runs through all grades from the refinement of Lowell and Holmes to the patent joke of the colored supplement and the

latest slang phrase. While it is true that the joke often arises from a lack of reverence and the American failure to appreciate the sublime, nevertheless such men as Henry W. Shaw (Josh Billings), Charles Farrar Browne (Artemus Ward), Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), and David Locke (Petroleum V. Nasby), have produced a class of work that is likely to remain a real contribution to the national literature of humor.

Nor has America failed in more serious work. John Fiske is widely known as a scientist and philosopher. Justin Winsor is the author of an elaborate history of America and with him we may place John Bach McMaster and Woodrow Wilson. Samuel McChord Crothers, Agnes Repplier, George W. Curtis, and John Burroughs, are in the first rank among the later essayists. Charles Eliot Norton is a scholar and critic. Felix Schelling is our best authority on Elizabethan Literature, and Horace Howard Furness is a famous Shakespearean scholar.

IV. MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER LITERATURE

The development of American magazine and newspaper literature is a chapter by itself. Until about 1830 little improvement had been made on the crude publications of Revolutionary War times, though *The Saturday Evening Post, The North American Review,* and *The New York Evening Post* were fairly established. But the issue, in 1835, of *The Southern Literary Messenger* marked the beginning of what is now a numerous class of journals published largely for literary purposes. Improvements in the art of printing, readier means of communication, and the growth of American scholarship, together with an increasing interest in social and political questions, led, about the middle of the century, to the establishment of several others. In 1841 the New York *Tribune* was first published and the same year saw the first issue of *Graham's Magazine; Harper's* appeared in 1850, *Putnam's* in 1853, and in 1857 Lowell became the first editor of *The Atlantic. Scribner's* was first issued in 1870, *The Critic* in 1881, *The Century* in 1884, and *The Forum* in 1886. Aside from these there are a host of others published for all ages, classes, and nationalities—trades and science journals, professional and technical periodicals, humorous and all-story magazines, not to mention the organs of religious and philanthropic sects and the publications of schools and organizations of all sorts.

In view of the mass of material that is yearly being put on the market, our shifting ideals, our undeveloped standards, and especially our nearness to the bulk of American literature, it is impossible either to judge of the value of what is being written or to predict its future, but if present progress may be taken as a criterion it seems fair to say that America is only entering upon the real period of her literary activity.

V. SOME SPECIAL STUDIES

EUGENE FIELD

I. Early Life.
   1. Born Sept. 3, 1850, at St. Louis Mo.
   2. Son of Roswell Martin and Frances (Reed) Field.
   3. Cared for by Miss Mary French Field.

II. Education and Travel.
   1. Prepared for College at Amherst, Mass.
   2. Studied at Williams College, at Knox College, and at the University of Missouri.
   3. Traveled in Europe, 1872; 1889.

III. Work.
   1. Reporter on St. Louis Evening Journal; Chicago Record-Herald.
   2. Editor of "Sharps and Flats" column of the Chicago *Daily News.*

3. Author of *A Little Book of Western Verse*;
A Little Book of Profitable Tales;
Echoes from the Sabine Farm;
With Trumpet and Drum;
Second Book of Verse;
The Holy Cross and Other Tales; etc.

IV. Home Life.
1. Married Miss Julie Sutherland Comstock.
2. Children:
Melvin Gray,
Eugene ("Pinny"),
Frederick ("Daisy"),
Mary French ("Trotty"),
Roswell Frances ("Posy"),
Ruth Gray ("Sister Girl").
3. Homes—St. Joseph; St. Louis; Buena Park, Chicago.
4. Library, 3,500 volumes.

V. Death, Nov. 4, 1895.

VI. Interesting Facts About Eugene Field.
1. He was devoted to small animal pets and kept many of them. He fed birds and stray dogs.
2. He had an enormous collection of dolls. He kept them in what he called his workshop, where all sizes, nationalities and types of beauty were represented.
3. He loved flowers—especially carnations.
4. His favorite books were *The Scarlet Letter, Don Quixote,* and *Pilgrim's Progress.* In all these books there is a mystery or romance and he loved both.
5. "I believe in ghosts," he said, "and in witches and fairies. I should like to own a big astronomical telescope and a twenty-four-tune music box. I am afraid of the dark. The man who is not has no imagination."
6. His heroes were Martin Luther, Madame Lamballe, and Abraham Lincoln.
7. He disliked politics.
8. He was indifferent to his own appearance though he liked to have well-dressed people about him.
9. He was fond of practical jokes.
10. He loved humanity. Bootblacks and newsboys were his friends as well as men of rank and wealth. He was always optimistic.
11. The woman who most influenced him was his grandmother.
12. Some of his problems for children:—
"How many birds are there in seven soft-boiled eggs."
"A man had six sons and four daughters. If he had had six daughters and four sons, how many more sons than daughters would he have had?"
"If there were no green peaches there would not be so many children's sizes of gold harps in Heaven."

VII. Field's "The Sugar-Plum Tree."

Have you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree?
'Tis a marvel of great renown!
It blooms on the shore of the Lollipop sea
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town;
The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet
(As those who have tasted it say)
That good little children have only to eat
Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you've got to the tree, you would have a hard time
To capture the fruit which I sing;
The tree is so tall that no person could climb
To the boughs where the sugar-plums swing!
But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
And a gingerbread dog prowls below—
And this is the way you contrive to get at
Those sugar-plums tempting you so.

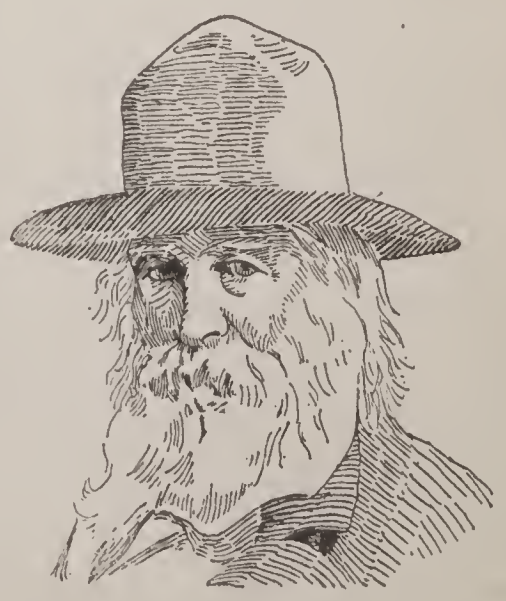
You say but the word to that gingerbread dog
And he barks with such terrible zest
That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,
As her swelling proportions attest.
And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around
From this leafy limb unto that,
And the sugar-plums tumble, of course, to the ground—
Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

There are marshmallows, gumdrops, and peppermint canes,
With stripings of scarlet or gold,
And you carry away of the treasure that rains
As much as your apron can hold!
So come, little child, cuddle closer to me
In your dainty white nightcap and gown,
And I'll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum Tree
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.

(Questions for study by children eight or nine years of age).

1. What is the most beautiful tree you know?
2. How should you like a sugar-plum tree?
3. Does it make you think of a Christmas tree?
4. Where is the Lollipop Sea? The Shut-Eye Town?
5. How high is the tree?
6. If you can not climb to the boughs, how will you get the fruit?
7. Name the goodies on the tree.
8. Is the chocolate cat more important than the gingerbread dog?
9. Did you ever attend a picnic where a paper bag of goodies was tied to a tree, then burst, while the children gathered the fruit, candy, and nuts in their aprons?
10. Meaning of "all agog;" "swelling proportions;" "cavorting around?"
11. Who will go with the little child to the Sugar-Plum Tree?
12. How do you think the writer of this poem felt toward children? Do you think he liked fairy stories?
13. What other lullabys do you know?

WALT WHITMAN



In many ways Whitman's place in American literature is unique. He was unlike most other people in his unconventional notions of dress and manner, and different from other poets in that he believed that poetic form (rhyme, metre, etc.) was to be avoided. He lived very simply, walked a great deal in the open air, always dressed very coarsely, and made dock hands and coal heavers his friends. From time to time he was a printer, an editor, a teacher, a correspondent. During the war he was an army nurse, and so phenomenal was his success that it is said that dying soldiers revived at sight of him. His notions of poetry led him to write a great many things that sound like catalogue lists to us; but when he

is most in earnest he falls into the accepted poetic form, as in *O Captain! My Captain!* Whitman was devoted to Lincoln, and the poem just mentioned is written in memory of him. He first read it himself at the close of a lecture which he gave at his home town, Camden, New Jersey.

O Captain! My Captain!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—For you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

Notice that the whole poem is a figure of speech. It is full of words that suggest the sea and sea life. How does this affect the movement and the spirit of the poem? What are some of the most striking words? Do you think it appropriate to liken a country to a ship? (Give several reasons). Can you name a poem in which Longfellow does the same? Do you judge from this that Whitman was familiar with seamen and sea life? What reference to his life as a nurse? What celebration is taking place? Why the flag; the bugle; the wreaths?

All this, however, is incidental to the real purpose of the poem. What do you think of it as a tribute to a great friend and hero? Can you see why this is one of the noblest poems in our literature? Do you know any other poems about Lincoln? Compare them with this in point of grandeur and pathos. Recall Lincoln's life and work and read the poem again.

LITERATURE IN ITS HISTORICAL SETTING

As history has been the basis for much of our literary fiction, this in turn may be the inspiration and incentive to our knowledge of history. The reading of this class of literature needs no defense. Historical fiction has at times been decried on account of its departure from fact, in its not being true history. This defect is largely over-balanced by its human interest. Through it a period may be made to live in a reader's mind in a way equalled by no mere recital of fact. Again how many of us have no other knowledge of an historical era than that contributed by one of our masters of romance.

The following is an outline of the standard fiction of various countries related to historical events in chronological order. It gives a brief digest of many of the works, with marginal reference to events, characters, etc. The arrangement by countries and eras is self-explanatory. Inclusion of works has been somewhat arbitrary, but with the attempt to furnish, as far as possible, a chronological continuity. Dates are, in some instances, approximations, and titles to articles in the STANDARD REFERENCE WORK for historical research are repeated as the occasion seems to warrant. In addition to the historical articles mentioned, the reader is referred to articles on authors, and books as well. The first column gives the historical periods with subjects and reference, while the second column gives the fiction in brief synopsis.

EGYPT—CARTHAGE

17th Century B. C.
Pharaoh
Joseph
Egypt
Pyramids

The Stonecutter of Memphis (1904). Kelly, an English writer. The author aims to give a complete historical setting to the story. Pharaoh, the last of the Shepherd Kings, and the patriarch Joseph are introduced.

Rameses II, 1340-1273 B.C.
Rameses
Thebes

Uarda (1877). Ebers, a German author. A romance of the time of Rameses II, giving mythology, customs, superstitions, history, archaeology, etc.

6th Century B. C.
Cambyses
Sappho
Herodotus

An Egyptian Princess (1864). Ebers, a German author. A romance based on Herodotus. Historical characters such as Amasis, Cambyses, and Sappho appear.

Punic Wars, 264-146 B.C.
Carthage
Hamilcar
Hannibal
Scipio

Salammbo (1862). Flaubert, a French author. A descriptive romance of ancient Carthage in the time of Hamilcar. The leader of the Mercenaries who besieges the city, steals the sacred veil of the Goddess of Carthage, and falls in love with Salammbo, the priestess.

Hannibal, 247-173 B. C.
Hannibal

A Young Carthaginian (1886). Henty, an English writer. Tells of Hannibal's Spanish campaign and follows him over the Alps and through Italy.

Alexandria, about 350 A.D.
Hypatia
Asceticism
Anchorites
Alexandrian School

Hypatia (1853). Kingsley, an English author. Sets forth in romantic form the struggle in Egypt between Christian asceticism and Neoplatonism. Hypatia, the leading advocate of the latter. A portrayal of the characteristics of Jews, Greeks, and Romans.

Epicureanism
Epicurus

The Epicurean (1827). Thomas Moore, an Irish author. Comprises philosophy, religion, archæology, Egyptian life and customs in the early days of Christianity when the latter was in conflict with Greek paganism, particularly Epicureanism.

7th Century, A. D.

The Bride of the Nile (1887). Ebers, a German writer. Chiefly a record of conflict of religion—pagan, Moslem and Christian.

GREECE

Homer, 850 or 750 B. C.
Homer
Iliad
Troy
Achilles

The Iliad. Describes the siege of Troy. Legendary heroes (Achilles, Agamemnon, Menelaus, etc.) of the Greeks in conflict with Hector, Paris, Aeneas of the Trojans. Hector is slain by Achilles and dragged behind his chariot.

Age of Pericles (5th Century B.C.)
Alcibiades
Anaxagoras
Aristophanes
Socrates
Sophocles

Pericles and Aspasia (1836). Landor, an English writer. The golden age of Athens is well set forth in both its social and intellectual aspects. Socrates, Alcibiades, Anaxagoras, Aristophanes, Sophocles, and others figure.

Alexander, 356-323 B. C.
Alexander the Great
Macedonia
Tyre
Darius

A Young Macedonian in the Army of Alexander the Great (1890). Church, an English writer. An account of Alexander and his campaigns, Battle of Arbela, Siege of Tyre, capture of Darius and occupation of Babylon.

ROME

The Republic, 72-63 B. C.
Spartacus
Mithridates
Julius Caesar
Cleopatra
Rubicon

Adventures of a Roman Boy (1885). Church, an English writer. Includes the revolt of Spartacus and various events of the period.

A Friend of Caesar (1900). Davis, an English writer. Adventures of the friend, and introducing Caesar and the events of his time.

Second and Third Punic Wars (218-146 B. C.)
Hannibal
Scipio

The Lion's Brood (1901). Osborne, an American author. This historical novel is a love romance of the days of Hannibal, when Rome was in conflict with Carthage.

Virgil, 70-19 B. C. End of the Republic
Aeneid
Dido

The Aeneid. This epic sets forth the legendary founding of the Roman Kingdom, by the great deeds of the gods and heroes. The last twelve years of Virgil's life were the beginning of the empire.

The Empire, Tiberius, A. D. 14-37 Jesus Christ Jerusalem Jews Josephus	**Ben Hur (1880).** Lew Wallace, an American author. The scene is laid in the time of Christ, who cures the hero's mother and sister of leprosy. The hero becomes a Christian. It sets forth the conflict between Rome and Judaism. **The Wandering Jew (1845).** Eugene Sue, a French author. The Jew's inhumanity to Christ at the time of the crucifixion condemned him to wander throughout the ages. **Salathiel (1827).** Crolly, an Irish author. The Wandering Jew appearing in many historic scenes throughout the ages.
Nero, 37-68 Nero Paul	**Quo Vadis (1895).** Sienkiewicz, a Polish author. Portrays the persecution of the Christians in Rome under Nero. Paul and Peter have a place in the story.
Vespasian, 60-79 Vesuvius Pompeii Herculaneum	**The Last Days of Pompeii (1834).** Bulwer-Lytton, an English author. History, love, archæology and tragedy are set forth in the events of the destruction of Pompeii, 79 A. D.
Honorius, 384-423 Alaric Goths	**Antonina (1852).** Collins, an English author. History, character, and religion are the elements of this romance of the time of Emperor Honorius. The contesting forces, the Romans and the Goths, Christianity and paganism, are portrayed.

ITALY

13th and 14th Centuries, A. D. Guelphs and Ghibellines	**Margherita Pusterla (1838).** Cantu, an Italian author. This story distinguishes the conflicts between Ghibellines and Guelphs. The resulting tragedies of political intrigues and passion.
Rienzi, 1313-54 Rienzi	**Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes (1835).** Bulwer-Lytton, an English author. A dictator of Rome, of the Middle Ages, attempts to save the state against the warring houses of Orsini and Colonna, and is assassinated.
The Medici Family. Period of Savonarola, 1452-98 Savonarola Machiavelli	**Romola (1863).** George Eliot, an English writer. The death of Savonarola, the Florentine religious reformer, is a part of this romance. The influence of the teachings of the reformer upon the heroine, as seen in her conduct following the death of her husband, a bigamist.
Borgia	**Ettore Fieramosca (1833).** D'Azeglio, an Italian author. Crimes instigated against ladies by Cesare Borgia result in an encounter between thirteen Italian and thirteen French knights.
Period of the Borgias, 1480-1520 Borgia Savonarola	**Agnes of Sorrento (1861).** Mrs. Stowe, an American novelist. The heroine beloved by an adherent of Savonarola. He saves her from the Borgias, and while intending to devote her life to the church is persuaded by the friar to marry her lover.

Charles VIII, 1493-98 Borgia Bayard, Chevalier de Milan	**Sforza (1889).** Astor, an American author. In this historical romance appear Lodovico Sforza, the Duke of Milan, of whom the hero is a nephew, Cesare Borgia, and Chevalier Bayard.
16th Century, A. D.	**Beatrice Cenci (1854).** Guerrazzi, an Italian author. The foundation of this romance is the crime of Count Cenci against his daughter, the protector of whom slew the Count. It is a story of crime and tragedy.
Milan	**The Betrothed Lovers (1825).** Manzoni, an Italian novelist. Often called the greatest Italian romance. The scene is laid in Milan during the Spanish domination and is a vivid picture of the times.
Venice	**Stradella (1909).** Crawford, an English novelist. A romantic tale of Venice. The hero, a Sicilian composer, overcomes many obstacles in which is set forth the conditions of the period.
Victor Emmanuel II, 1860-71 Victor Emmanuel II Garibaldi Disraeli Cavour Papacy	**Lothair (1870).** Benjamin Disraeli, an English author. The historic setting of this novel is the Italian Revolution under Garibaldi; also the tendency in the English Church toward Roman Catholicism. Several noted persons are represented—Cardinal Manning, Goldwin Smith, and others.
	Eleanor (1900). Ward, an English novelist. A minute study of modern Italy introducing the struggle between Garibaldi and Cavour with the Papacy.

FRANCE

Charlemagne, 742-814 Charlemagne	**Passe-Rose (1889).** Hardy, an American author. The events of this romantic idyl are placed in the time of Charlemagne.
First Crusade, 1096-99 Crusade	**Count Robert of Paris (1831).** Scott, a Scotch author. The adventures of a knight of the First Crusade at the court of Alexius Comnenus of Constantinople.
Charles VII, 1422-61 Joan of Arc	**A Monk of Fire (1895).** Lang, a Scotch author. The experiences of a Scotchman in France during the time of Joan of Arc.
Charles the Bold, 1433-77 Burgundy Charles the Bold	**Anne of Gierstein (1829).** Scott, a Scotch author. A young Englishman in Switzerland when at war with the Duke of Burgundy. After winning the love of the daughter of a Swiss noble he is sent on a mission involving the death of the Duke.
Louis XI, 1461-83 Burgundy	**Quentin Durward (1823).** Scott, a Scotch author. This is a study in history, love, and character. A Scotch soldier in the service of Louis XI when in trouble with the Duke of Burgundy.
Henry II, 1547-59 Catherine de Medici Calvin Coligni	**Catherine de Medici (1841).** Balzac, a French author. A romance setting forth the methods of a queen to bring everything under contribution to her dominion. Notable contemporaries—Francis II, Henry IV, Calvin, and others—appear in the story.

Guise
Huguenots

The Two Dianas (1846). Dumas, a French author. The hero, Count Montgomery, finds that Diana whom he loves already married by the order of Henry II, who is her father. The Count enters the religious war as a Huguenot.

The Page of the Duke of Savoy (1846). Dumas, a French author. The same historical setting as appears in the preceding story.

Henry III, 1574-89

Chicot the Jester (1845). Dumas, a French author. The adventures of Bussy d'Amboise in the court of Henry III. Falling in love with a married woman at the court, the husband puts assassins on his track. Before the adventurer is slain he slays the husband. The Holy League is the center of the plot to place on the throne the Duke of Anjou.

The Forty-Five Guardsmen (1846). Dumas, a French author. The acts of a band of guards under Henry III. The revenge of the mistress of Bussy d' Amboise on his murderers. The alliance of Henry III with Henry of Navarre and assassination of the former.

A Gentleman of France (1893). Weyman, an English author. Describing the romantic adventures of a poor nobleman attached to Henry III in his connections with Henry of Navarre.

Henry IV, 1594-1610
Henry IV
Charles IX
Bartholomew

Marguerite de Valois (1845). Dumas, a French author. History, intrigue, and tragedy are set forth, the central figure of political plots being Henry IV (Henry of Navarre) the husband of Marguerite. The great event is the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Louis XIII, 1610-43
Louis XIII

Cinq-Mars (1826). Alfred de Vigny, a French author. This romance is founded on the conspiracy of the Marquis de Cinq-Mars in the reign of Louis XIII. Besides the king and queen, Anne of Austria, Richelieu, and other notables appear in the story.

Richelieu

The Three Musketeers (1844). Dumas, a French author. These comrades are loyal to the queen and outwit her enemy, Cardinal Richelieu, and the criminal woman, his agent, the wife of one of the musketeers. The story reaches the climax in her execution.

Louis XIV, 1643-1715
Mazarin
Louis XIV
Charles I

Twenty Years After (1845). Dumas, a French author. This is a continuation of the preceding story. Mazarin was the real power back of the king. He is assisted by the four musketeers in the insurrection of the Fronde. He sends them to England to aid Cromwell, but decides to save Charles I. In this they are foiled by the son of the agent of Richelieu. Mazarin has them imprisoned and in turn is imprisoned by them.

Charles II

The Vicomte de Bragelonne (1845). Dumas, a French author. This is a continuation of the preceding story. The musketeers assist in the restoration of Charles II of England. They are involved in the troubles between Fouquet and Louis XIV.

Belle-Rose (1850). Achard, a French author. The hero, who is low-born, enters the service of Louis XIV to win fame so as to gain the love of a high-born lady. This he accomplishes in the wars of 1667-1672.

A Nameless Nobleman (1881). Jane Austin, an American author. This story describes a French nobleman, deceived by the woman he loves and sickened with the plots of the court of Louis XIV. He comes to New England and marries a Quakeress. He refuses to return to the rank awaiting him in France.

Law, John

The Mississippi Bubble (1903). Hough, an American writer. The life and love of John Law; his adventures in the new world, and the collapse of his bank.

Louis XV, 1715-74
Cagliostro
Louis XV
Rousseau
Swedenborg

Joseph Balsamo (1848). Dumas, a French author. Besides the historical aspect, charlatanism and hypnotism are elements in this story. The romance has for its basis the life of Cagliostro, the charlatan. Many prominent characters such as Swedenborg, Paul Jones, Rousseau, Voltaire, are introduced. The fate of Marie Antoinette is predicted by Balsamo.

Memoirs of a Physician (1848). Dumas, a French author. This is a continuation of "Joseph Balsamo." It closes with the death of Louis XV.

Louis XVI, 1774-93
Cagliostro
Louis XVI
Marie Antoinette
Diamond Necklace
Turgot

The Queen's Necklace (1848). Dumas, a French author. This is a continuation of the preceding story in which Balsamo is now known as Cagliostro. Marie Antoinette in the stealing of her diamond necklace is compromised by a shrewd adventuress. She is exonerated by the exposure of this woman.

The French Revolution, 1789-99
French Revolution
Bastile
Necker
Stäel, Madame de
Brittany
Hugo, Victor
Cagliostro
Robespierre
Mirabeau
Guillotin
Marat
Danton
Marseilleise
Tuilleries

Taking the Bastile (1853). Dumas, a French author. The beginning of the Revolution in which a farmer and his workmen are represented as taking the lead in the attack upon the Bastile.

Ninety-Three (1874). Hugo, a French writer. The scene of this tale of the French Revolution is laid in Brittany. It describes the struggle between the Republicans and Royalists.

The Countess of Charnay (1853). Dumas, a French author. Cagliostro is the leading spirit of a body of revolutionists, among whom are the Duke of Orleans and St. Just. Guillotin, Mirabeau, and Robespierre are introduced. The flight of Marie Antoinette from Versailles is described.

The Reds of the Midi (1896). Gras, a French author. This story gives a striking description of the Marseilles battalion entering Paris singing the Marseillaise, and then assisting in the storming of the Tuilleries.

Terror, Reign of

Zanoni (1842). Bulwer-Lytton, an English author. Magic, love, history, and tragedy—all enter into this story of a Rosicrucian who sells supernatural power for love. In the Reign of Terror he manages to substitute himself for his wife and is guillotined. Robespierre, Réné Dumas, and Nicot appear in the story.

Bastile

A Tale of Two Cities (1860). Dickens, an English author. This dramatic romance is based on the French Revolution. It describes the fall of the Bastile. The hero loves a woman whose affections are given to another, and when the latter is condemned to death the hero takes his place and is beheaded.

Chouan

The Chouans (1829). Balzac, a French author. This story is based on the insurrection that broke out in the Vendee in 1793, during the Revolution. A woman engaged as a spy is sent to secure the capture of the man she loves. By the command of this man the soldiers of her lover are slain.

Marie Antoinette

The Chevalier de Maison-Rouge (1846). Dumas, a French author. A conspirator of the Royalists attempts with the aid of a woman to rescue Marie Antoinette from prison. The conspiracy fails.

Lafayette

Andrée de Taverney (1855). Dumas, a French author. The chief scene in this story is the execution of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. It brings together the leading characters of the Revolution: Robespierre, Marat, Lafayette, Condorset, Danton, Madame de Stäel, Napoleon, and others.

Louis XVI
Dauphin

Marie Antoinette and Her Son (1867). Louise Mühlbach, a German author. A dramatic presentation of the execution of Louis XVI and the Queen. Also a romance of the escape of the young Dauphin, but not grounded on historical fact.

Louis XVII

Lazarre (1901). Mary Catherwood, an American author. A romance of Louis XVII, the "Last Dauphin." Escaping from prison he flees to America during which time his reason is restored.

Toussaint L'Ouverture
Haiti

The Hour and the Man (1840). Harriet Martineau, an English author. The facts of this romance belong to the last days of the period of the Revolution. History, heroism and slavery are the leading elements. The hero is Toussaint L'Ouverture who achieved fame in the liberation of San Domingo. Napoleon has a place in the story.

Napoleon I, 1797-1815
Napoleon Bonaparte

A Bachelor's Establishment (1843). Balzac, a French author. In the introduction are set forth events of the French Revolution and Napoleon's empire. In distinguishing types of character special interest attaches to two brothers, a gambler and an artist.

The Man with the Broken Ear (1862). About, a French author. A tale of a soldier of Napoleon. He is condemned to death as a spy. A German scientist operates on him and for three generations holds him in suspended animation, after which he returns to youth.

Madame Sans-Gêne (1895). Lepelletier, a French author. The fortunes of Napoleon's laundress, contemporaneous with those of Napoleon, until finally she became the Duchess of Dantzic.

Josephine

Picciola (1832). Xavier Saintine, a French author. A conspirator against Napoleon is imprisoned. He tenderly cares for a flower growing between the flagstones of his prison yards. The daughter of a fellow prisoner secures his pardon through Josephine, the wife of Napoleon. He is converted from agnosticism to a belief in God through the plant.

A Woman of Thirty (1832). Balzac, a French author. An ambitious woman, untrue to her husband and children suffers eventually for her sins. Napoleon appears in the story.

The Country Doctor (1833). Balzac, a French author. This story contains an idealization of Napoleon by one of his soldiers. A Paris doctor is rejected by a woman and taking up his residence in the country devotes himself to philanthropic work.

Tom Burke of Ourbs (1844). Ainsworth, an English author. An Irish soldier in the service of Napoleon. Among his adventures he falls in love with a maid to the Empress Josephine.

Privateer
Nelson, Horatio

Wing and Wing (1842). Cooper, an American author. The clever actions of a French privateer in the Napoleonic era. An American sailor and the captain are the central figures, while Nelson, the British admiral, appears in the story.

Waterloo
Wellington
Monachism
Blucher
Ney

The Chartreuse of Parma (1840). Stendhal, a French author. The story of a young Italian. After a series of adventures he enters the service under Napoleon and fights at Waterloo. He returns to Italy and enters the priesthood. Killing a man in self-defense he is imprisoned, loves the jailor's daughter and by her help escapes. She dies and he spends the rest of his life in a monastery.

Charles X, 1824-30
France

Les Misérables (1862). Hugo, a French author. Ethical problems, delineation of character, history, and crime enter into this great story. A convict had robbed a priest, is converted and becomes a benevolent man. A detective keeps on his track, but is saved by him in the Revolution of 1830. Having a high sense of duty the detective commits suicide out of gratitude to the man who saved him and whom duty required him to take.

Napoleon III, 1848-73
Gambetta

Numa Roumestau (1881). Daudet, a French author. The hero is a representation of the character of Gambetta. The book sets forth his political prestige in the south of France and characteristics in his attitude toward men and women.

Franco-Prussian War

Nana (1881). Emile Zola, a French author. A woman of low repute of the Parisian stage brings about ruin and havoc. The story ends with the beginning of the Franco-Prussian War.

Napoleon III
Sedan
Bismarck
Paris
Franco-Prussian War

The Downfall (1892). Zola, a French author. The pathetic experiences of a French soldier in the Franco-Prussian War.

The Parisians (1873). Bulwer-Lytton, an English author. A description of Parisian society and the political conditions of the Second Empire. A romance of the Franco-Prussian War.

Ashes of Empire (1899). Chambers, an American author. Two American journalists are in Paris during the siege. It is a love story of the two Americans and two Parisiennes.

SPAIN

Ruy Diaz, 1026-1099
Cid, The
Moors

The Cid (1252-1270). By unknown authors. This epic story distinguishes Ruy Diaz, the Champion of Bivar, the Christian leader against the Moors.

14th Century
Edward III

The White Company (1890). Doyle, a Scotch author. This historical romance belongs to the time of Edward III of England. The scene is laid in Spain where a band of English knights and archers fought for King Pedro. Edward, the Black Prince, and Du Guesclin appear in the story.

Ferdinand and Isabella, 1469-1516
Ferdinand V
Columbus

Mercedes of Castile (1841). Cooper, an American writer. A story of the time of Columbus, a companion of whom has a lady love in the Spanish court. He saves the life of an Indian princess and brings her to Spain. She becomes a Christian.

Granada
Moors
Torquemada

Leila, or the Siege of Granada (1838). Bulwer-Lytton, an English author. The historical basis of this romance is the Spanish conquest of the Moors. A beautiful Jewess is loved by Muza, the general of the Moorish king, Boabdil. She becomes a convert to Christianity through Isabella and Torquemada for which she suffers death at the hands of her father.

Period of the Inquisition, 1480-1834
Inquisition

Melmoth the Wanderer (1820). Maturia, an Irish author. This tale of a madman describes the horrors of the Inquisition. The devil had prophesied his insanity. He describes the worship of Kali, the Hindu goddess, and finally commits suicide.

Philip III, 1598-1621

Don Quixote (1605). Cervantes, a Spanish writer. A satire of chivalry, generally considered one of the greatest novels. It gives a splendid record of Spanish life at that time.

Philip IV, 1621-65
Spain

Gil Blas (1735). Alain-Réné Le Sage, a French author. This deals with the various classes of Spain during the first half of the 17th century, among whom the adventures occurred. Among other forms of rascality is that of securing for Philip IV a mistress.

Charles IV, 1788-1808
Spain
Peninsular War

Saragossa (1874). Galdos, a Spanish author. A story of the Napoleonic era describing the siege of Saragossa. For dealings with the enemy an officer commands his son to shoot a miser. The son, loving the miser's daughter, the heroine of the siege, refuses to do so.

PORTUGAL

John II, 1495-1521
Portugal
Gama, Vasco da
Camœns

The Lusiad (1572). Luiz de Camœns, a Portuguese author. An epic setting forth the adventures of Vasco de Gama.

Joseph I, 1750-1777
Portugal
Lisbon

Agnes Surriage (1886). Bynner, an American writer. The story of an Englishman who had come to Massachusetts and married a beautiful girl. A title awaits him in England. He returns with his wife whom his family refuse to receive. He accepts an office in Portugal and is in Lisbon at the time of the earthquake in 1750. His life is saved by his wife.

GERMANY

Charles V, 1500-1558
Charles V
Luther
Reformation

The Schönberg-Cotta Family (1862). Elizabeth Charles, an English author. A story of the Reformation in Germany from the records of a Protestant family. A description of Luther and his work.

The Heidenmauer (1832.) Irving, an American author. A tale of the time of Luther setting forth the contest between the German barons and monks. A drinking scene in Hartenburg is given.

Frederick the Great, 1740-86
Frederick II
Potsdam
Seven Years' War
Voltaire
Maria Theresa

Berlin and Sans Souci (1866). Louise Mühlbach German author. Frederick the Great in his palace at Potsdam is the center of this romance. Nobles and generals are introduced. Reference is made to the Seven Years' War, and to the friendship existing between the emperor and Voltaire.

Frederick William III, 1797-1840

In the Year '13 (1860). Reuter, a German author. This story describes how the peasants were burdened by the Napoleonic campaign in Germany.

Napoleon
Metternich
Tallyrand

The Conscript (1865). Erckmann, a German author. The horrors of Napoleon's campaign before he was sent into exile in Elba, as described by a conscript. A description is given of the battles of Lützen and Leipzig. Ney, Blucher, Metternich, and others appear in the story.

RUSSIA

Peter the Great, 1682-1725
Moscow
Catherine I

The Gunmaker of Moscow (1860). Cobb, an American author. In this melodramatic romance Peter the Great is introduced as a character.

Catherine II, 1729-96
Poland
Kosciusko

Thaddeus of Warsaw (1803). Jane Porter, an English author. The story of a Polish noble who attempted, but failed, to free his country from the designs of Catherine of Russia. He makes a mistake in the person of his father, and discovering his father marries the woman of his choice.

Russia

The Captain's Daughter (1836). Pushkin, a Russian author. Through the pleas of his lady love to Catharine II, the latter saves a soldier condemned to death as a spy of the pretender Pugatcheff.

Alexander I, 1801-25
Alexander I
Napoleon
Tolstoy
Holy Alliance

War and Peace (1865). Tolstoy, a Russian author. This romance distinguishes the various phases of Russian life during the first part of the nineteenth century. History in its philosophic aspect is the purpose of the author. Alexander I and Napoleon, with their generals, appear in the story.

Alexander II, 1855-81
Alexander II
Russia
Nihilists

Fathers and Sons (1862). Turgenieff, a Russian author. Politics and nihilism are set forth in the early periods of the struggle between the older and younger generations, distinguishing the types of each.

Smoke (1867). Turgenieff, a Russian author. The revolutionary tendency in Russia, in which theories are shaping into action. The author attacks the charlatans.

GREAT BRITAIN

Prehistoric
Cave Dwellers
Mammoth

The Story of Ab (1897). Waterloo, an American writer. A tale of the cave-man and his struggle with the mammoth and other monsters in the heavy forests bordering the Thames.

Britain under the Romans
Boadicea
Druids

Britain's Greatness Foretold (1900). Trevelyan, an English author. It tells of the Roman subjugates, the Druids, and the romantic story of Boadicea.

6th Century
Arthur
Vision of Sir Launfal
Idylls of the King

The Story of King Arthur and His Knights (1903). Pyle, an American writer. A miscellaneous collection of the Arthurian legends, illustrated by the author.

Geoffrey of Monmouth

Le Morte d' Arthur (1485). Malory, an English prose writer. A veritable storehouse of knightly tales.

Alfred the Great, 849-901
Alfred

King Alfred's Viking (1898). Whistler, an English writer. The struggle with the Norsemen.

William 1, 1066-87
England
Harold II
William I
Hastings, Battle of
Normans
Bayeux Tapestry

Harold (1848). Bulwer-Lytton, an English author. A love romance based on the Norman Conquest under William the Conqueror. Harold is the titular hero, while Edward the Confessor, William the Conqueror, Earl Godwin and his sons are characters in the story.

Hereward the Wake (1866). Kingsley, an English author. This tale sets forth the heroic struggles of the English in resisting the Normans after the Battle of Hastings.

Richard I, 1189-99
Richard I
Crusades
Saladin
Saracens

The Talisman (1825). Scott, a Scotch author. The hero is David, Prince Royal of Scotland. A tale of the Third Crusade in which Richard I participated. Saladin, the Saracen, appears in the story.

Richard Yea-and-Nay (1900). Hewlett, an English author. The character of Richard I, particularly in his dealings with women, is set forth. Adventures connected with the Crusades are related.

Robin Hood

Ivanhoe (1819). Scott, a Scotch author. A romance distinguishing deeds of chivalry in the time of Richard I and his regent John. One of the characters is Robin Hood, the outlaw.

Edward I, 1272-1307
Edward I
Wallace, William
Bruce, Robert
Douglas
Scotland

The Scottish Chiefs (1810). Jane Porter, an English author. The chief character is the hero of Scotland, Sir William Wallace. On the day of his execution he marries the heroine, who dies of grief on the day that Bruce is crowned.

Castle Dangerous (1831). Scott, a Scotch author. A story of the struggle between Edward I and Robert Bruce. Sir James Douglas and an English knight enter into single combat for the possession both of Douglas Castle and the lady-love of the Englishman. When the knight hears of the victory of Bruce he surrenders to Douglas.

Edward III, 1327-77
Chivalry

The White Company (1890). Conan Doyle, a Scotch author. This historical romance belongs to the time of Edward III. It sets forth the work of English knights and archers in the interests of King Pedro in Spain. Du Guesclin and the Black Prince appear in the story.

Wars of the Roses, 1455-85
Wars of the Roses

The Black Arrow (1888). Stevenson, a Scotch writer. This romance of the Wars of the Roses describes the adventures of an heiress who, disguised as a boy, runs away from the husband to be forced on her, but with whom she finally falls in love, he not suspecting her sex. Their adventures with a band of outlaws.

Edward IV, 1461-83
Edward IV
Henry VI
Margaret of Anjou
Warwick

The Last of the Barons (1843). Bulwer-Lytton, an English author. This love romance is founded on the War of the Roses in the time of Edward IV. Invention enters into the story. Warwick, the King-maker, is the titular hero and is regarded favorably, while the King is represented as an evil influence.

Henry VIII, 1509-47
Henry VIII
Reformation

Henry the Eighth and His Court (1851). Louise Mühlbach, a German author. A representation of Henry and his sixth wife, Catherine Parr. The ladies and lords of the court appear in the story, and the Reformation in England is given some attention.

Mary I, 1553-58
Mary I
Grey, Lady Jane

The Tower of London (1840). Ainsworth, an English writer. This is a story of history and tragedy setting forth the execution of Lady Jane Grey.

Elizabeth, 1558-1603
Elizabeth
Reformation

The Monastery (1820). Scott, a Scotch author. A tale of history, magic, literature, and religion in Scotland during the reign of Elizabeth. The growing dominance of Reformation.

Leicester

Kenilworth (1821). Scott, a Scotch author. This story of history and tragedy portrays the murder of the wife of Leicester, brought about by her husband. The queen appears in the story.

Dorothy Vernon of Hadden Hall (1902). Major, an American author. This love romance belongs to the time of Elizabeth, who, with Mary, Queen of Scots holds an important place.

Mary, Queen of Scots
Elizabeth
Armada
Philip II of Spain
Gilbert, Sir Humphrey
Drake, Sir Francis

The Abbot (1820). Scott, a Scotch author. This is a sequel to "The Monastery." The imprisonment of Mary, Queen of Scots, is portrayed.

Westward Ho (1855). Kingsley, an English author. In the time of Elizabeth, giving the adventures of English sailors in South America. The climax is the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588.

James I, 1603-25
James I

The Fortunes of Nigel (1822). Scott, a Scotch author. The scenes are laid in the time of James I, who, with his courtiers, appears in the story. It sets forth the career of George Henot who became the King's banker.

Charles I, 1625-46
Charles I
Puritans
Cavaliers

The Splendid Spur (1889). Quiller-Couch, an English author. This story deals with the period of Charles and the Civil War. A student who is loyal to the king is mixed up with the revolution. He escapes from the Roundheads with the girl he loves disguised as a boy.

Laud, William

John Inglesant (1881). Shorthouse, an English author. The story of an adherent of Archbishop Laud. Becoming a Catholic he participates in the insurrection of Molinos. His philosophy is of the mystical type.

Gustavus II (Adolphus)

A Legend of Montrose (1819). Scott, a Scotch author. The tale of a Scotchman who had been in the service of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. He enlists under the Earl of Montrose in the uprising against Charles I. He is taken prisoner but escapes with a Highland chief.

Henry Masterton (1832). James, an English author. A story of love and adventure in England and France in the time of the revolution. Iveton, Cromwell's general, appears in the story.

Mazarin
Cromwell

Twenty Years After (1845). Dumas, a French author. The four musketeers are sent by Mazarin, the power behind Louis XIV, to England to assist Cromwell. On the contrary, they determine to save Charles I from being executed. In this they fail through the son of the agent of Richelieu. The story is a continuation of "The Three Musketeers."

Charles II, 1660-85
Charles II
Condé
Colbert

Viscomte de Bragelonne (1845). Dumas, a French author. The story of the four musketeers in assisting the restoration of Charles II to the throne of England. Condé, Colbert, Queen Anne of Austria, and other notable personages appear in the story.

Monk, George

Peveril of the Peak (1823). Scott, a Scotch author. The plot of the Roman Catholics to murder Charles II is the basis of this story. By these events two lovers are separated but are brought together again by the King.

Cromwell
Charles II

Woodstock (1826). Scott, a Scotch author. This story relates the revolutionary events after the Battle of Worcester, when Charles II was defeated by Cromwell. A loyal subject impersonating the King saves him from capture. Cromwell condemns the subject to death but afterwards spares him.

Covenanters
Monmouth
James
Scotland

Old Mortality (1816). Scott, a Scotch author. This is a story of the Covenanters from 1679 to 1690, the troubles extending through the reign of James II. The interest centers about the leader of the Covenanters. The Duke of Monmouth and Claverhouse appear in the story.

James II, 1685-88
Monmouth
James
Jeffreys, George

Lorna Doone (1869). Blackmore, an English author. The hero has a part in the rebellion of Monmouth. In this romance English life and scenery are portrayed. Judge Jeffreys appears in the story.

Pretender James, 1688-1766
Stuart

Henry Esmond (1852). Thackeray, an English author. A romance of the time of the Pretender James. The hero is taken into the home of an uncle. He finally marries the daughter and they take up their residence in Virginia.

The Black Dwarf (1816). Scott, a Scotch author. A story of history, character, and love, during the war of the Pretender James. The hero, a deformed person, saves a girl from an undesirable marriage that was calculated to save her father.

Queen Anne, 1702-14

Devereux (1829). Bulwer-Lytton, an English author. Bolingbroke, a character in the story, was made prime minister by Queen Anne. This is a story of bad blood between two brothers. A third brother is brought under the influence of a priest interested in the restoration of the Stuarts.

George I, 1714-27
George I
Rob Roy

Rob Roy (1817). Scott, a Scotch author. An historical narrative of the chief of the MacGregor clan in the time of the Revolution of 1715. Scottish characteristics are distinguished and a romance is wrought out.

Pretender Charles, 1720-88
Stuart

Waverly (1814). Scott, a Scotch author. An English officer has adventures among Scotch Highlanders in the war with the Pretender Charles Stuart.

Red Gauntlet (1824). Scott, a Scotch author. In this tale is set forth the loyalty of a family to the Pretender Charles.

George II, 1727-60
George II
Stuart

The Two Admirals (1842). Cooper, an American author. A story of the time when France was aiding the cause of the Pretender Charles during the reign of George II. An admiral in sympathy with the Stuart cause finally renders assistance to another admiral battling with the French, and loses his life.

Kidnapped (1886). Stevenson, a Scotch author. An uncle has his nephew, an heir, kidnapped to be sent to the Carolinas. The ship is wrecked on the Island of Mull. He escapes with a Highlander made an outlaw because of his part in the Revolution of 1745. They finally return and the uncle gets his deserts.

George III, 1760-1820
George III
Revolution (American)
Washington
Wolfe

The Virginians (1859). Thackeray, an English author. This is a sequel to "Henry Esmond." Two grandsons of the latter return to England. The Revolutionary War breaks out in America and they take opposite sides, but without the loss of good friendship. Washington and Wolfe appear in the story.

Chesterfield

Barnaby Rudge (1841). Dickens, an English author. This story is based on the riots of 1780, called "No Popery" riots. In the person of one of the characters appears the character of Lord Chesterfield.

St. Ives (1894). Stevenson, a Scotch author. The Napoleonic era. Soldiers of Napoleon imprisoned in Edinburgh sell things to a girl who is insulted by one of them. In a duel with an officer he is killed.

War of 1812

Tom Cringle's Log (1833). Michael Scott, a Scotch author. The story of the log of a British sailor during the War of 1812.

Wellington

Charles O'Malley (1841). Lever, an Irish author. A reckless young Irishman is in the service of Wellington in Spain, and also at Waterloo. He is made a prisoner and is brought before Napoleon.

Waterloo, Battle of

Vanity Fair (1848). Thackeray, an English author. This is chiefly a character study. The experiences of an adventuress as she mingles with English aristocracy. The leading event is the Battle of Waterloo.

George IV, 1820-1830
George IV

The Heart of Midlothian (1818). Scott, a Scotch author. A story of history, character, and bravery. A girl is sentenced to death for infanticide. Her sister procures a pardon for her by walking to London and appealing to Queen Caroline. In this she is aided by the Duke of Argyle.

Disraeli

Vivian Grey (1826). Benjamin Disraeli, an English author. Love and politics combine in the career of the hero who is a portrait of the author. Under assumed names Wellington, Mrs. Coutts, Hook, and others are represented.

Queen Victoria, 1837-1901
Victoria
Bright, John
Gladstone
Rothschild

Coningsby (1844). Benjamin Disraeli, an English author. A young statesman is engaged in the betterment of social conditions. Noblewomen love and support him, while men in leading political positions both assist and oppose him. Under assumed names appear such men as Gladstone, Bright, Rothschild, and others.

Sketches by Boz, Pickwick Papers, Oliver Twist, Nicholas Nickleby, Old Curiosity Shop, Martin Chuzzlewit, Dombey and Son, David Copperfield, Bleak House, Hard Times, Little Dorrit, Great Expectations, Our Mutual Friend, Edwin Drood (1836-70.) Dickens, an English novelist. This series of novels is the truest portrayal of the middle and lower classes of society during the early Victorian period.

Sybil (1845). Benjamin Disraeli, an English author. Based on the events of the industrial conditions in England from 1837-1842. The hero, a member of Parliament, heads a movement for the improvement of these conditions in behalf of workingmen.

Episcopal Church
Garibaldi

Lothair (1870). Benjamin Disraeli, an English author. This novel brings out the tendency toward Roman Catholicism in the Anglican Church and the revolution under Garibaldi in Italy. Marquis of Bute is represented in the character of the hero.

Chartists

Alton Locke (1850). Kingsley, an English author. The story of a poet, who, during the Chartist agitation, took the part of workingmen with the result that he was imprisoned and remained in jail until his death.

Crimea

Two Years Ago (1857). Kingsley, an English author. The events of this story fall in the period of the Crimean War. The hero rescues a girl from slavery in Louisiana. He is wrecked near England and is robbed of his money, the thief proving to be the mother of the woman who saves him from the wreck. He enters the service in the Crimean War.

India
Havelock
Sepoy
Lucknow

On the Face of the Waters (1896). Flora Annie Steel, an English author. A story of the Sepoy Rebellion, setting forth the remarkable adventures and escapes of English people.

Disraeli
Palmerston

Endymion (1880). Benjamin Disraeli, an English author. This romance is an autobiography giving the author's political history in being elected to the premiership. Under fictitious names many public characters appear, including Napoleon III, Bismarck, Dickens and Thackeray.

Egypt
Mahdi
Gordon, Charles G
Sudan

The Light that Failed (1890). Kipling, an English author. The story of an artist and a journalist who became comrades in the Sudanese War. After their return to England the artist spoils the relations between his model and the journalist. The artist becomes blind, and returning to the Sudan is killed in a fight into which he casts himself.

UNITED STATES

Colonial Period
Virginia
Smith, Captain John

To Have and to Hold (1890). Mary Johnston, an American author. During the settlement of Virginia. The hero's adventures with Indians and pirates.

Jamestown
Pocahontas

Nick of the Woods (1837). Bird, an American author. This describes Indian warfare and pioneer life in America. An insane Quaker kills Indians, believing he is directed by a spirit.

South Carolina

The Yemassee (1835). Simms, an American author. The struggle with Indians and Spaniards, by Governor Craven, in saving South Carolina.

Atala (1802). Chateaubriand, a French author. A romance of two Indian lovers. One of them when dying pleads that the other become a Christian. He does and suffers martyrdom.

Indians

The Deerslayer (1841). Cooper, an American author. The first of the "Leatherstocking Tales." A pioneer family is saved from the Iroquois by the hero and Chingachgook.

The Pioneers (1822). Cooper, an American author. The hero and the Mohican chief, Chingachgook, protect the owner of an estate. One is imprisoned and the other is slain.

King Noonett (1896). Stimson, an American author. An English royalist becomes an Indian chief, in New England, having fled in disguise with his daughter. Two lovers of the girl follow them and fight in King Philip's War. The Englishman is Philip's ally.

The Last of the Mohicans (1826). Cooper, an American author. The pioneer, Leatherstocking, Chingachgook and Uncas perform remarkable feats in the war of 1756, taking a white party through Indian country. Striving to save one of the women, Uncas is killed.

Fremont
Leatherstocking

The Pathfinder (1840). Cooper, an American author. Leatherstocking is in love with a lady. To aid her the hero and Chingachgook accomplish great things in the war of 1756.

Piracy

The Water Witch (1830). Cooper, an American author. A tale of colonial days in which a British cruiser chases a pirate and is attacked by two French vessels. The pirate then aids the cruiser.

A Bow of Orange Ribbon (1886). Amelia Barr, an American author. A story of Colonial times in which the parents of a Knickerbocker girl object to her English lover.

The Red Rover (1827). Cooper, an American author. A romance of the sea at the close of the colonial period. A slaver and pirate, admiring the bravery of a captain, saves him from his crew.

Revolutionary Period
Lexington
Concord

Lionel Lincoln (1825). Cooper, an American author. The scene of this romance is laid in Boston at the opening of the Revolutionary War. A Continental simpleton saves the life of the hero, a British soldier, at Lexington and Concord.

Wyandotte (1843). Cooper, an American author. During the Revolution, Indians attack a white family. A friendly Indian saves those who believe in him while he slays one of them who insulted him.

Brant, Joseph
Oriskany

Greyslayer (1840). Hoffmann, an American author. This romance is based on the conflict between American Revolutionists and Joseph Brant, Chief of the Mohawks. Young women are carried off and rescued and the hero is tried for the murder of a man who is not dead.

The Spy (1821). Cooper, an American author. A romance intertwined with the events of the Revolutionary War. For the sake of his country a spy of General Washington is willing to suffer the disgrace of treason.

Ticonderoga

Satanstoe (1844). Cooper, an American author. Two men love the same woman during the War of the Revolution. The description of the action against Ticonderoga is given.

Allen, Ethan
Arnold, Benedict
Vermont

The Green Mountain Boys (1840). Thompson, an American author. A romance based on the dispute over Vermont between New York and New Hampshire, and the Revolution. Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold figure in the story.

Tory
Whigs

Horseshoe Robinson (1835). Kennedy, an American author. A story of the conflict in Virginia and the Carolinas between Whigs and Tories during the Revolution.

Septimius Felton (1871). Hawthorne, an American author. An American Revolutionist kills a British soldier. Before the latter dies he gives the American a recipe for an elixir of life. The sweetheart of the Britisher uses the elixir to revenge the death of her lover, but coming to love the American, she takes the poison herself.

Jones, John Paul

The Pilot (1823). Cooper, an American author. A maritime romance, one of the leading characters of which is the old coxswain. Paul Jones of naval fame in the American Revolution is represented in the titular character.

Walpole, Horace

Richard Carvel (1899). Churchill, an American author. This romance, including English and American history, begins prior to and continues during the Revolution. As the hero travels about he meets such men of distinction as Paul Jones, Fox, Walpole.

Washington, 1789-97
Shay's Rebellion
Burr

The Duke of Stockbridge (1900). Bellamy, an American author. The historic setting of this romance is Shay's Rebellion.

The Minister's Wooing (1859). Harriet Beecher Stowe, an American author. The scene is laid in New England in the closing years of the eighteenth century. A young man is reported to have died. His mother charges God with cruelty, and his betrothed agrees to marry the preacher, although not loving him. The young man returns and the preacher surrenders to him his sweetheart. Aaron Burr is a leading character.

Adams, 1797-1801
XYZ Papers

Afloat and Ashore (1844). Cooper, an American author. A story of sea life and piracy. The period is that of the war with France following the Revolution.

Lawrie Todd (1832). Galt, a Scotch author. About 1800 a Scotchman settles in the Genesee valley in the state of New York. He builds up a nail-making industry. In appearance he is diminutive. He marries a young widow and with her goes to Scotland.

Jefferson, 1801-09
Creole
Louisiana Purchase

The Grandissimes (1800). Cable, an American author. Creole life is strongly presented. A story of New Orleans at the time of the Louisiana purchase.

Madison, 1809-17
Bainbridge
Preble
Perry, O. H.
Decatur

Miles Wellingford (1844). Cooper, an American author. This is the sequel of "Afloat and Ashore." (See Adams). Naval warfare during the War of 1812.

The Oak Openings (1848). Cooper, an American author. The scene is laid in Michigan at the opening of the War of 1812. The leading character, a bee-hunter, befriends an Indian who saves him and his family from death at the hands of the savages.

Van Buren, 1837-41
Transcendentalism
Ossoli

The Blithedale Romance (1852). Hawthorne, an American author. This is a love romance comprising history, philosophy, and character. It deals with the Transcendentalists and the community farm founded by them. Margaret Fuller and others of them appear in the story.

Harrison-Tyler, 1841-45

The Redskins (1846). Cooper, an American author. The historical setting is the anti-rent agitation in the state of New York when landlords were attacked by squatters disguised as Indians.

Lincoln, 1861-65
Slave
Emancipation Proclamation

Uncle Tom's Cabin (1852). Harriet Beecher Stowe, an American author. A vivid description of the evils of negro slavery in America, portraying torture, hunting fugitives, separation of families, etc.

Civil War

Dorothy South (1902). Eggleston, an American author. A woman leaves her husband and daughter for the stage, but, losing her beauty, is reduced to poverty. Her daughter in Virginia studies chemistry under her guardian, a doctor. She meets her mother in Europe where she is pursuing her studies. Civil war breaks out in America and both return, the mother as a nurse to the other to aid her guardian, now her husband.

Bull Run, Battle of
Greeley, Horace

Eben Holden (1900). Bacheller, an American author. The story of a journalist assisted by a woman of generous impulses. Horace Greeley appears as one of the characters. The Battle of Bull Run is one of the events.

Beecher, Henry Ward

Norwood (1867). Beecher, an American preacher and author. Country life in a college town of New England. In this romance the struggle between love and patriotism bearing on the Civil War is presented.

Slave

Neighbor Jackwood (1857). Trowbridge, an American author. A fugitive slave girl is hidden from her pursuers by a Vermont farmer, who aids her and her lover, a young man whose mother opposes the match.

Secession

Cudjo's Cave (1863). Trowbridge, an American author. A romance of the Civil War describing the assaults of Tennessee Secessionists upon Union men. They find refuge in a cave, the negroes defending them until they can escape to the North.

Waiting for the Verdict (1867). Rebecca Harding Davis, an American author. A story of heroism during the Civil War. A mulatto doctor, who stands high in his profession, abandons his love for a white girl and labors among the negroes. He is assassinated.

Period of Reconstruction
Reconstruction
Ku Klux Klan
Carpet-Baggers

A Fool's Errand (1880). Tourgee, an American author. History and politics enter into this story of a "carpetbagger" and his family in the period of the Reconstruction.

Gabriel Tolliver (1902). Harris, an American author. A story of the South in the days of the Reconstruction, in which children play a special part. The hero and heroine are strongly presented.

Hayes, 1877-81
Tilden, Samuel J.

A Modern Instance (1883). Howells, an American author. Ethics, journalism, and politics combine in this story of a true woman who is married to a disreputable newspaper man but is loved by a good man. The campaign of Hayes and Tilden is given a place in the story.

Cleveland, 1893-97
Strike

The Honorable Peter Sterling (1894). Ford, an American author. Politics, labor and social reform are the elements. Grover Cleveland forms the basis of the character study of a politician. He labors to improve the condition of the poor. He puts down a strike and by his heroism wins the heart of a woman.

DRAWING

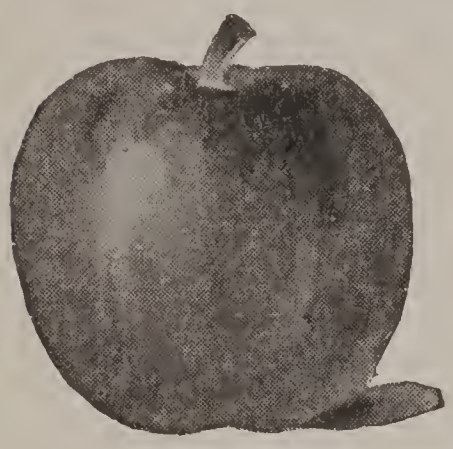
Drawing, as a branch of study in our public schools, has come to stand for much more than instruction in the delineation of form. Drawing, today, is but one chapter in the great volume which is being compiled by our public school courses of study. We may name this volume "Art Education," and we shall find that it contains many chapters besides Drawing,—such as Painting, Design, Manual Training, Shop Work, The Crafts, Domestic Art, Industrial Education, etc. The beginning of the compilation, so far as American schools are concerned, was back in the seventies, when the state of Massachusetts sought to improve the industrial output of her factories by providing free instruction in drawing, not only for children but for all men and women in towns of more than five thousand inhabitants. This was the first organized effort to incorporate any kind of industrial or artistic training into the American scheme of public education. A normal school for the training of teachers of drawing was established in Boston in 1873, and the introduction of so-called industrial drawing became general, not only in Massachusetts, but throughout the country.

OBJECTS

But the industrial drawing of those days had little of the spirit of art within it. The beginner drew from flat copies, and the "drawing-book" resulted,—a half-blank book with the printed copy on one page and the space for the child's imitation of that copy on the page opposite. Rapidly developing educational philosophy soon pointed the way to another kind of drawing, the drawing that expressed some thought of the child. Such expression, however crude, was more valuable as a result than the copied picture. Drawing thus became a real language, and so it attained a much higher educational level. As a study, it was much more valuable to the children than the prescribed and to them meaningless flat copies that had constituted the course of study in drawing at first. Drawing was now looked upon as a means of pictorial expression only. The paint-box came into general use, and the industrial ends for which the study was introduced were for a time forgotten in the wave of "free expression."

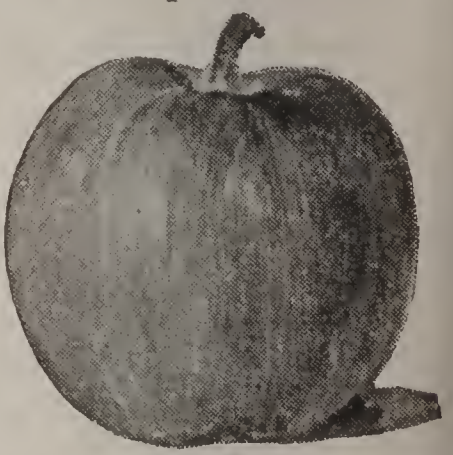
Then the pendulum swung once more to the industrial side, and the movement for manual training and the crafts was felt. We find ourselves facing today an insistent demand for a more practical system of education; one that shall appeal not so much to those individuals who desire to continue their schooling in colleges, as to the common, everyday citizen, who must earn his living by the sweat of his brow. This movement for industrial education bids fair to result in a complete readjustment of school curricula, and the course for art study is affected as much as any other course. Indeed, the study of drawing, being concerned primarily with the hand, responds the more readily to the demand for industrial training, and the teacher of art sees in this agitation for more definite and tangible results, a new and better opportunity for recognition. For the up-to-date drawing teacher knows that it is not the business of public school art instruction to turn out artists, craftsmen, or professional workers of any kind, but to so develop the powers of discrimination, selection, and judgment that the habit and kind of thinking thus fostered will find expression in every act of the individual's life.

It is true that art instruction must teach children to draw. It must do this for the same reason that instruction in reading must teach children to recognize and form written words, to combine words in sentences, and to compose sentences in paragraphs, for the expression of thought. Drawing is expression, just as written language is expression. But ability to draw is not the only result for which art instruction should aim. There is another result as much greater in value to the average man as the ability to appreciate good literature is greater than skill in grammatical analysis,—and that result is the ability to perceive and enjoy beauty wherever beauty is manifested. It is in its power to stimulate good taste, and to open the "gate of appreciation," that art education justifies the time and money spent upon it. If we can penetrate to the homes of the children and establish there the refining influences of quiet colors, good proportions, simple, sincere architecture, and harmonious and appropriate furnishings, we shall have little need of reformatories and penitentiaries.



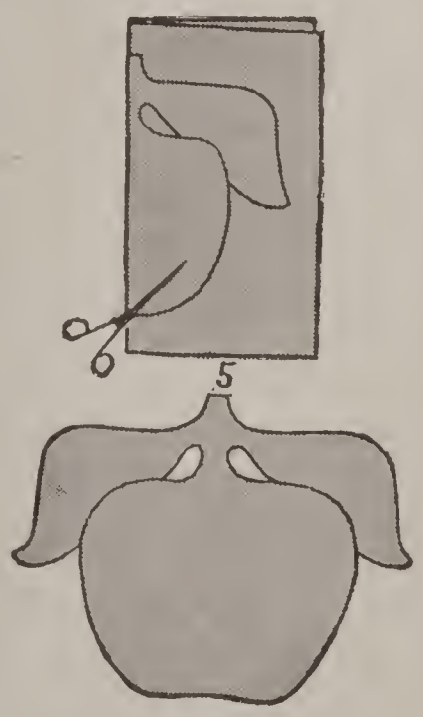
WATER COLOR
1

PENCIL OUTLINE
3



PENCIL RENDERING
4

COLORED CRAYON ON TINTED PAPER
2



DESIGN THROUGH PAPER CUTTING
6

DECORATIVE DESIGN
7

The illustrations herewith and the accompanying text will indicate a general course of art instruction for the elementary grades, planned with the definite aim of establishing an understanding of the relationship that should exist between these exercises and the problems that are sure to present themselves in the home and in the varied occupations of community life.

EDUCATIONAL VALUE

The educational value of the subject of art education rests in a large measure in the balance maintained between drawing and design. To be able to draw, the observation must be keen. Facility of hand is also essential because the student

must set down with his hand what his eye has seen. But design makes him think. We must cease to consider design merely as a scheme for decorating objects. We must go back to the original meaning of design, as the dictionary defines it—"to mark out for a purpose." So we must teach children to use their knowledge of form, proportion, and color in "marked out intention." They must use their knowledge of the leaf and flower, which they rightfully delight to draw and paint, as part of an equipment for mental gymnastics and discipline.

Let us illustrate by some drawings: Fig. 1 is a realistic representation of an apple, and might well form the basis of one of the first lessons in form study and drawing for a child in the first year of school. It is beautiful and bright in color, it belongs to the child-world of interests, and it is of the simplest possible contour and form. The child learns how to study its proportions, color, etc., how to manipulate the mediums of water color, colored crayon, or lead pencil, with which, according to his age and ability, he takes the first step in his art-educational discipline, i. e., the representation of what he sees. After this first step is accomplished, instead of repeating the representation of this or of similar objects until his interest in mere representation has flagged, he is asked to take the first step in design; he studies the apple as a shape, separating this consideration from all other considerations, such as color and roundness.

As the cutting of the form from paper helps to emphasize the idea of shape, as distinguished from modeling (roundness) and color, he is given scissors and paper, with which he is asked to express his ideas. If, at a later stage, he desires a symmetrical unit, he traces the half-shape on a piece of folded paper, the crease or fold forming the axis of the unit (Fig. 5). Cutting out this half-shape, he has a perfectly balanced unit (Fig. 6). This becomes material which can be used in many definite and tangible ways. Fig. 7 shows that he has chosen in this instance to use his unit as a decoration for a book-cover. In the adjustment of the unit to the space, in the consideration of its relationship to the other elements of the cover—the title, the color to be used, etc.—the mind plays the most important part. Such exercise of judgment, discrimination, and choice seldom takes place with problems in mere representation.

DESIGN

In the next group of illustrations, the ultimate end of design is even more plainly shown. Fig. 1 is a drawing of the leaf of the hepatica, such as might profitably be studied by a third or fourth grade pupil. It is a faithful representation of one of nature's beautiful manifestations. Fig. 2 shows again a simple way of conventionalizing the naturalistic shape of the leaf. Fig. 3 is the symmetrical unit, which in Fig. 4 has been spaced to form a border. (By cutting out the unit, it may be traced around to form a repetition of units that are exactly alike.) In this spacing the mind has been at work, estimating the distances between units, so that they did not crowd each other on the one hand, nor appear so far apart as to lose unity on the other hand. In Fig. 5 marginal lines have been added, with a certain modification of the line meeting the ends of the stems. This modification was in response to a demand of the mind for greater variety and interest in the arrangement. By this treatment, simple as it is, a new series of shapes appear (see 1, 2, and 3 in Fig. 5), differing from the leaf shapes, but harmonious with them. Such shapes as these we call background shapes, because they appear on the space within our border which we call the background. They are not consciously drawn as the leaf shapes are, but they result as an evidence of right adjustment of the consciously employed unit. Fig. 6 shows how these background shapes have been still further enriched by the addition of a triangular form. The left end of the illustration shows how the addition of a tone to one series of shapes adds still further interest to the design. Not all of these steps can be taken in one grade in school, perhaps. But if a definite aim as to

the ultimate use of a knowledge of nature forms be kept in mind, our courses of art study will no longer deserve the criticism, often made in the past, that the work laid out for all grades is alike; that in every grade there is drawing from nature and from objects, with very little consideration of the changing interests and developing abilities of children.

In the group of illustrations following, the steps indicated in Figs. 1, 2, 3, and 4 might wisely be given in a fourth or fifth grade; while such added problems as Figs. 5 and 6 represent, might be apportioned to the sixth grade. For the grammar grades, along this line of adapting a knowledge of nature forms to some use, there is a delightful series of problems shown in the next group. Here a stencil has been prepared, for the purpose of repeating a unit over a surface. Fig. 1 shows the half-

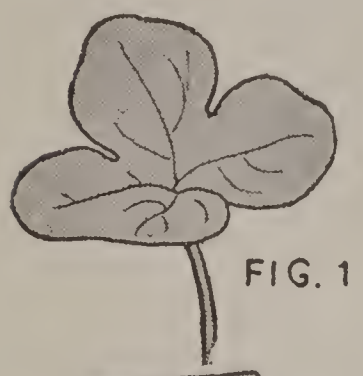


FIG. 1

FIG. 2

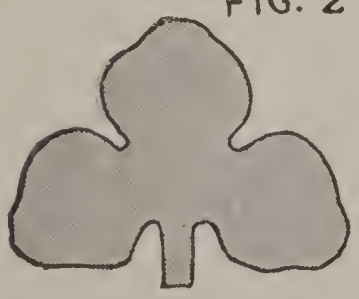


FIG. 3

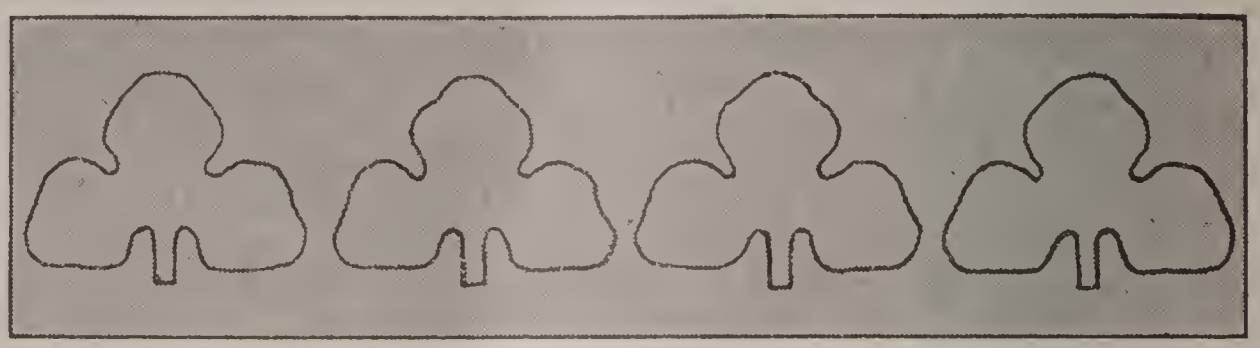


FIG. 4

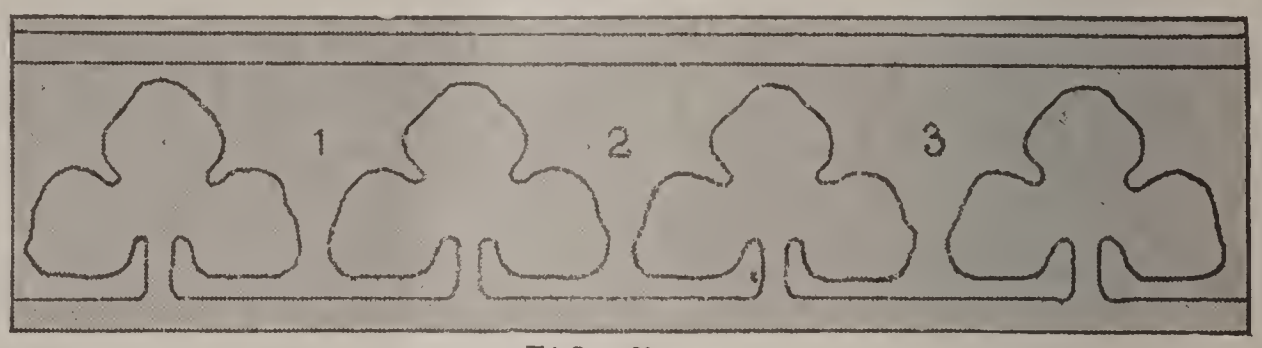


FIG 5

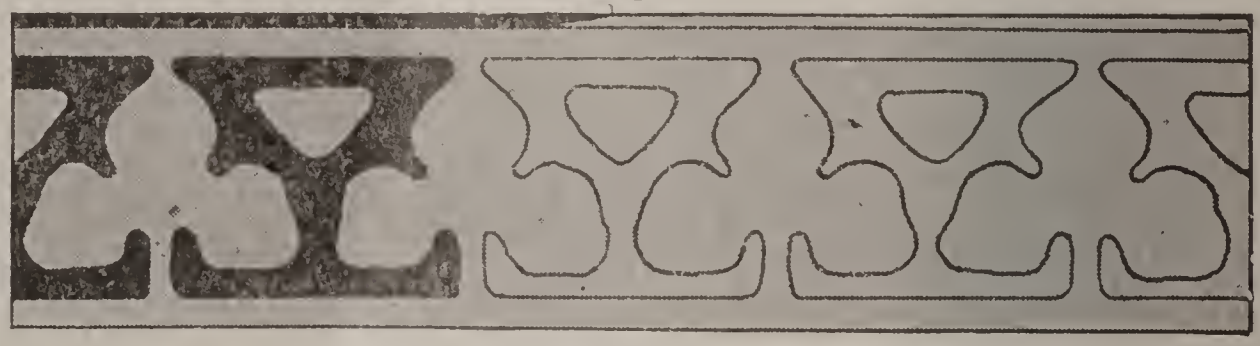


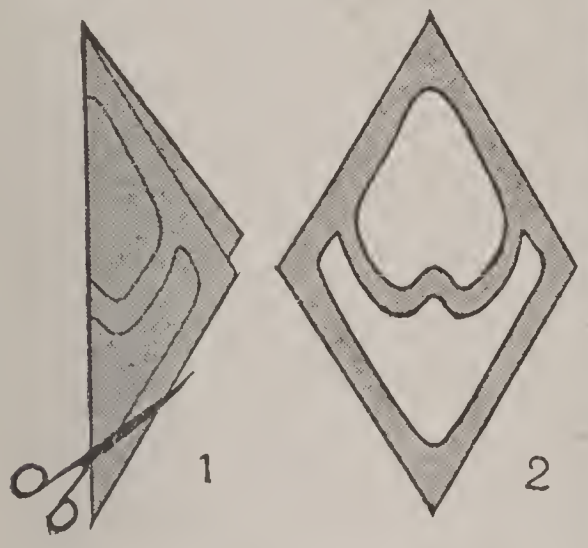
FIG. 6

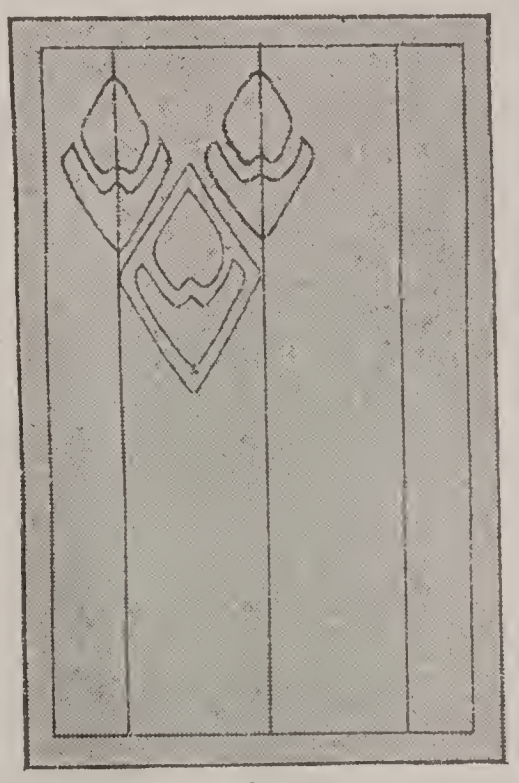
unit (in this case a group of shapes) drawn on a diamond-shaped piece of paper, folded in the middle. Fig. 2 shows the cut-out stencil, which could be made more practical if dipped in melted paraffine. Fig. 3 shows the vertical lines lightly drawn on the surface to be decorated, and the method of repeating the unit. Fig. 4 shows the completed pattern, finished in two tones. Such a surface pattern is well adapted to the decoration of a note-book cover, the construction of which is shown in Figs. 5, 6, 7, and 8.

One of the "side lines" of immediate and practical use in the schoolroom is the use of lettering. When lettering is combined with simple decorative elements like those shown in the next group of illustrations, many and varied are the possible arrangements in the planning of note-books, window signs, poster announcements, etc. The use of a background of gray manila paper, squared in quarter-inch spaces, enables us to put such problems as these as low as the fourth and fifth grades.

The easiest alphabet to make on this squared paper is illustrated at the head of the group of illustrations. When the general form and proportions of these block letters have been mastered, the pupils may work out an alphabet in which they fill

but half the squares, and finally they may use the single line, within a diagram of squares. When this amount of experience has been gained they easily take the next step: to draw the desired arrangement on squared paper, trace it off on tinted paper, and thus use any color scheme preferred. But for elementary practice the gray manila squared paper used as the actual background for the finished card or cover, serves the purpose in an admirable way. The decorative units can be drawn with colored and black crayons.

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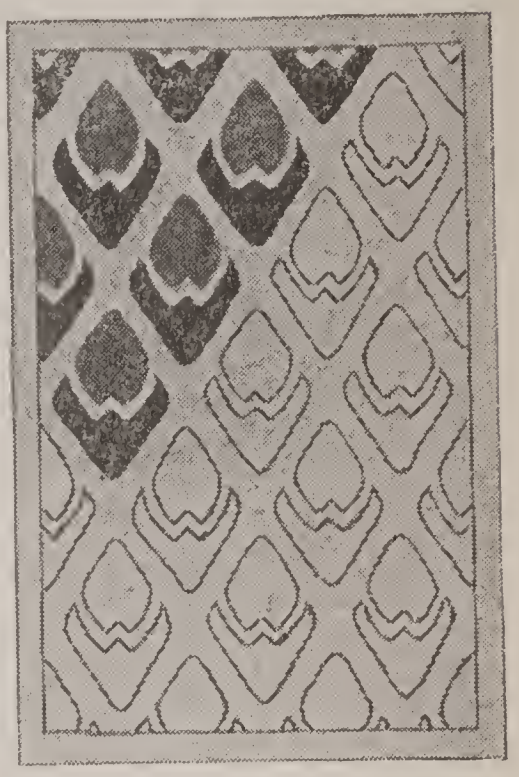
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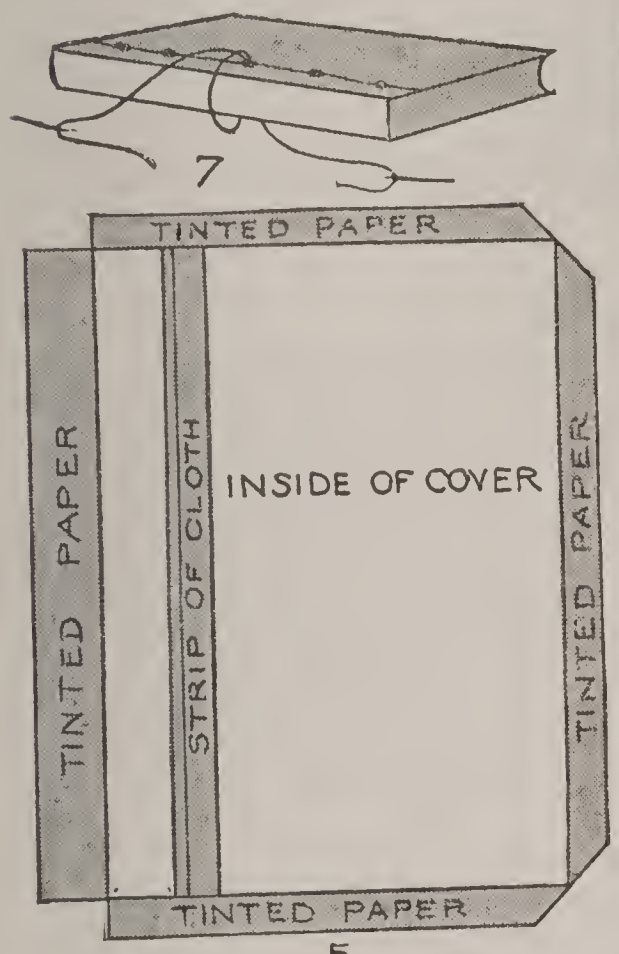

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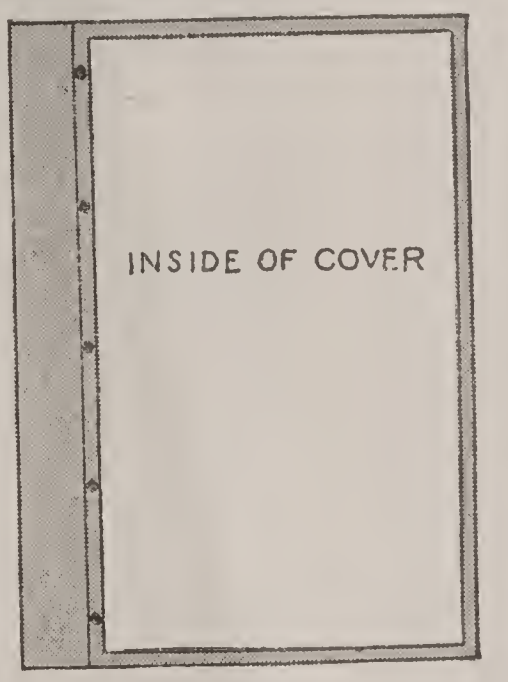

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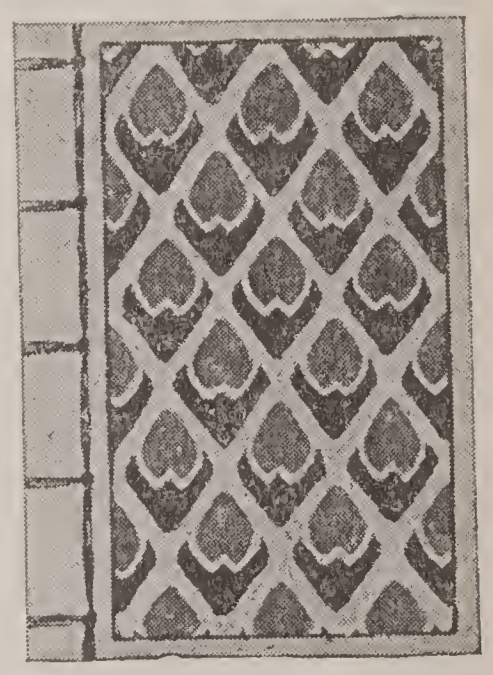

8

CONSTRUCTION

Another phase of art education that must not be overlooked is its relation to construction. In the primary grades the constructive interests of children must be considered. Even paper furniture justifies itself, when the product satisfies the child, and at the same time affords the necessary mental discipline. Mere suggestions of certain directions which this work may take are given in the next group of sketches. Fig. 1 is the pattern for the stick candy-holder, shown in its finished state in Fig. 2. Design has entered into its construction, in the adaptation of material, proportion, etc., to specific use; design has also entered into the decoration, in the symmetrical arrangement of the holly leaf and berry. The whole thing, from the preparation of the flat pattern to the decoration of the made object, is

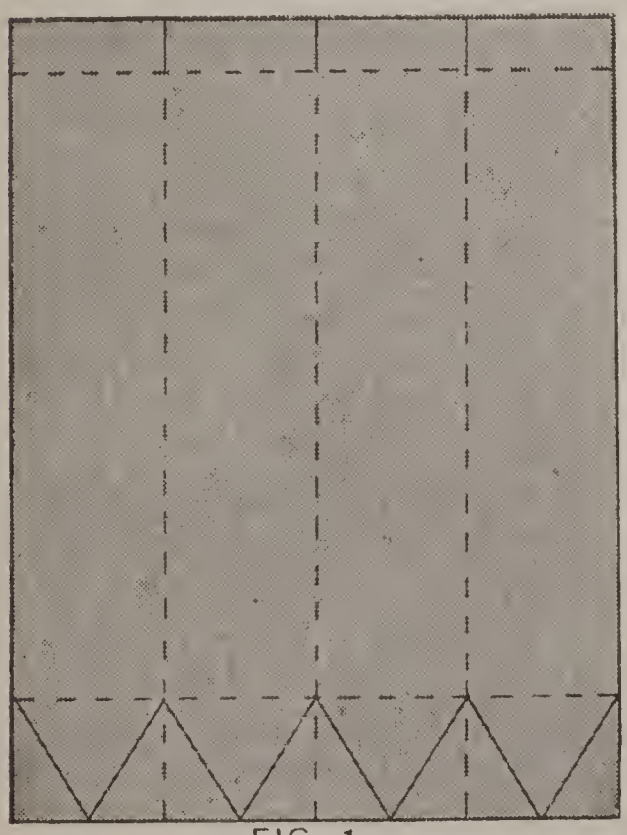


FIG 1
PATTERN FOR CANDY HOLDER

FIG 2
CANDY HOLDER

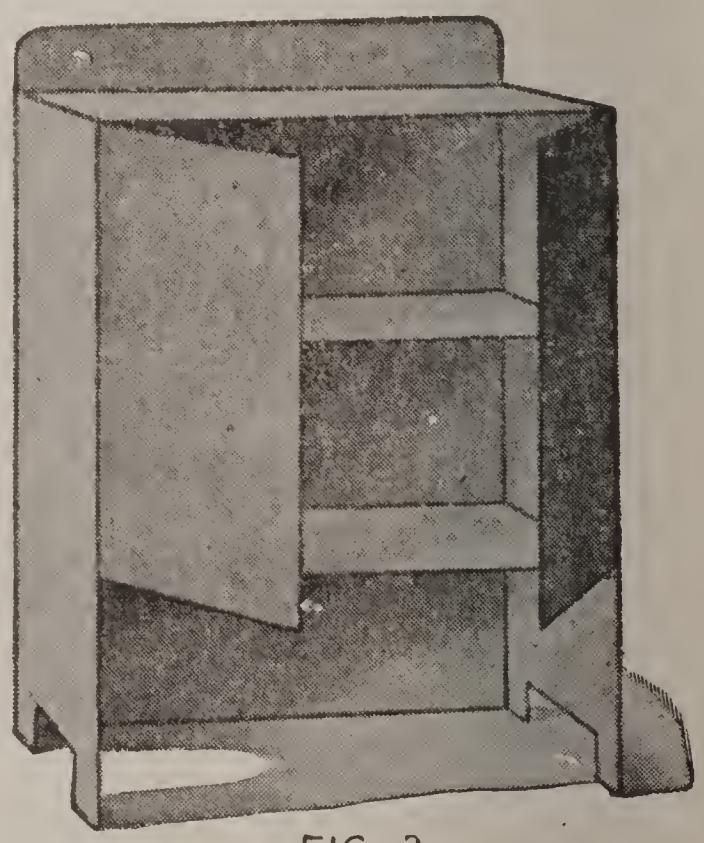
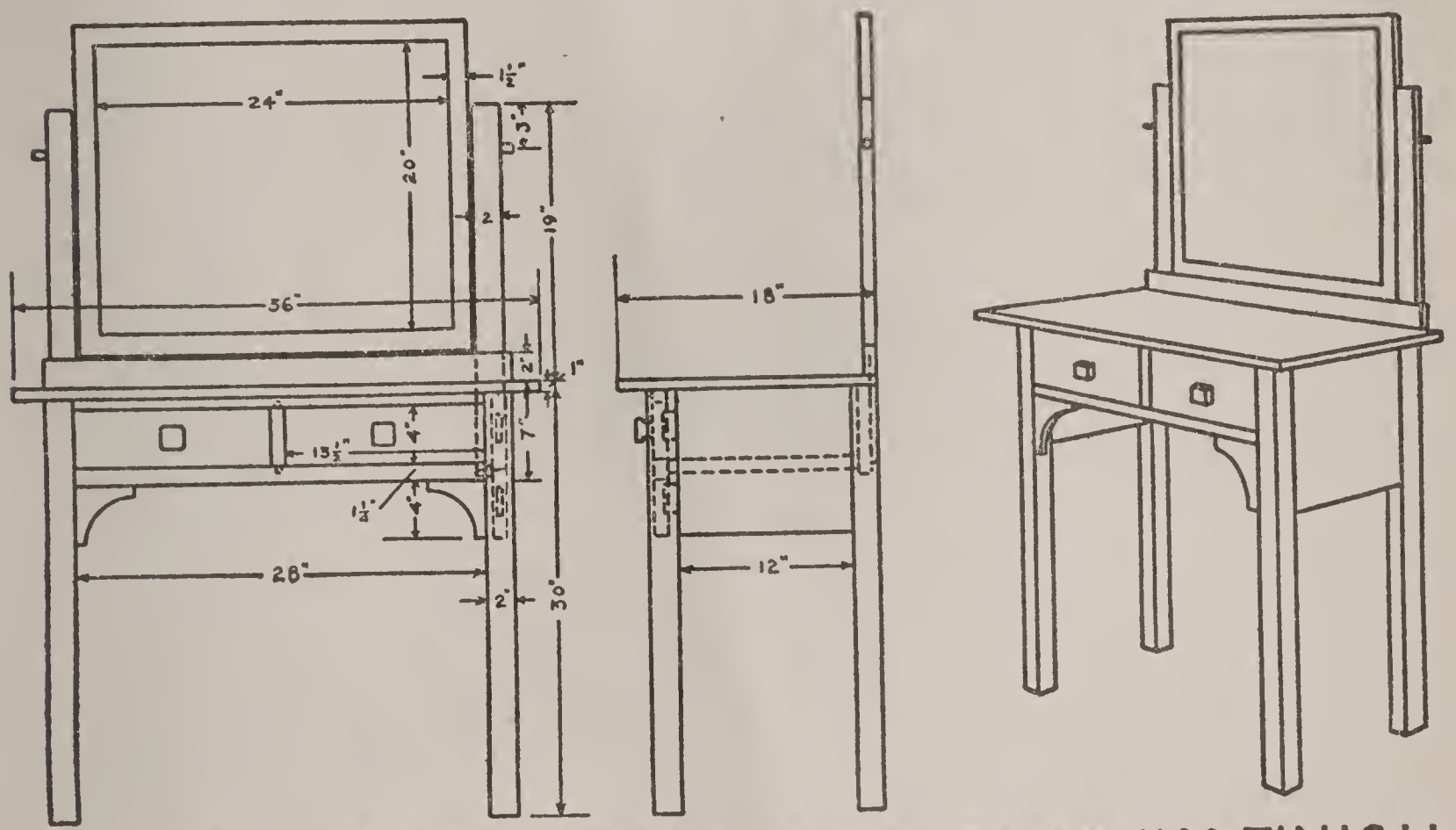


FIG. 3
DOLL'S KITCHEN CUPBOARD

entirely within the ability of a first grade child, and serves as an example of the kind of construction and decoration that should be offered him as a problem. Such a piece of work is entirely his, is simple, sincere, and worthy, and is therefore beautiful. False ideas of what is genuine and honest should not be established by permitting him to fill in with colored washes some outlined shape entirely beyond his power to produce.

There are many simple problems which will satisfy his ambitions at this stage, and will give him the best possible basis for self-criticism:—"Is this work mine, from beginning to end, and have I done it as well as I can?" Fig. 3 illustrates an exercise which will engage the attention of a second or third grade child, particularly if the doll's house makes its obvious demand for appropriate furnishings. In the grammar grades such work as this gives way to problems in construction in keeping with the development of the child's interests and powers.

The materials he uses for such work are necessarily limited by conditions prevailing in the present day schoolroom; but from the various cardboards, tinted papers, and textiles now available, an interesting variety of useful and beautiful articles may be constructed. Book-binding is one of the crafts that can be carried on with great success, both from educational and from purely practical standpoints. It interests boys and girls alike, it is universal in its application, it calls for no expensive equip-



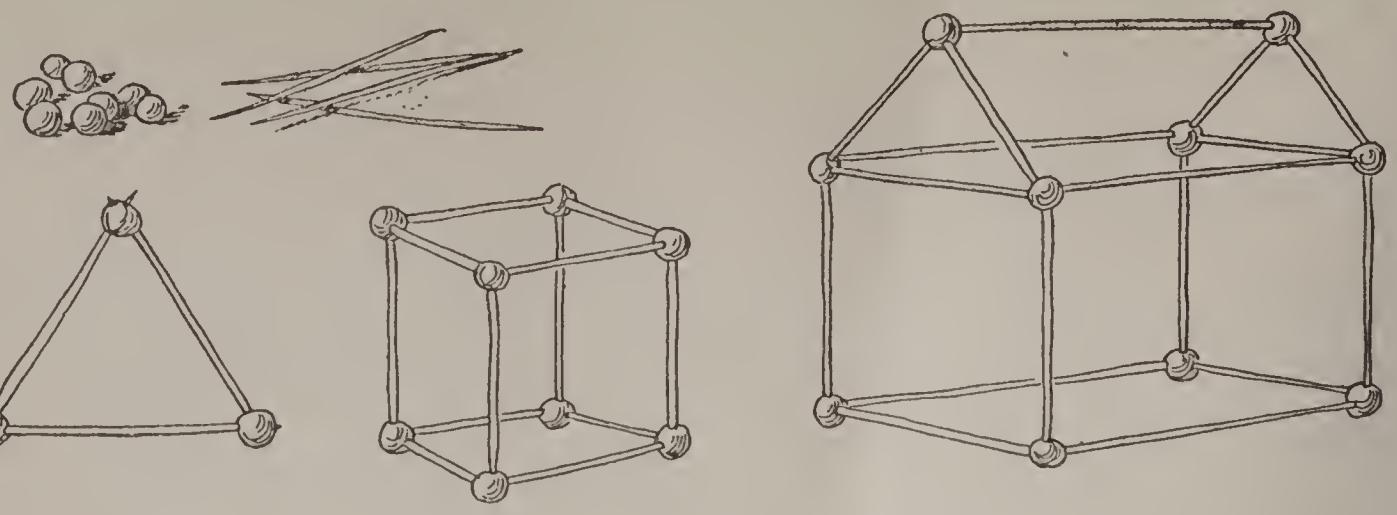
LADIES' DRESSING TABLE·WHITE OAK·WAX FINISH

ment of shop or manual training room, and its results give the worker all the "joy of the working" that is felt with exercises demanding more expensive materials and equipment. The pride an eighth grade student takes in the worthy binding of a favorite book is delightful to see.

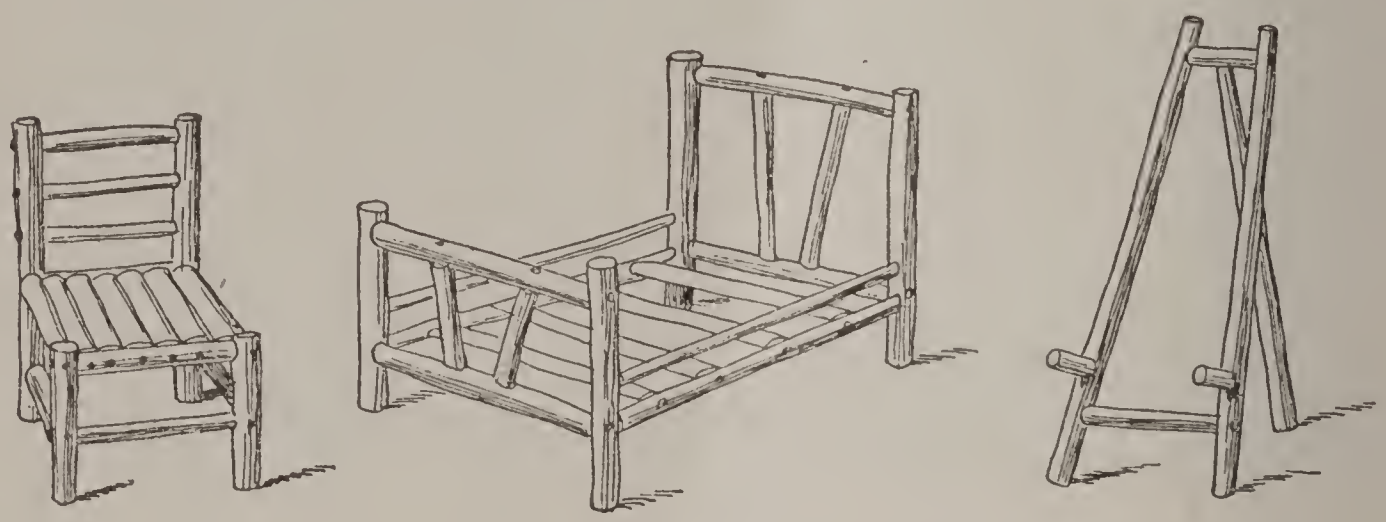
In the high school, work of as dignified and substantial a character as that represented by the Ladies' Dressing Table may be given, in the course in constructive drawing. Here the student works from a mechanically executed working-drawing, in itself another language, and one which all graduates of the public schools should understand. The ability to make and read a working drawing, to render a perspective sketch of the object to be constructed, and the added power to make from suitable material the object itself, cannot fail to give the fortunate recipient of such training a right idea of the dignity of labor and make him fit to judge of all matters pertaining to the relationships between labor and life. Such training as this will help the public schools to respond adequately to the demands of our times.

Bonnie E. Snow and
Hugo B. Froehlich,
From the Editorial Department of the Prang Company.

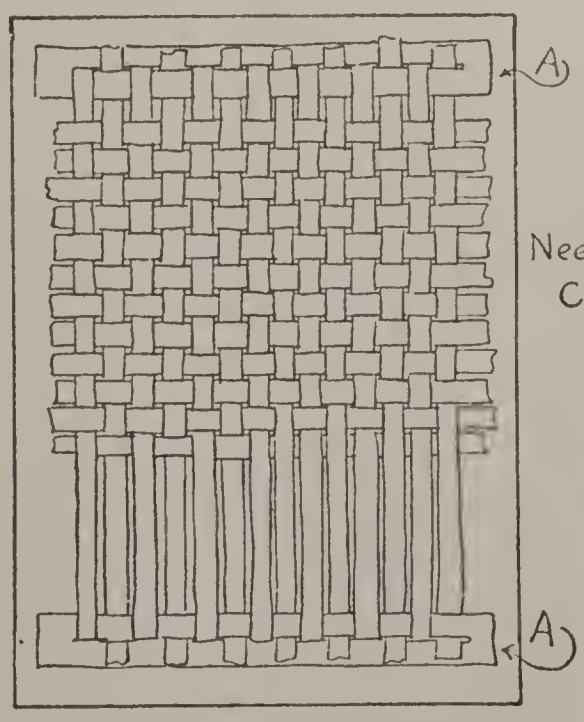
Stick and Pea Work



Corn-Stalk Furniture

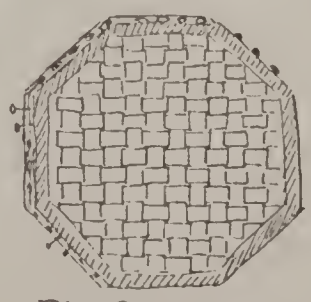


Straw Weaving

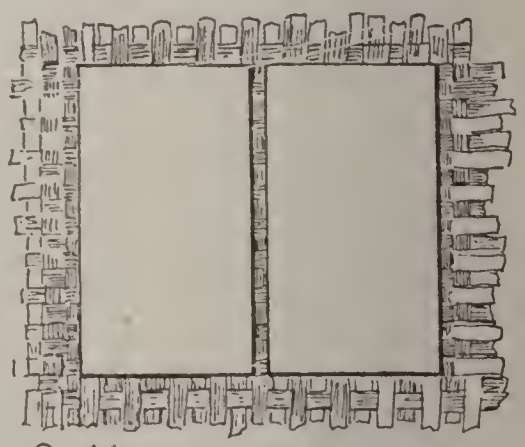


Step 1. Cardboard loom showing straw held in place by paper strips A, A.

Needle Case.

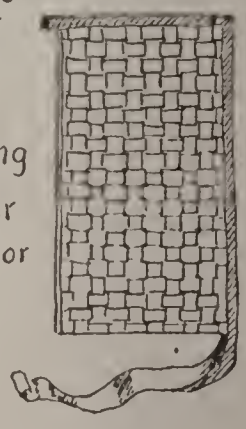


Pin Cushion.



Step 2 Mounting straw mat on cardboard covers for needle case

Step 3. Binding edges of cover with ribbon or tape.



MANUAL TRAINING

Manual Training is that branch of education which deals with the development of the motor and sensory faculties of the child, through the use of tools and materials suitable for self-expression in concrete form.

As nine-tenths of the population obtain their living through some form of manual work, any training of the hand and eye which adds to the technical skill and efficiency of the future citizen is of the greatest importance. Moreover, the study of industrial processes through actual contact greatly enriches the knowledge gained from books. The child, then, with this added equipment, becomes a more useful and intelligent member of society and is more likely to discover that occupation for which he is best fitted.

THE COURSE AND THE EQUIPMENT

Inasmuch as handwork of some sort logically belongs in every grade, from the kindergarten to the college, the problem of planning a complete course in Manual Training is a large one. To lay out such a course one must consider first the age and ability of the pupils in hand. Secondly, the social environment and the local industries which control the interest and largely determine the future occupation of the students must be taken into account. For example, a set of problems which are adapted to a country boy would have little interest for one living in a city or in a mining town. Third, the cost of equipment and maintenance must be such that it may come within the reach of the school system under consideration. Many wealthy communities have spent large sums of money in industrial education, but this need not discourage the small town or village from making a beginning, as the acquisition of over-equipped shops and high-priced materials tends to make the student helpless and confused as to the true value of manual work.

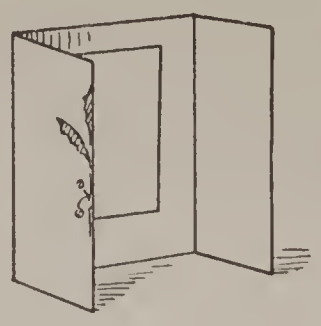
As a rule the construction work of the first five grades may be taught by the regular teacher in her class-room; while the work of the upper grades necessitates a teacher with special training and a work-room or shop of some sort. A minimum equipment for a class of eighteen in paper, clay, textiles, cardboard, metal, or leather work can be purchased for about $10.00. In many cases, when the outfit consists of needles, scissors, rule, pencil, and compass, it can be furnished by the pupils themselves.

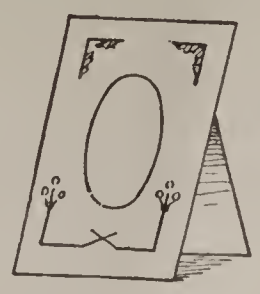
When a special room is not provided for work in thin wood or metal, long boards or planks may be laid along the tops of the desks to work on, and at the end of the lesson they may be hung underneath the blackboard at the side of the room. The tools are best kept in trays stored in a cabinet.

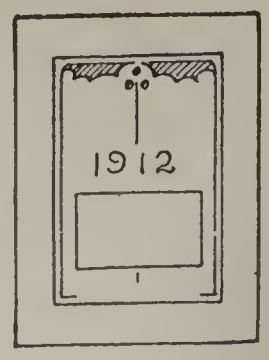
LOWER GRADE AND HOME WORK

It is usual for a teacher of advanced manual training to take a course in some university or technical school, where he will acquire that skill and knowledge in materials and methods which an article of this scope would be unable to cover. For the benefit of grade and rural school teachers without such training, as well as for mothers in the homes, who desire to direct children along the line of handwork, the

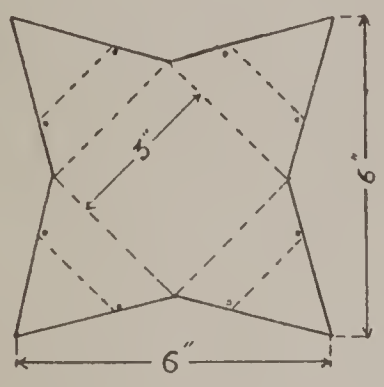
Paper and Card-Board Work

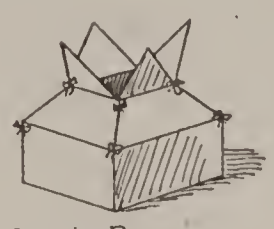




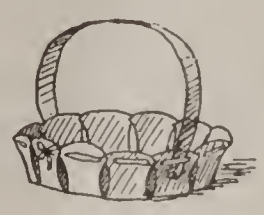


Holiday Season

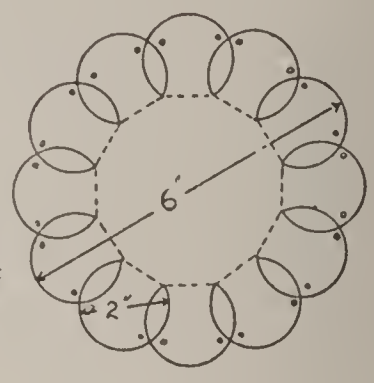




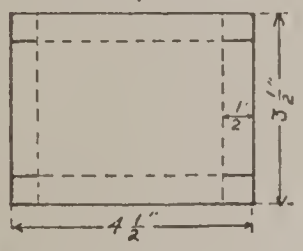
Candy Box

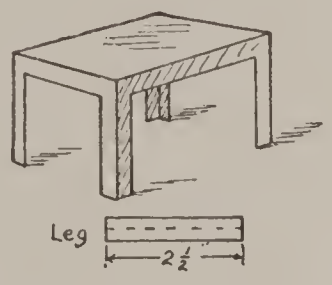


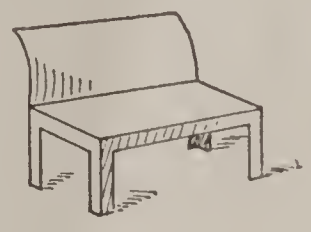
May Basket



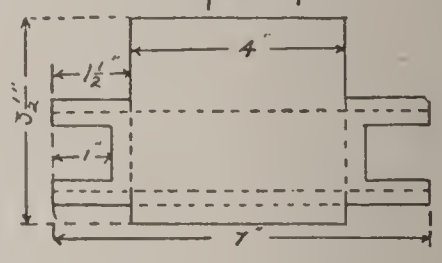
Pattern for Table



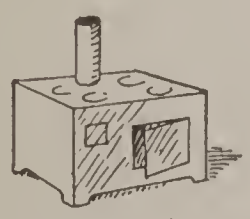


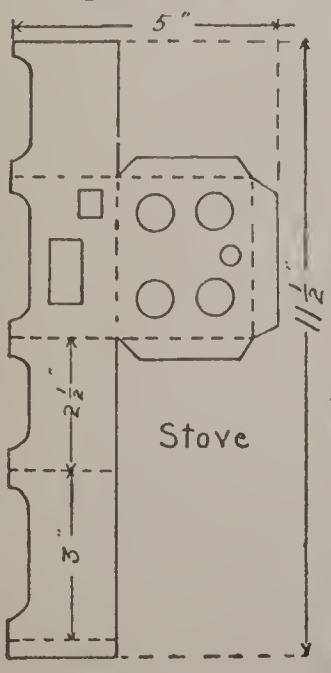


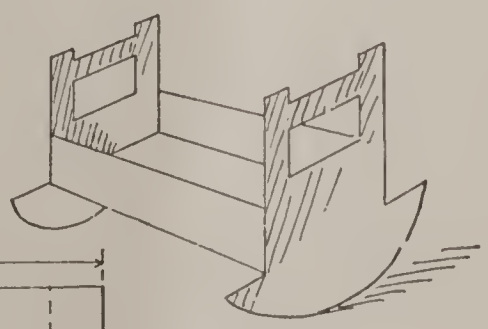
Pattern for Sofa

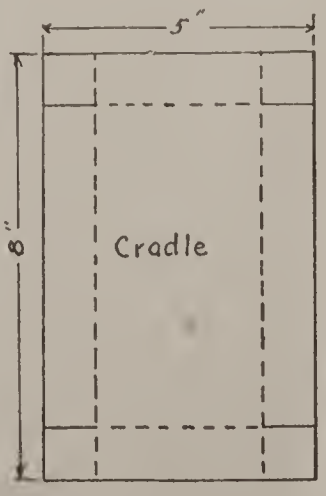


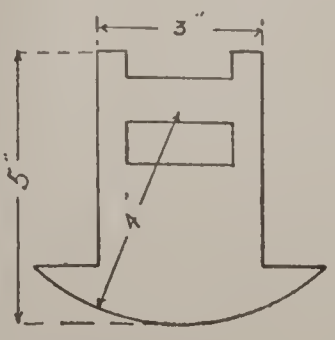
Home Interests

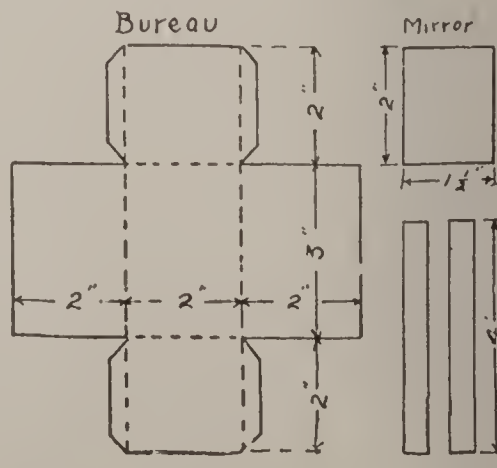




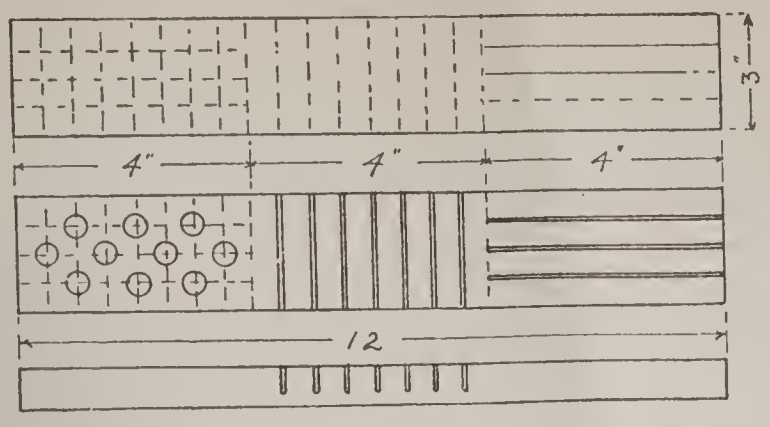




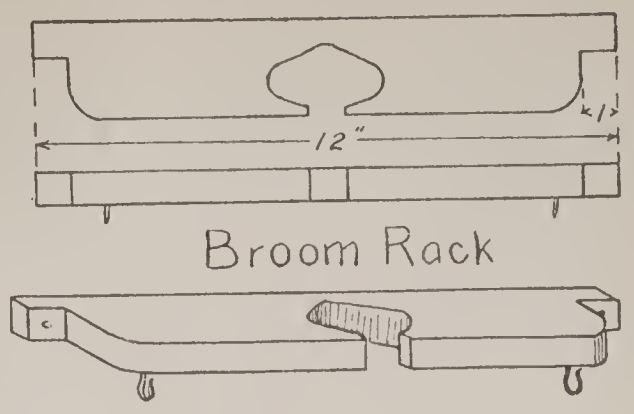




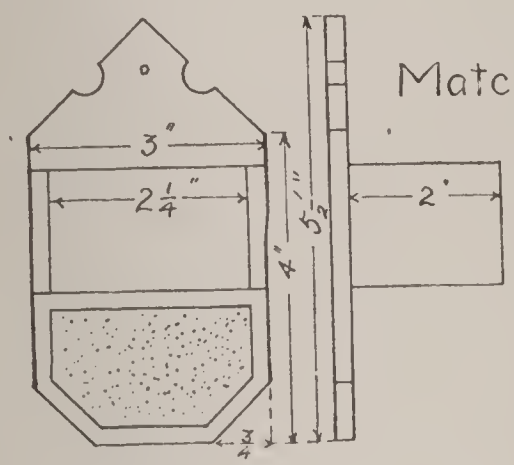
Elementary Wood Work



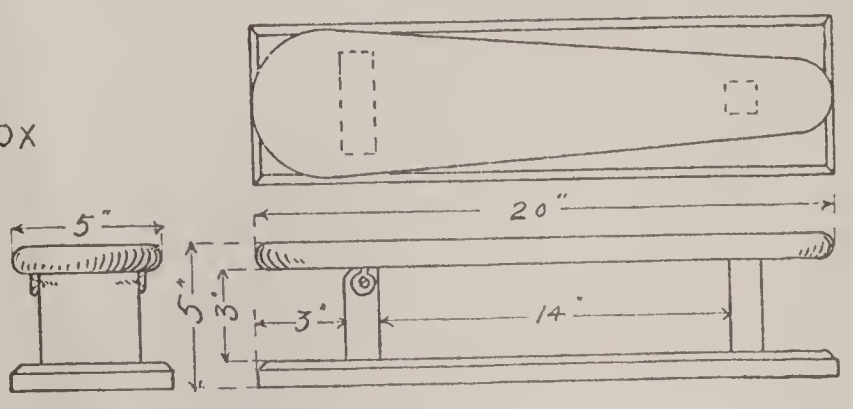
Practice Exercise



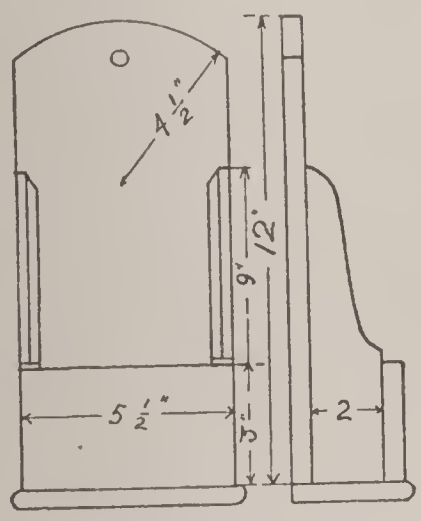
Broom Rack



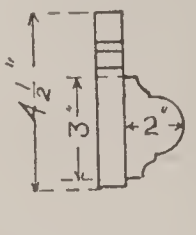
Match Box

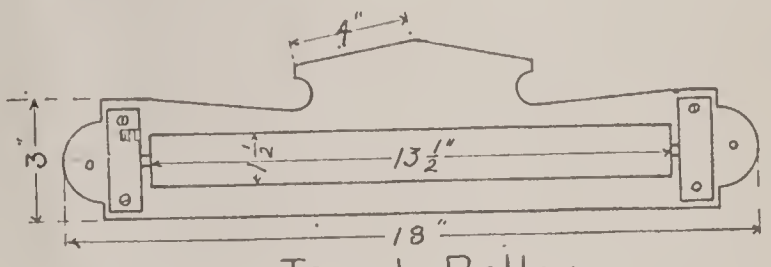


Sleeve Board

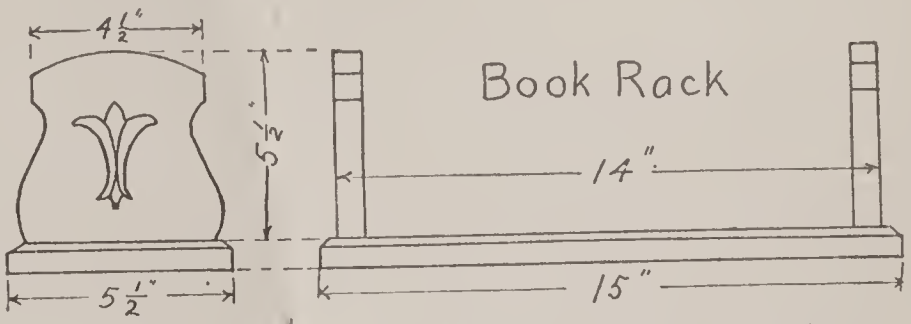


Knife Polishing Box

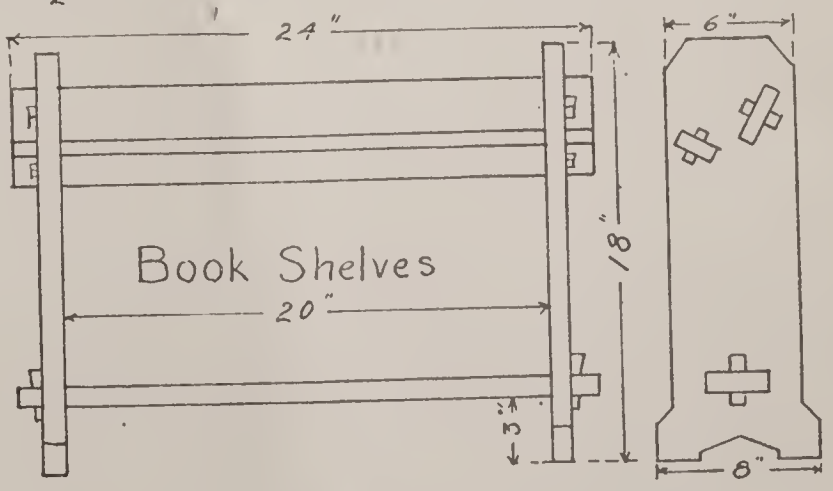




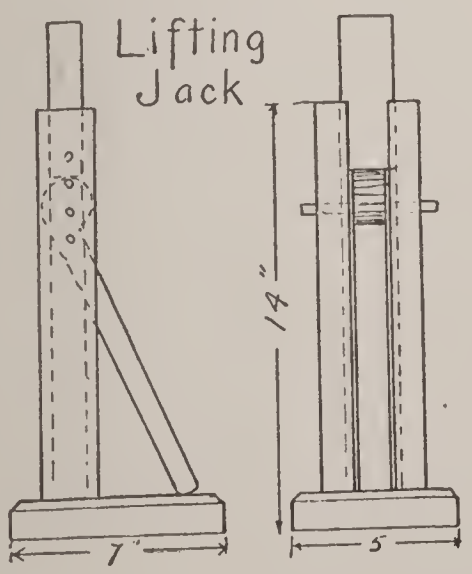
Towel Roller



Book Rack



Book Shelves



following description of some of the simplest materials and their manipulation may be of value.

Building toys and model furniture out of small sticks, such as tooth-picks, which are fastened together with peas softened in water, or with small cubes of potato, is interesting work. Cornstalks are also very useful for making doll furniture, as they can be easily cut with a knife or shears, using common pins for fasteners. Only the upper part of the stalk is used.

Children seven to ten years old can make many beautiful and useful articles out of straw. Any clean, straight straw will do, the process being as follows: First, two pieces of heavy paper, about 1 x 5 inches, with a slot cut lengthwise in each, are pasted on a piece of cardboard about 5 x 8 inches, as shown. This device makes a sort of loom in which the straws, split open, are laid smooth side up. When the loom is filled, other straws are woven in crosswise till a mat is made large enough to cover a picture frame, card-case, or pincushion. After the straw is woven together, it must always be mounted on cardboard, and the edges bound with ribbon or braid to keep them from working loose. Another form of weaving which affords great pleasure to girls is the making of a doll's hammock. The loom in this case is made of cardboard, as illustrated, and the twine or cord for the warp is passed back and forth, between the rings, while the woof consists of narrow strips of cloth or colored yarn, which is left about one inch long on each edge to form a fringe.

WOODWORK

This important branch of Manual Training, which may be commenced in the fifth and sixth grades, consists mainly of whittling in thin wood. The equipment required consists of a knife, rule, compass, awl, hammer, and coping saw. The best material is thin white pine or basswood, but crates and cigar boxes can be well utilized.

With a little help, models of almost any familiar object can be made, such as doll furniture, wheelbarrows, sleds, windmills, and small boxes. *Elementary Sloyd and Whittling,* by Larsson, contains working drawings and outlines for forty models, with directions how to make them.

When a child reaches the seventh or eighth grade he should be given regular carpenter's tools and a bench. If funds are not available, a start can be made with a few tools, which, with enthusiastic use, will produce surprising results. When once it is proved to the hard-working taxpayer that in the school workshop his children are putting to a practical test the knowledge gained in the schoolroom, and are laying the foundation for future bread-winning, the matter of cost will be settled with a pleasant face and a generous hand. As is well known, adolescence is a most critical stage in the child's development; and wise teachers should be alert to guard against careless and inaccurate habits. Good results can be obtained only when tools are kept sharp and clean, and used only for the purpose for which they are intended; above all convince the pupil that no construction should be executed by accident, from a vague and indefinite conception, but from a carefully prepared plan. For this reason it is always a good idea to have the young workman first make a working drawing of his project so that he may thus become familiar with its proportions. It is usual to start the beginner on a plain exercise such as No. 1, which will give him practice in gauging, squaring, sawing, and boring. He might start at once on a match box or broom rack, and with the constant help of the teacher produce a fair article. It would be at the expense, however, of a great many questions, and several pieces of wood, so that in the end nothing is gained by omitting that preparatory work that must come in every well-organized enterprise. As soon as he has obtained, through practice, a reasonable amount of skill, opportunity should be given for self-expression within limits determined by the teacher. Finally, the purpose of manual training has not been fulfilled until the pupil becomes independent of teacher or model,—until he becomes able to create that design or article which embodies all the skill and forethought of which he is capable.

ARITHMETIC

A knowledge of the basic principles of arithmetic, with habits of absolute accuracy and reasonable skill in the performance of the fundamental processes, is today essential to permanent success in any occupation. But that statement should not discourage anyone, for every normal boy or girl *can master* the important principles of arithmetic, can become accurate in the use of numbers, and can gain reasonable skill in using them to solve all ordinary problems.

PRIMARY ARITHMETIC

Before any headway can be made in the study of the relations of numbers one must know the number-groups, be able to tell at a glance whether there are four or six in a group, and to recognize those groups no matter what the arrangement. To learn that, no single kind or set of objects should be used, for we must begin to get the idea of number as an abstract thing. So long as a limited number of objects is used, attention will always be called to the things instead of to the relations. So no opportunity should be lost to use the number-terms incidental to all other study. Recognizing number only in the number class causes it to lose its relation to things of everyday importance. Cards 1 x2 inches, marked with dots to correspond with dominoes, form a splendid means of becoming acquainted with number-groups. At first give out cards showing only combinations up to 4-blank.

A spool box should be provided with each set. Other cards should be added as they are needed, the earlier combinations given being ready for use from practice. Later the children can be taught to make their own combinations by supplying dots to cards already having the dividing line according to a diagram which the teacher has drawn on the board. Later still when some skill has been acquired, they may be allowed to draw the line and supply dots independently.

Beginning with those already indicated, proceed as follows:

1. Hold up a two-dot and blank card. Say, "Find a card that has *two* dots." Help the slow ones, and if Mary holds up double-one, say "Yes, that one has two dots. Find one like Mary's." Do not stop here to teach 1+1=2. Remember that you are only trying to fix number-groups, not relations.
2. In the same manner teach the two different cards giving a total of three, 3-blank and 1-2.
3. Next take up the fours: double 2; 3-1; 4-blank. That may be enough for one lesson unless you find that they already know that much; if so, more cards can be used. For busy work let them draw around the cards and place the lines and dots where they belong, using generally not more than two cards for each pupil.

As additions are made to the supply of cards, keep up a daily review of all the work done before. When the combinations of numbers up to ten have been learned in that way, the same cards can be used to establish addition, subtraction, multiplication, measurement, and partition facts.

Addition. Perhaps the knowledge we most frequently make use of comes incidentally, and so in learning the card which totals 5 (2-3), the pupil learns incidentally that 2+3=5, although no formal statement is made of it at the time. That can be

developed by drawing attention to the card and telling the story which the dots say—"Two and three make five."

Show 4-1. What does it say? Four and one make five.

What does the 1-2 say?

For most classes it is perhaps best at this juncture not to attempt teaching the written form until the oral forms are fully understood.

Subtraction. The child has learned incidentally that when one card has 2, 3 more are needed to make 5. So it is easy to develop subtraction by holding up the 2-3, covering the 3, and asking how many are left when 3 are taken away. Now the dots say: "Five less three are two." What does 3-1 say when 1 is covered up? What does the double 2 say when 2 is covered? In that way work out all possible combinations with the numbers studied.

Multiplication. By this time they are familiar with the cards and can do some thinking without the dots before them. At this point, except when one wishes to teach some new principle, questions should be asked without a card being held up. Some of the class will be able to answer or find the card without assistance, and such should not be crippled by having the teacher do it first. Then, after letting the slow ones see what is required, have them do the same.

Select cards having 2 ones, 2 twos, 2 threes, 2 fours, and 2 fives. Lay them upon the desk and put all others out of sight. In that way develop this table:

2 ones $=2$	$2 \times 1 = 2$
2 twos $=4$	$2 \times 2 = 4$
2 threes $=6$	$2 \times 3 = 6$
2 fours $=8$	$2 \times 4 = 8$
2 fives $=10$	$2 \times 5 = 10$

Measurement.

	ANS.
Two are how many ones?	2 are 2 ones.
Four are how many twos?	4 are 2 twos.
Six are how many threes?	6 are 2 threes.
Eight are how many fours?	8 are 2 fours.

Partition. Six dots divided into two groups put how many in each group? Work up partition table.

$$2 \div 2 = 1$$
$$4 \div 2 = 2$$
$$6 \div 2 = 3$$
$$8 \div 2 = 4$$

While the cards can be used very nicely to work different tables of twos, the result will not be good if you attempt the 3's and 4's, except in addition and subtraction. The cards are not to be used exclusively, but many other objects should be used. Work out same additions and subtractions with pegs, splints, beads, etc., and then multiplication, partition, and division can be gradually transferred to other things besides dominoes without seeming strange.

In that connection the inch squares may be used for building rectangles to express what 3×5 and 2×4 mean. Along with the development of multiplication, work out corresponding measurement and partition. Each child's equipment should consist of a sufficient number of rectangles, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 inches long and 1 inch wide, with inch marks drawn across the slip.

When you wish to use measurement tables, use these:

Make rectangle showing 4×3, using 3-inch slips.

Divide into two parts. $12 \div 2 = ?$

Divide into three parts. $12 \div 3 = ?$

The inch squares can be used for that exercise, but the greater ease of moving the rectangles without disarrangement makes them preferable. The same thing must

be worked out with many other objects in order to keep those relations abstract. An admirable device to use for many of the exercises is a paper four or six inches square. Indicate "upper edge," "low left-hand corner," etc., at first by appropriate motions, until the children are familiar with them. Do not try to get them to memorize the various terms. Just use them freely and they will be learned all right.

I. Rectangles and Squares.

1. Fold the right edge to the left edge. Crease and open. How many rectangles?
2. Fold the lower edge to the upper edge, same sheet. Crease and open. How many quarters?
3. Fold lower edge to the middle, same sheet. Crease. Fold upper edge to middle. Crease and open.
   How many rectangles? How many in each half? How many in each quarter? How many in three-quarters?
   Show four rectangles. What part is that of all?
   Show two rectangles. What part of all?
   Six rectangles. What part of all?
4. Fold right edge to middle, same sheet. Crease. Fold left edge to middle. Crease and open.
   How many squares? How many squares in each row? How many in two rows? Three rows?
   Fold to show one-half. How many squares?
   Fold to show one-quarter. How many squares in each quarter? In three-quarters?

II. Triangles.

1. Fold the upper right-hand corner to the lower left-hand corner. Crease and open.
   How many triangles?
2. Fold the upper left-hand corner to the lower right-hand corner, same sheet. Crease and open.
   How many triangles? Each triangle is what part of the square? Show half the square. How many triangles.
3. Fold lower edge to upper edge, same sheet. Crease and open.
   Fold right edge to left edge, same sheet. Crease and open.
   How many triangles? Each is what part of the square?
   How many eighths in each half? In each quarter?
4. Fold lower left-hand corner to center, same sheet. Crease.
   Fold lower right-hand corner to center. Crease.
   Fold upper right-hand corner to center. Crease.
   Fold upper left-hand corner to center. Crease.
   Open. How many triangles?
   Repeat questions as above for sixteenths. Those two exercises will suggest many more and should be repeated with circles and other forms.

III. An Equilateral Triangle will give variety and serve to work up halves and fourths. Obtain it by measuring, say three inches as a base, and drawing a half circle from each point with a compass. Where the lines cross will be the apex. Cut out.

1. Hold the triangle with base horizontal.
   Fold lower left corner to the lower right corner, dividing apex evenly. Crease and open.
   How many triangles? What part is each of the whole?
2. Fold the lower left corner of different sheet to the apex. Crease and open.
   Fold the lower right corner to the apex. Crease and open.
   How many triangles on each sheet? Each is what part of all?

Fold apex to center of base and fold the sides over. How many triangles are produced? Each is what part?

Cut from middle of base to center of the sides of the triangle. Show $\frac{2}{3}$.

Exercises with the equilateral triangle are a little difficult and progress should be made slowly, being sure that every step is understood.

Children naturally like to make things, so, when the number lesson is over, allow them to make boxes, baskets, etc. Charm is added if colored paper is sometimes used. White paper loses its commonness if they are allowed to draw or paint borders or paste on tiny pictures. That will not detract from the number value of the work and will provide pleasant and profitable employment.

SHORT METHODS

Addition

(a)	(b)	(c)
5	42	72
4	41	32
1	67	92
4	60	76
2	49	24
3	—	68
1	259	—
7		364
—		
27		

Explanation

Train the eye so it will quickly see groups totaling 10, taking the numbers consecutively, as in (a) and (b). After that habit is developed, select numbers not consecutive, as 3 and 7 in (c). Care must be exercised in going back and picking up numbers not included by such choice. As one grows more skillful in selective counting, other combinations will present themselves and will add much to the rapidity of the work.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE

39	59	539	32646	41508	74663
63	40	401	48734	84002	86545
19	19	175	12348	93425	27603
78	32	326	32457	63245	24592
32	78	684	34523	95067	54398
43	36	572	74660	24568	40024
56	74	348	34872	37466	15084
13	96	792	46345	27483	73425
74	—	—	21376	—	84671
—			—		—

Multiplication

When the multiplier is near 100.

536	53600
98	1072
—	—
	52528

Explanation

1. Multiply by 100.
   Subtract twice the multiplicand.

2. When the multiplier is an aliquot part of 100.
   $16\frac{2}{3}$ take $\frac{1}{6}$ of 100 times the multiplicand.
   25 " $\frac{1}{4}$ " " " " "
   $66\frac{2}{3}$ " $\frac{2}{3}$ " " " " "

EXAMPLES

1. 342	6. 534	11. 888	16. 573
2. 609	7. 796	12. 429	17. 348
3. 1509	8. 432	13. 3918	18. 495
4. 7354	9. 637	14. 819	19. 537
5. 7963	10. 496	15. 756	20. 897

Multiply by 99, 98, 97, 96, 95, 94, 93.
Multiply by $12\frac{1}{2}$, $16\frac{2}{3}$, $33\frac{1}{3}$, $66\frac{2}{3}$, 75.

Division

When the divisor is an aliquot part of 100.

$16\frac{2}{3}$) 537 Process: 5.37
6
32.22

Explanation

1. Divide by 100; multiply by the aliquot part inverted.
2. To divide by $12\frac{1}{2}$ use 8; by $33\frac{1}{3}$ use 3; by 25 use 4; by 14 2/7 use 7.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE

1. 6564	6. 43.74	11. $4.25
2. 9856	7. $75	12. 687
3. 3500	8. $150	13. $93
4. $37.57	9. $560	14. $75.50
5. $685	10. $175	15. $200

Divide each by $12\frac{1}{2}$, $33\frac{1}{3}$, 25, 14 2/7.
Work out other aliquot parts and use in the same way.

EXERCISE IN ADDITION, SUBTRACTION, MULTIPLICATION, DIVISION

63	91	84	93	67	98	87	97	105
2	9	2	4	9	6	2	7	3
9	2	4	8	1	5	3	1	7
4	7	9	1	9	6	9	8	6
9	4	1	6	2	4	2	7	9
7	5	7	3	8	9	8	2	8
6	6	5	4	3	6	5	5	1
5	3	3	5	7	7	7	3	3
8	1	8	2	4	8	4	4	2
3	8	2	7	6	3	6	6	5
1	2	6	9	5	1	1	9	4

1. In addition.
   a. First line will read 11, 11, 6, 13, 15, 8, 9, 10, adding first and second numbers, second and third, etc.
   b. Add each column, beginning at the bottom.
   c. Do the same, beginning at the top.
   d. Add from right to left.

2. In subtraction.
   a. From the large number at the top of the column, subtract succeeding numbers given, naming remainder only each time.
   b. Take each line from left to right; give difference between each two consecutive numbers. First line will read 7, 7, 2, 5, 3, 4, 5, 4.
3. In multiplication.
   a. Give the product of each two consecutive numbers from left to right.
   b. Same down the column. Same up the column.
4. In division.
   a. Divide the large number at the top by each number in succession, giving only quotient and remainder (if any). Vary this by giving the remainder (if any) as a fractional part of the divisor.
   b. Vary the exercise by changing the numbers at the top.

FRACTIONS

I. Relation of Fractional Parts to Each Other.

1. Make a 4-inch square of paper; then a 6-inch square. Let the pupil see that the relation of parts to whole does not depend on size.
   a. Fold upper and lower edges together. Crease and open.
   b. Fold right and left edges of the same square together, crease and open.
   c. Fold lower edge of the same square to middle, crease and open. Fold upper edge to middle, crease and open.
   d. Fold right edge of the same square to middle, crease and open. Fold left edge to middle, crease and open.

EXERCISES

1. How many quarters in each half?
2. How many eighths in each half?
3. How many eighths in each quarter? In three-quarters?
4. How many sixteenths in each quarter? In three-quarters? In one-half?
5. How many sixteenths in each one-eighth? Three-eighths? Five-eighths? Six-eighths? One-half?

Carry out that same plan with 3rds, 4ths, 6ths, 9ths. Vary by the use of circles, triangles, anything which can be easily divided, until the pupil can think beyond the object and see the relation of the part to the whole. Be careful not to allow the fractional part to be associated with any definite size or shape. Therein lies the danger of using objects to illustrate relations, a thing which often handicaps seriously the understanding of the really simple subject of fractions. Whether the teacher only should do the concrete work, and have the pupils do all their reckoning abstractly, is a matter of conditions.

By carrying out that idea with slight alterations, one can readily review the work done in the second and third years of school and open the way to sensible addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, and reduction, ascending and descending, of both common and decimal fractions. Some special suggestions are given below.

II. Suggestions for Teaching Addition, Substraction, Multiplication and Division of Fractions.

1. Addition and Subtraction. Begin with simple exercises to which the pupils can readily see answers. How much are one-fourth and one-half? One-third and one-fifth? etc. Lead the pupil to see that fractions must have the same denominator or name before they can be added, and the whole problem of adding fractions is solved. The same is true of subtraction, the only new element being "borrowing" in the case of subtracting one mixed number from another. But that will present no real difficulty.

2. Multiplication.
   a. To multiply a fraction by a whole number.
      How much is three times two-sixths? Give several such simple exercises, and develop the principle that, for the new numerator, we take the product of the whole number and the numerator of the given fraction, the denominator remaining unchanged.
   b. To multiply a fraction by a fraction.
      This process grows naturally out of the foregoing. One-third of one-half of a pie, for instance, is one-sixth of a pie. Notice that the numerators have been multiplied together for a new numerator, and denominators together for a new denominator.
3. Division.
   Divide four feet by two. Divide four-thirds by two. This last is the same as one-half of four-thirds or two-thirds. Give several such exercises. For instance, how many times does a circle contain one-half of itself? One-third of itself? Five-sixths of itself? Can you tell by inverting one-half, one-third? etc. That leads to the principle that we divide a fraction by a fraction by multiplying the inverted divisor by the dividend.

III. Decimal Fractions.

The earliest actual use of decimals comes in writing money. The child recognizes readily that the figures at the left of the decimal represent the number of dollars, while those at the right represent the number of cents. When studying money, remind children often that the cents are written in that way because they are fractional parts of a dollar. Each cent is 1/100 or, as we write it, $.01; 25c is written 25/100 or $.25; 2 dimes $.2 or $.20. In their study of money they have learned that a mill is the one-thousandth part of a dollar, and that it is written at the right of cents. Go into this further; write the ten-thousandth part, hundred-thousandth part, and in that way introduce the technical study of the decimal system.

The very young child always wants to know the reason for everything, but there is generally a period between the fourth and seventh grades where that trait is not so prominent. Nature knows what she is about. At that time memory is strong but reason is only dawning, and reason must have great masses of facts to struggle with. It is enough to know that, in adding or subtracting decimals, the numbers must be written so that the decimal points are in a column; that, in dividing, the decimal places in the dividend must at least be as many as those of the divisor, and the excess of those in the dividend over those in the divisor determines the number of places in the quotient. It is time to explain "why" when someone wishes to know. Then the explanation should be given clearly. See to it that those interested get it, but do not require it of the others. They are not mentally ready for it, and it is absolutely wrong to try to force it now. Memory will take care of the *fact* now, and reason will attend to the *why* later, when it is sufficiently developed.

Such fundamental operations are learned largely in the same way we learn to cook; mix ingredients according to recipe and learn why by watching results, not by learning first the chemical actions of the various elements. Whenever a pupil asks why, he should have an explanation because he is ready for it and would be crippled by being refused. Let him learn the operation first by doing it according to spoken direction, and give him enough practice to fix the fact; then let him consult the written direction or rule found in the text-book, comparing it with the method he has used. Let him determine which is better and allow him to use his choice, for the way he likes is better for him whether it is ideally best or not. Allow considerable latitude to individual thought and expression here, and you will be rewarded by having pupils with ability to do individual thinking later.

SHORT METHODS OF FINDING INTEREST

I. Six Per Cent Method.

To find the interest on any sum at 6% for 20 months or 600 days, move the decimal point one place to the left. For sixty days or two months, move it two places. For six days move it three places.

The interest, then, on $192.14 for twenty months is $19.214; for sixty days it is $1.9214; and for six days, $.19214. Having found the interest for six or sixty days, it is easy to find the interest for any number of days. Thus the interest for one month, nine days, would be one-fourth the interest for 160 days, plus one and one-half times the interest for six days. The interest at any other rate than 6% may easily be found by using the 6% method. For instance, the interest at 4% will be two-thirds of the interest at 6%. The interest at 7% will be seven-sixths of the amount at 6%.

II. Banker's Method.

$$\frac{\text{Principal} \times \text{days} \times \text{rate}}{360} = \text{Int.}$$

$$\frac{\text{Principal} \times \text{months} \times \text{rate}}{12} = \text{Int.}$$

Modification of Banker's Method

Multiply the principal by the number of days.

At	3%	divide	by	120
	4%	"	"	90
	5%	"	"	72
	6%	"	"	60
	7%	"	"	52 (approximate)
	8%	"	"	45
	10%	"	"	36

LONGITUDE AND TIME

1. The purpose of these calculations is to enable one to ascertain the location of any place on the globe, or to enable vessels on the water to determine their location and course.
2. Latitude is distance north or south of the equator. Longitude is distance east or west of a given meridian. Both are usually measured in degrees, but these may approximately be reduced to miles. A degree of latitude at the equator is about 69.3 miles in length; at the poles, about 68.72. A degree of longitude is 0 at the poles, about 53 miles on the 40th parallel, and about 69.16 miles long on the equator.
3. A circumference is 360°; a quadrant is 90°, or $\frac{1}{4}$ of a circumference; a sextant is 60°, or $\frac{1}{6}$ of a circumference; a sign is 30°, or 1/12 of a circle or circumference. 15° correspond to one hour of time.
4. In teaching longitude and time, use first only that part of the diagram (see illustration) giving the poles, the equator, so many parallels as may be desired, and the meridians. Explain how to locate places on the earth or positions of vessels at sea, on the great lakes, etc., and be sure that pupils understand the primary ideas before attempting journeys.

   After they have grasped clearly the fundamental ideas, then give problems of location, undertake journeys, etc., and use the remainder of the illustration for similar illustrations and trips.

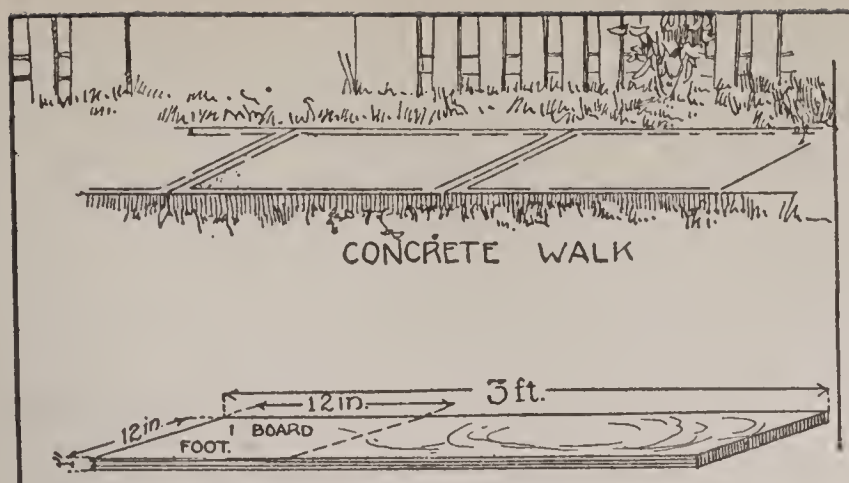


FIG. 1. BOARD FEET

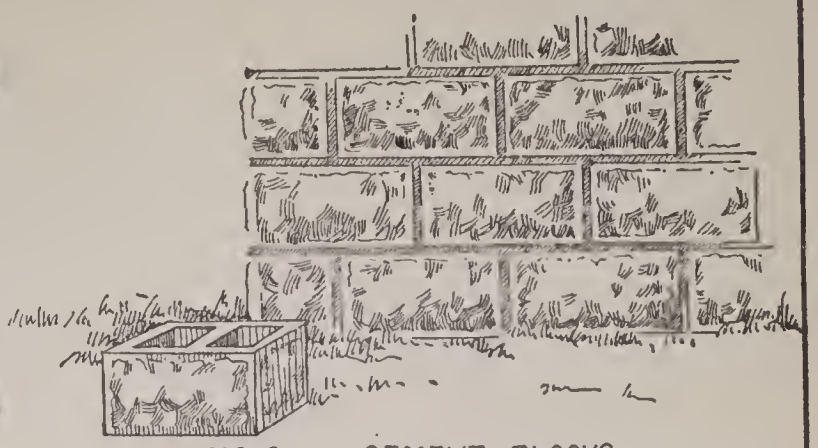


FIG. 2. CEMENT BLOCKS

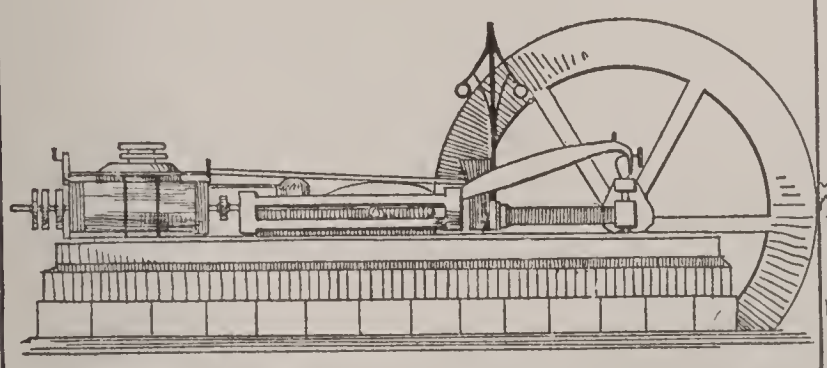


FIG. 3. STATIONARY ENGINE

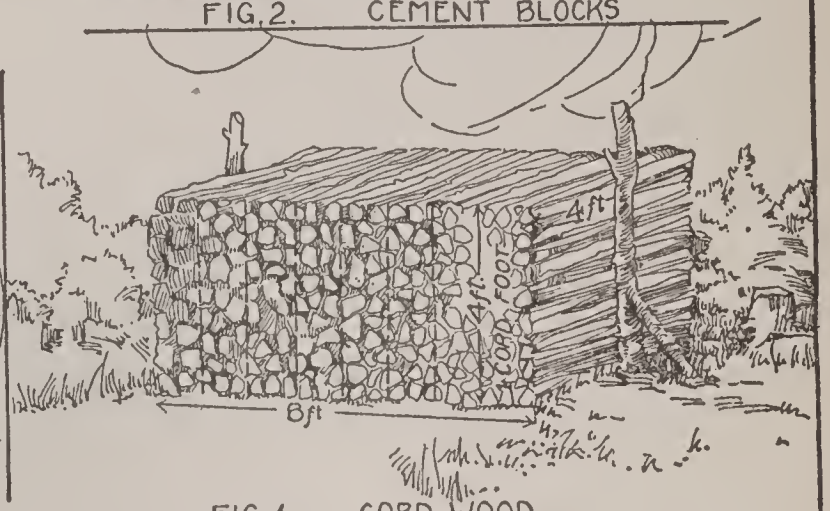


FIG. 4 CORD WOOD

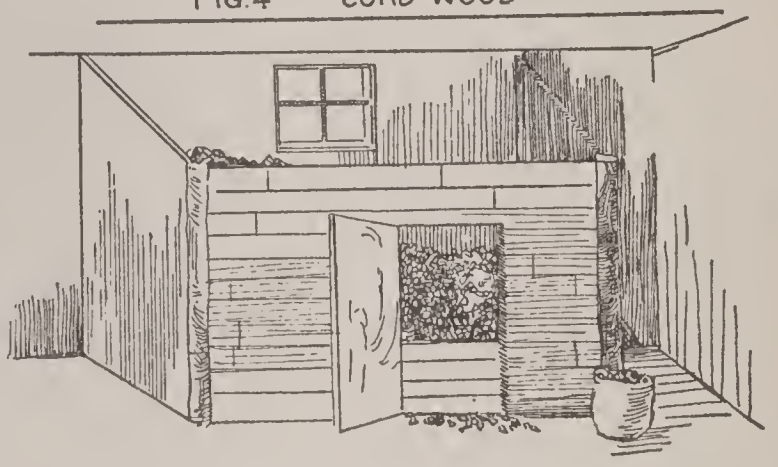


FIG. 5 COAL IN BIN

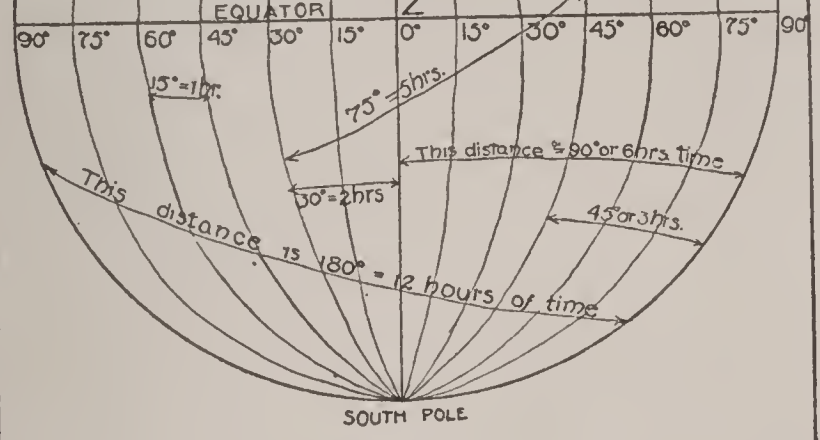


FIG. 6. LONGITUDE and TIME

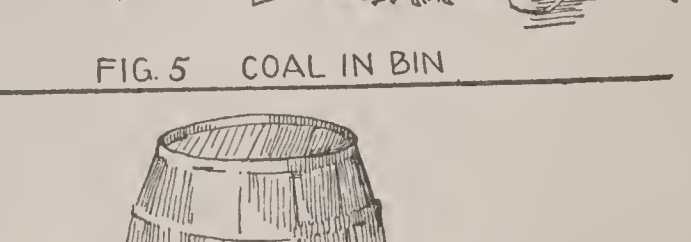


FIG. 7 CONTENTS OF BARREL.

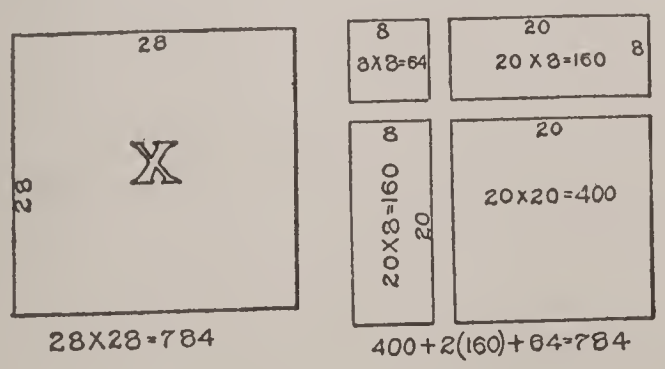


FIG. 8. SQUARE ROOT

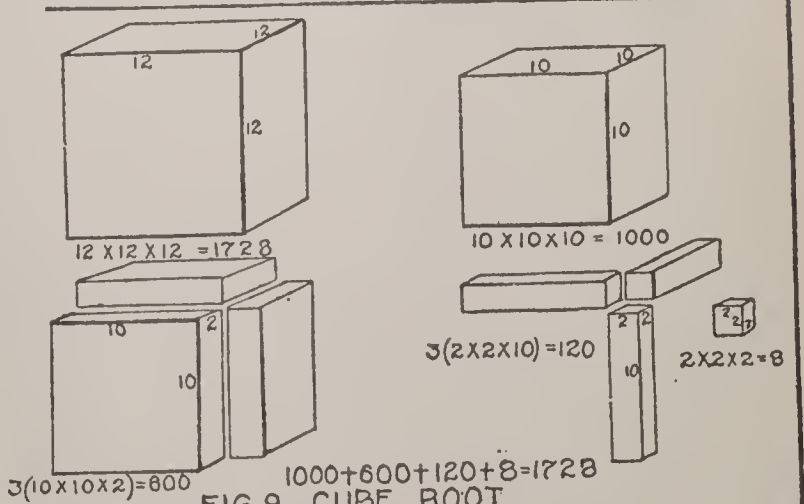


FIG. 9. CUBE ROOT

SQUARE ROOT

1. Finding the power of a number is called involution. Finding the root of a number is called evolution. Both processes are used in square root, the former for the purpose of explaining the latter.
2. The common or practical applications of square root are:
   a. In finding the dimensions of the square when the area is given.
   b. In finding the third side of a right triangle when two of the sides are given.
   c. In comparing similar surfaces.
3. Simple rules.
   a. The square root of the area is one side of a square.
   b. The square root of the sum of the squares of the other two sides is the hypotenuse.
   c. From the square of the hypotenuse, subtract the square of the given side; the square root of the difference is the missing side.
   d. The corresponding dimensions of similar surfaces are to each other as the square roots of their areas.
      Conversely, it follows that similar surfaces are to each other as the squares of their corresponding dimensions.

ILLUSTRATIONS

A square farm contains 2809 acres. How long is one side? Illustrate.

A square room contains 3025 square feet. What is the length of one side? Illustrate.

Two rafters, each 24 ft. long, meet at the ridge of the roof 12 ft. above the body of the house. How wide is the house? Illustrate.

A lady has a circular flower bed 10 ft. in diameter. She wishes to make one four times as large. What must be its diameter?

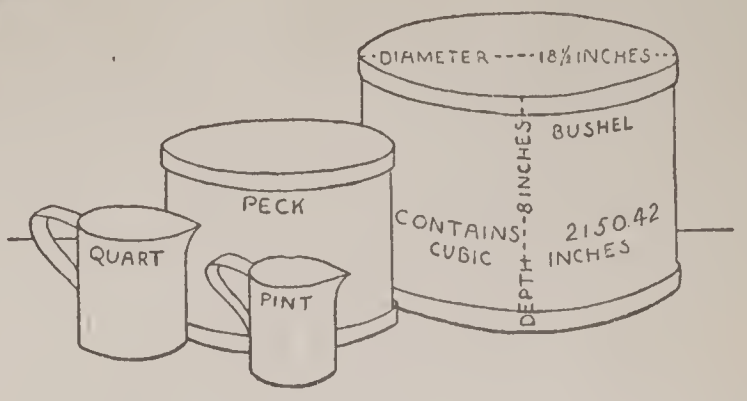
4. Processes.
   a. Show by the illustration that the square of a number consisting of two figures is equal to the square of the tens, plus twice the product of the tens by the units, plus the square of the units. Show how reversing enables one to find the square root.
   b. If the number is a perfect power, one-half its prime factors multiplied together will give its square root.

CUBE ROOT

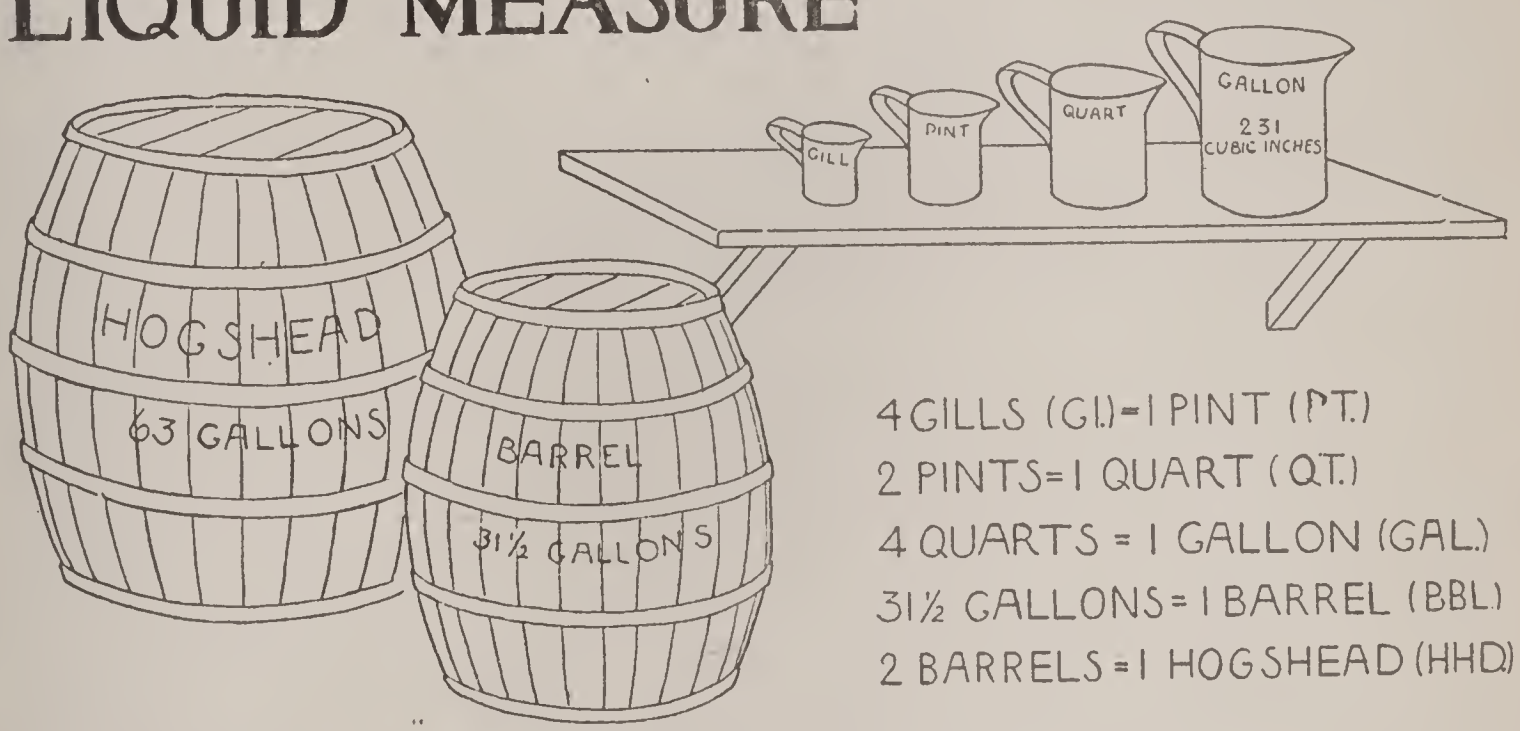
1. See definitions under Square Root.
2. The practical applications of cube root are:
   a. In finding the length of one side of a cubical object, as a box, a bin, a tank, or a cistern.
   b. In comparing round with rectangular solids.
   c. In comparing similar solids with each other.
3. Simple rules.
   a. The cube root of a solid is the length of one side.
   b. The contents of a sphere are obtained by multiplying the cube of the diameter by .5236.
   c. The contents of a rectangular solid are obtained by multiplying length, breadth, and thickness together.
      To compare with the contents of a sphere, the dimensions must be of the same denomination.
   d. Similar solids are to each other as the cubes of their like dimensions.
   e. The corresponding dimensions of similar solids are to each other as the cube roots of their volumes.

DRY MEASURE

2 PINTS = 1 QUART (QT)
8 QUARTS = 1 PECK (PK.)
4 PECKS = 1 BUSHEL (BU.)



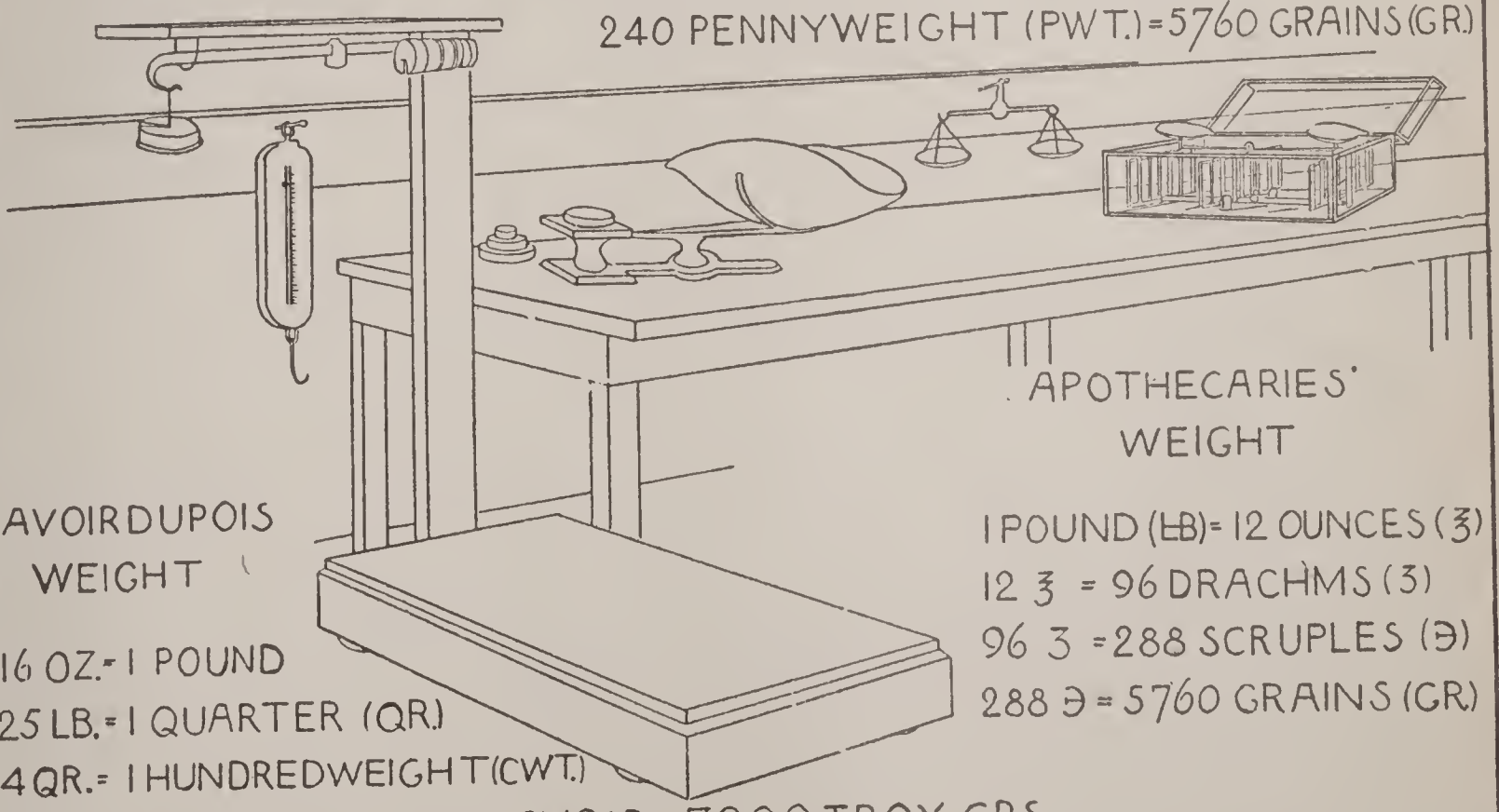
LIQUID MEASURE



4 GILLS (GI.) = 1 PINT (PT.)
2 PINTS = 1 QUART (QT.)
4 QUARTS = 1 GALLON (GAL.)
31½ GALLONS = 1 BARREL (BBL.)
2 BARRELS = 1 HOGSHEAD (HHD.)

WEIGHTS

TROY WEIGHT
1 POUND (LB) = 12 OUNCES (OZ.) =
240 PENNYWEIGHT (PWT.) = 5760 GRAINS (GR.)



APOTHECARIES' WEIGHT

1 POUND (LB) = 12 OUNCES (℥)
12 ℥ = 96 DRACHMS (ʒ)
96 ʒ = 288 SCRUPLES (℈)
288 ℈ = 5760 GRAINS (GR.)

AVOIRDUPOIS WEIGHT

16 OZ. = 1 POUND
25 LB. = 1 QUARTER (QR.)
4 QR. = 1 HUNDREDWEIGHT (CWT.)
20 CWT. = 1 TON (T.)

1 LB. AVOIR. = 7000 TROY GRS.

PROBLEMS

A cubical cistern contains 54872 cubic feet. How deep is it?

A ball on a tower is 3 feet in diameter. If each cubic foot weighs two pounds, how heavy is the ball?

A bin is 24 feet long, 10 feet wide, and 6 feet deep. How many cubic feet of wheat does it hold?

If the ball mentioned above were 5 feet in diameter instead of 3 feet, what would it weigh?

A bushel measure in the form of a cylinder is $18\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter and 8 inches deep. If a peck measure is of the same shape, what will be its dimensions?

4. Process.

a. The cube of any number that can be separated into tens and units equals the cube of the tens, plus three times the square of the tens multiplied by the units, plus three times the tens multiplied by the square of the units, plus the cube of the units.

b. Remembering that the units figure used as a multiplier is found in the root on the right of your number, and using the illustration herewith (also blocks if you have them), you can readily find the cube root of a number by analyzing the facts shown in (a).

ILLUSTRATION

Find the cube root of 421875.

$t^3+t^2\times u\times 3+t\times u^2\times 3+u^3=$ 421,875 t u

$t^3=$ 343,000 70+5

78,875

$t^2\times 3=70^2\times 3=$ 14,700

$t\times u\times 3=70\times 5\times 3=$ 1,050

$u^2=5\times 5=$ 25

15,775 $78{,}875=(t^2\times 3+t\times u\times 3+u^2)\times 5$ u

Do not forget that the unit figure in the root is one of the factors in every product.

PROBLEMS

1. How many bushels of oats in a bin 12 feet long, 6 feet wide, and 8 feet deep?
2. I bought the s. w. $\frac{1}{2}$ of n. e. $\frac{1}{4}$. Make a diagram showing where my farm is and how many acres it contains.
3. How many acres in 8 sections? If I paid $50 an acre for 5 sections and $35 an acre for the other 3 sections, what did the land cost me?
4. Locate Minneapolis, Minn., Galveston, Tex., and Raleigh, N. C., geographically.
5. What will it cost at 35 cents per sq. yd. for plastering and 15 cents per roll for papering, to plaster and paper the walls and ceiling of a room 15 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 9 feet high?
6. What will it cost to shingle a roof 22 feet long, 6 feet rise in the center, house 16 feet wide, the shingles to have $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches exposed, if I pay $2 per thousand for laying the shingles and 8 cents a pound for 4d nails, supposing it takes 1000 shingles for each 120 square feet and $5\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of nails for each 1000 shingles?
7. If I pay $2.25 per thousand for laths, and $6 for putting them on, what will it cost me to put the laths on the walls and ceiling of the room mentioned in problem 5?

8. How many square feet in 1,000 boards 18 feet long, 12 inches wide, 1 inch thick?
9. I bought a pile of wood 210 feet long, 8 feet wide, 8 feet deep, at $4.50 per cord. What did it cost me?

FARM MEASURES

I. To Measure New Hay. (All measures in feet.)

$$\frac{\text{Length} \times \text{height} \times \text{breadth}}{500} = \text{number of tons in mow.}$$

$$\frac{\text{Length} \times \text{height} \times \text{breadth}}{300} = \text{number of tons in a long stack.}$$

To get the contents of a round stack of hay, measure the distance around the stack in yards, multiply this figure by itself and by four times the height in yards. Mark off two places on the right. The result is cubic yards. Divide the result by 20 to get the number of tons.

Note.—These measures are approximate only. The estimate for old hay is 400 to 450 cu. ft., not 500; and of well-settled timothy hay, 350 to 400 cu. ft.

II. To Measure Grain in a Wagon Box.

An ordinary wagon box is $10\frac{1}{2}$ ft. x 3 ft.
For each inch in depth it will hold 2 bushels of grain.
For each inch in depth it will hold 1 bushel of ear corn.

III. To Measure Ear Corn in the Crib. (Measure in feet.)

Multiply length by width by depth, and this product by $4\frac{1}{2}$; point off one decimal place. The result is the number of bushels in the crib, if of average corn.

IV. To Measure Grain in a Bin or Box.

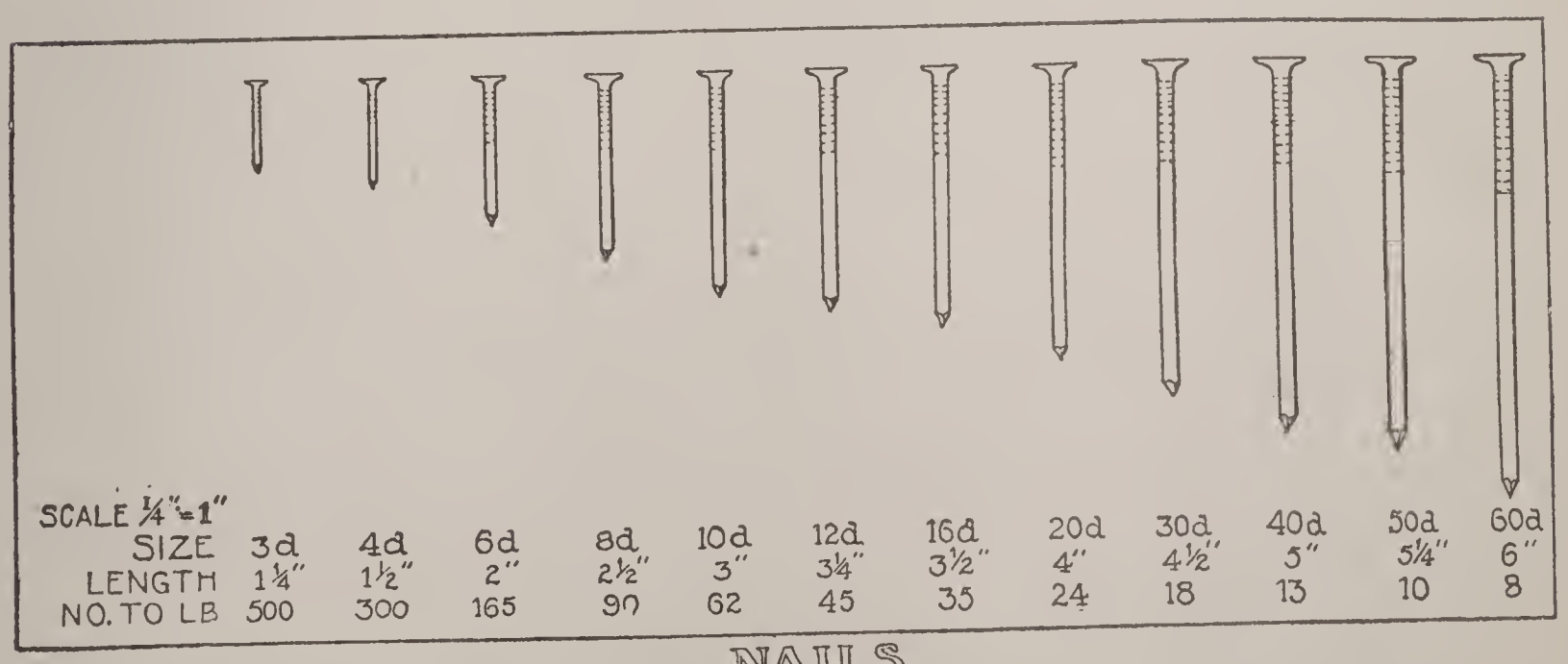
Level the grain and multiply length by width by depth, and this product by 8; then point off one decimal place. The result is the number of bushels in the bin or box.

V. To Find the Number of Gallons in a Cask

Multiply the square of the mean diameter in inches by the length in inches, and the product by .0034. The result is the number of gallons in the cask.

TABLES FOR BUILDERS

Common Nails



NAILS.

Shingles

Twice the length of the rafters × the length of the building × 9 gives the number of shingles with 4 inches exposed. If $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches are to be exposed, multiply by 8; if 5 inches, by $7\frac{1}{5}$. A common estimate is 1000 shingles to 100 sq. ft. Each 1000 shingles requires about 5 lbs. of shingle nails.

To Estimate Paint

The amount of paint required will vary according to the thickness of the paint, the conditions of the surface to be painted, etc.; but it is a fair estimate to divide the whole number of square feet by 200. That will give about the number of gallons required for two coats.

Lime

For 100 sq. yards of plaster, 1 coat requires 2 bbls. lime; 2 coats requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ bbls.
Laying 1000 bricks requires 1 bbl. of best lime.
100 cu. ft. of wall requires 3 bbls. of best lime.

Plaster of Paris

Hard finish on 100 sq. yards requires $\frac{2}{3}$ bbl.

Lath

1600 lath are required for 100 sq. yards.

Estimated Number of Brick

Brick work is usually charged for on the basis of 1000 bricks.
$22\frac{1}{2}$ bricks are required for each cu. ft. of wall.
Laid on the flat side, $4\frac{1}{2}$ bricks make a square foot; on the edge it generally takes 9 (bricks being usually 8 in. long by 4 in. wide). Bricklayers and masons ordinarily allow for one-half the space taken up by doors and windows in a wall.

Stone Measuring

A perch, in stone masonry, is $16\frac{1}{2}$ ft. long, 1 ft. thick, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ ft. high. It contains $24\frac{3}{4}$ cu. ft.
To find the contents of a stone wall in perches, multiply the number of cu. ft. by .0404, or divide by $24\frac{3}{4}$.

Cord Wood

A cord of wood is 8 ft. long, 4 feet wide, and 4 ft. high. It contains, therefore, 128 cu. ft.
To measure a pile of cord wood, multiply length by breadth and this by height. Divide by 128. The answer is in cords.

Wall Paper

The usual rule is to make no allowance for openings and to count three rolls to each 100 sq. ft. Rolls are usually $1\frac{1}{2}$ ft. wide and 24 ft. long, making 36 sq. ft. to the roll. Allowance must be made for lapping and for matching figures.

Length of Rafter

To give $\frac{1}{3}$ pitch, multiply width of building by .6.
To give $\frac{1}{2}$ pitch, multiply width of building by .7.
To that must be added the projection desired at eaves.

Capacity of a Circular Cistern

Reduce the dimensions to feet. Square the diameter, and multiply by the depth, and this by .7854.
To find gallons, multiply by $5\frac{7}{8}$.
To find barrels, multiply by .1865.
A cistern 8 ft. in diameter holds 1 bbl. for every inch in depth.

FIG. 1. HAY IN STACK.

FIG. 2. GRAIN IN WAGON.

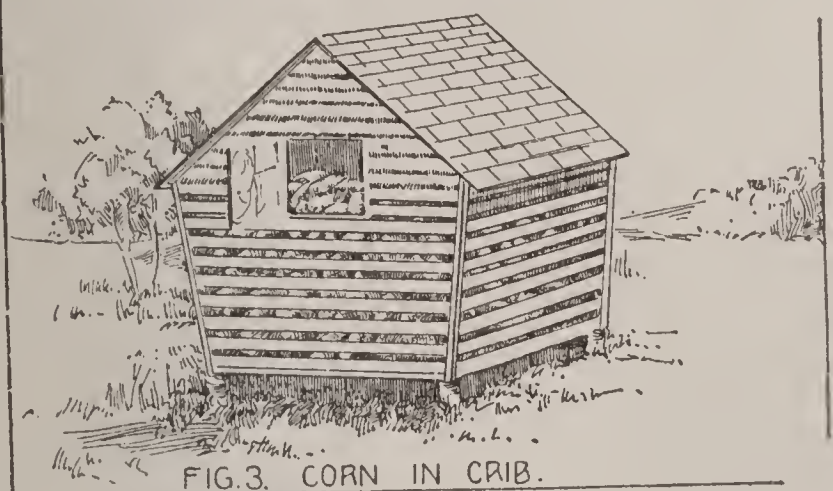


FIG. 3. CORN IN CRIB.

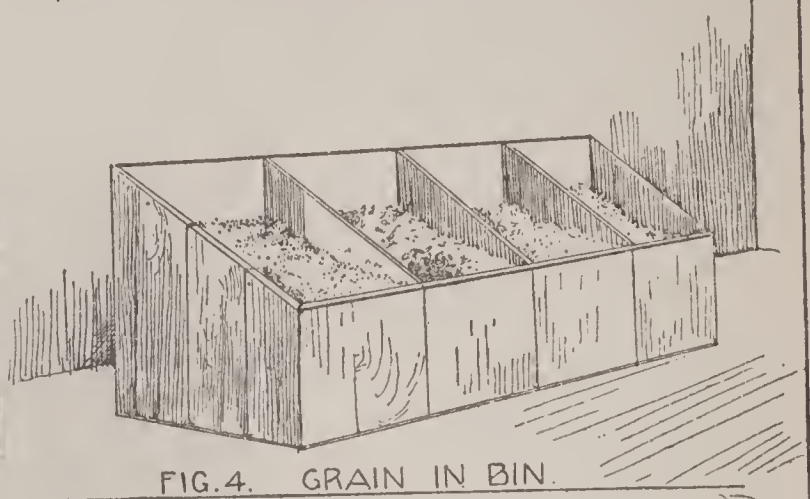


FIG. 4. GRAIN IN BIN.

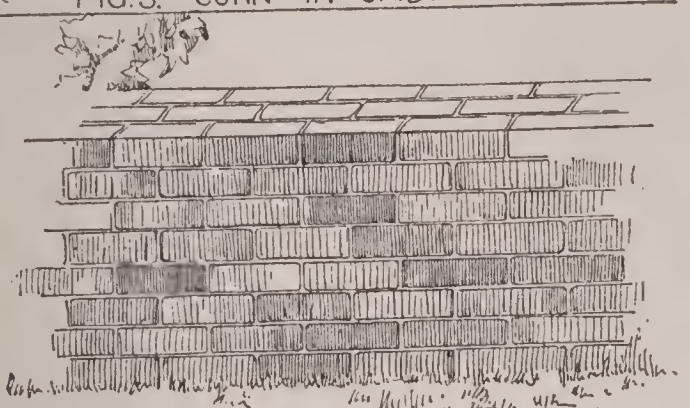


FIG. 5. BRICKS IN WALL

FIG. 6. SHINGLES and PAINT.

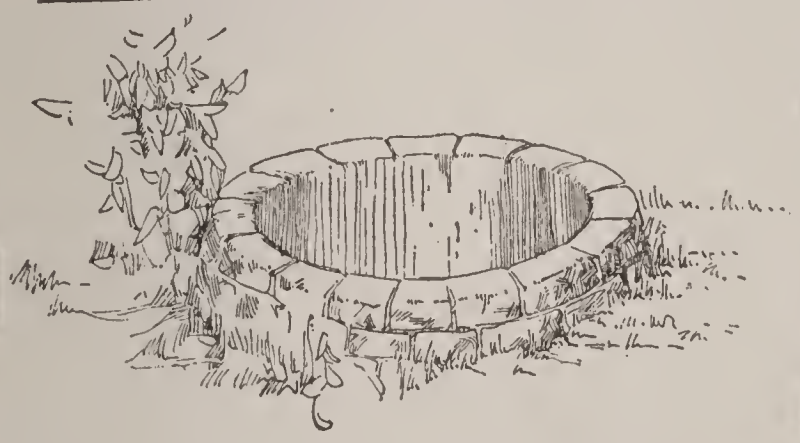


FIG. 7. CONTENTS OF CISTERN.

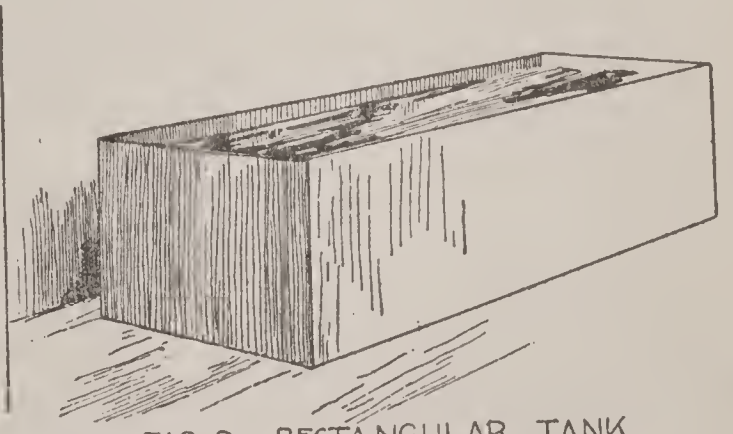


FIG. 8. RECTANGULAR TANK.

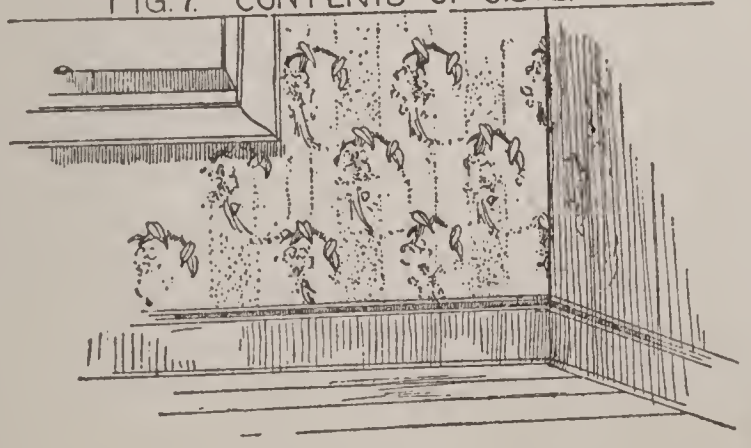


FIG. 9. PAPERING and PLASTERING.

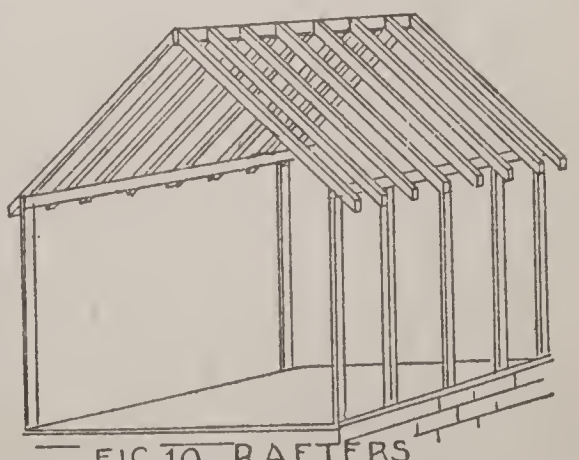


FIG. 10. RAFTERS

MEASUREMENTS.

Capacity of a Rectangular Tank or Cistern

Length × width × height (in feet).
For gallons, multiply by $7\frac{1}{2}$ (or, more exactly, by 7.48).
For barrels, multiply by .2375.

To Make Concrete Walks

Obtain 1 barrel of Portland cement, 2 barrels of clean sharp sand, and 6 barrels of broken stone, gravel, or hard burnt brick.

For the first or lower layer, use 2 parts of Portland cement, 2 parts of sand, and 5 parts of broken stone.

For surface layer, use 1 part Portland cement and 1 part sand.

To Make Cement Block

Use 1 barrel of Portland cement with each 6 barrels of sharp sand.
Use metal moulds where possible.

Horsepower

By horsepower is meant the power it takes to lift 33,000 lbs. one foot in one minute, or 550 lbs. at the rate of one foot per second.

Each horsepower in a boiler requires for each hour 30 to 35 lbs. of water. A gallon of pure water weighs $8\frac{1}{3}$ lbs.

About a pound of coal is required to evaporate one gallon of water.
The available power is only about 85% of the nominal power.

Weight of Coal

1 cu. ft, bituminous weighs about 72 lbs.
1 cu. ft. anthracite weighs about 80 lbs.
1 ton of coal is worth two cords of wood for the production of steam.

Level the coal in a bin. Multiply length, breadth, and depth together in feet. The product is cubic feet. Multiply as above. Divide by 2000 to get short tons, by 2240 to get long tons.

Lumber

To find the contents of a board in square feet, multiply the length in feet by the width in inches and divide the product by 12.

To find the contents of joists or scantlings in square feet, multiply the length, thickness, and width together, and divide the product by 12.

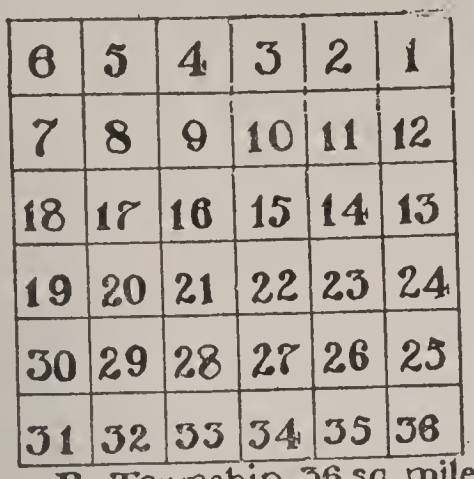
LAND MEASUREMENT

For convenience in describing land, the following system is used in many of the states.

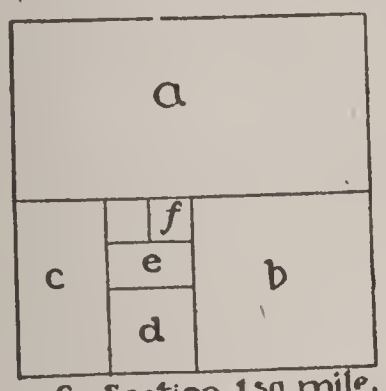
A line known as the base line is established along a parallel. On that and at right angles are established principal meridians. Township lines are then drawn parallel to each, six miles apart. Those extending in a north-and-south line form ranges, the ranges being numbered east and west of the principal meridian, as shown by Roman numerals in Fig. A. The townships are numbered north and south of the base line. To describe a township, give its number north or south and range east or west; thus, X township is township 2 north, range 3 west.

Each township contains 36 sections, numbered by beginning at the northeast corner, and counting west to 6, numbering 7 south of 6 and then east to include 12. Drop down one and then count west, as before, etc.

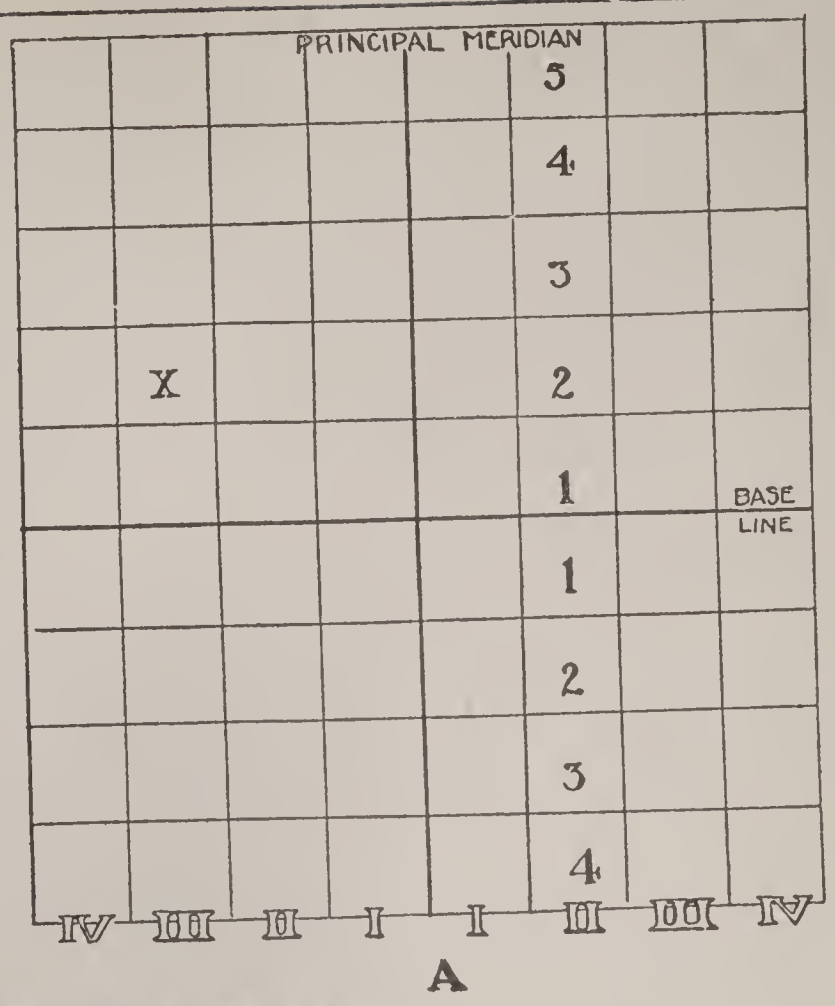
Each section contains 640 acres and the usual divisions are shown in C, and are described as shown in the cut on the next page. Abbreviations are used for directions and their combinations.



B. Township, 36 sq. miles.



C. Section 1 sq. mile.



A

LAND MEASUREMENT.

a is n. $\frac{1}{2}$, and contains 320 acres.
b is s. e. $\frac{1}{4}$, and contains 160 acres.
c is w. $\frac{1}{2}$ of s. w. $\frac{1}{4}$, and contains 80 acres.
d is s. e. $\frac{1}{4}$ of s. w. $\frac{1}{4}$, and contains 40 acres.
e is s. $\frac{1}{2}$ of n. e. $\frac{1}{4}$ of s. w. $\frac{1}{4}$, and contains 20 acres.
f is n. e. $\frac{1}{4}$ of n. e. $\frac{1}{4}$ of s. w. $\frac{1}{4}$, and contains 10 acres.

To describe any tract of land, tell first its exact location in the section; then give in order the number of the section, the township north or south, the range east or west, and the principal meridian from which the survey begins.

To find the area in acres of any rectangular tract, multiply the dimensions in rods and divide by 160, or multiply the dimensions in chains and point off one decimal place.

GENERAL ESTIMATES

The statements given below are approximations only, but they will be found useful in making what is known as "rough estimates."

A mason, with a helper, is supposed to be able to lay in mortar 1400 bricks in 8-inch work, or 2000 bricks in 12-inch work. He is also supposed to be able, with a helper, to lay 3 cubic yards of stone in mortar per day.

The net weight of fat beeves is about $\frac{3}{5}$ of the live weight; of fat sheep, $\frac{1}{2}$; of fat hogs, $\frac{4}{5}$; and of fat fowls, 7-10.

A day's work for a painter is from 80 to 100 square yards of plain outside work, 40 to 70 square yards of inside work.

The vertex of a triangle is the point where the sides which rise from the base meet. The altitude is the distance from the base to the vertex. The area of a triangle is obtained by multiplying together the base and altitude and taking one-half the product.

In carpeting a room, allowance must usually be made for waste from matching,

and corners must be counted twice if borders are used, because one-half of each corner is lost in making.

Wheat, according to quality, will make from 25 to 33 pounds of flour per bushel, allowing one-sixth for toll.

A cask of lime weighs 240 pounds and will absorb $2\frac{1}{2}$ times its bulk, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ times its weight of water in slacking.

In paving about 75 bricks laid edgewise, or 40 bricks laid flatwise, are allowed for one square yard.

Laths are usually 4 feet in length and are put up in bundles of 100 laths each. 100 laths, put $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch apart, cover $5\frac{1}{2}$ square yards.

PROBLEMS

1. What is the net weight of three herds of 140 cattle each, if they average 1700 pounds on the hoof?
2. What is the net weight of 560 hogs averaging 285 pounds each?
3. A farm is in the form of a triangle, having a base 2100 rods long and the distance to the vertex 1750 rods. How many acres in it?
4. How many pounds of flour, allowing $\frac{1}{6}$ for toll, in 450 bushels of wheat?
5. A man has 4700 sheep at pasture and 240 chickens in his poultry yard. He sold 6 pounds of wool per sheep at 15 cents a pound. He then sent $\frac{2}{5}$ of the sheep and all the chickens to market, agreeing to accept 12 cents a pound for the sheep and 14 cents a pound for the fowls, net weight. If the sheep averaged 80 pounds on the hoof and the chickens averaged 3 pounds alive, what did the farmer get for his wool, the sheep sold, and the fowls?
6. What will it cost to build a 12-inch brick wall, 24 feet high and 50 feet long, laid in mortar, at \$9 per 1000 for bricks, if the mason is paid \$4 per day and his helper \$2 per day?
7. If a crib is 36 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 15 feet deep, how many bushels of ear corn will it hold? If made into a bin, how many bushels of oats will it hold?
8. It is 17 yards around a stack of hay, which is 21 feet high. How many long tons of hay will it hold, being a round stack?
9. A long stack by the side of this is 30 feet long, 20 feet high, and 9 feet wide. How many tons of hay does it hold?
10. The average diameter of a barrel is 30 inches and its length 42 inches. How many gallons will it hold?
11. How many board feet in a board 24 feet long, 18 inches wide at one end and 24 inches at the other? What is the cost of this board at \$30 per M?
12. A farmer has a square plot of land measuring 400 feet on a side. How many posts will he require to inclose the lot with a fence and to divide it into 4 equal square plots, the posts to be placed 10 feet apart?
13. How many lath will be required to lath the walls and ceiling of a room 18 feet long, 15 feet wide and 9 feet high, deducting $\frac{1}{8}$ for doors and windows?
14. How many rolls of paper would be required for the walls of this room?
15. A has a barn 60 ft. long with rafters 25 ft. long. At \$8 per M, what will the shingles for this roof cost, allowing 6 shingles to the square foot?

FARMER'S MEASURES

Weights and Measures Used in Business

1 gallon of water,	about 8⅓ lb.
1 gallon of milk,	about 8.6 lb.
1 gallon of kerosene,	about 6½ lb.
1 cubic foot of water,	62½ lb.
1 bushel of wheat,	60 lb.
1 bushel of beans,	60 lb.
1 bushel of clover seed,	60 lb.
1 bushel of potatoes,	60 lb.
1 bushel of shelled corn,	56 lb.
1 bushel of ear corn,	70 lb.
1 bushel of rye,	56 lb.
1 bushel of barley,	48 lb.
1 bushel of oats,	32 lb.
1 barrel of flour,	196 lb.
1 barrel of beef or pork,	200 lb.
A struck measure,	1¼ cu. ft.
A heap bushel,	1½ cu. ft.
A ton of hay in stack,	450 cu. ft.
A ton of anthracite,	35 cu. ft.

RAPID CALCULATION

Rapidity in calculation depends upon a knowledge of the primary combinations of number that has become automatic, and this stage of perfection is reached only by systematic drills in the primary and intermediate grades.

ADDITION

The following combinations are all that can be made in addition.

1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
		3	3	3	3	3	3	3
		3	4	5	6	7	8	9
			4	4	4	4	4	4
			4	5	6	7	8	9
				5	5	5	5	5
				5	6	7	8	9
					6	6	6	6
					6	7	8	9
						7	7	7
						7	8	9
							8	8
							8	9
								9
								9

Large sums are obtained by using these combinations over and over. The fact that must be impressed upon the pupil's mind is that the same combination always produces the same result. For instance, 9 and 6 are 15; 19 and 6 are 25; 29 and 6 are 35; and so on.

To make these combinations automatic frequent drills like the following should be given:

3	13	23	33	43	53
9	9	9	9	9	9
4	14	24	34	44	54
8	8	8	8	8	8
6	16	26	36	46	56
9	9	9	9	9	9
9	19	29	39	49	59
8	8	8	8	8	8

Construct these exercises so as to have them include all the primary combinations. It is a good plan to write them on a large sheet of strong paper with a large pencil or black crayon so that they will be ready for use whenever needed. In the first drills let the pupils follow the combinations in their regular order, as 3 13 23 etc. until the combinations are thoroughly learned. Then let
9 9 9
the teacher or one of the pupils point to the combinations promiscuously. The class should be able to answer the instant the pointer falls upon the number. Call upon individual pupils as well as the class as a whole.

In connection with these drills others such as the following should be given:

5	2	4	3	8	9
8	9	9	8	6	3
6	5	8	5	5	8
3	8	5	2	2	6
4	3	2	6	3	7
7	4	6	9	4	8
9	6	4	4	7	4
2	5	9	5	4	6
8	7	8	6	7	5
3	2	7	3	5	8

Add these columns up—then add them down—then from left to right and from right to left. Instead of adding each figure separately, the pupils soon acquire the power of grouping two or more figures and grasping their sum, as 3 and 8, 2 and 9, 6 and 4. As the drills continue this power increases until they are able to grasp the sum of four or five figures at a glance.

ADDING TWO COLUMNS AT ONCE

By practice one can learn to add two columns at the same time as easily as at first one can add a single column. Acquiring this power not only saves time, but it also develops a degree of mental alertness not otherwise attained. Let the teacher practice the following exercises, then give them to her pupils.

37	29	57	28
25	36	49	39
42	43	27	42
12	16	39	26
36	24	19	16

Take the right-hand column. Think 16, add 20 say mentally 36; add 6 and say 42; add 40 and say 82; add 2 and say 84; add 9 and say 93; add 30 and say 123; add 8 and say 131; add 20 and say 151. Omitting the intermediate steps you would think the numbers in the following order: 16, 42, 84, 93, 123, 131, 151. Take the left-hand column and try to think the numbers without using the intermediate steps.

Suggestions to Teachers. Exercises of this sort should be given in all grades above the primary. At first they should be very simple such as:

10	11	12	12	14	20	30
11	12	12	13	15	16	14

When the pupils are able to add two numbers at sight, give them exercises containing three numbers, as:

10	12	14	20	32	16
11	12	11	15	18	18
12	13	13	16	12	13

These suggestions are sufficient to enable the teacher to adapt the exercises to the capacity of the pupils in the different grades. It is perhaps needless to say that the teacher who would have her pupils become proficient in this work must become an expert in it herself, and this can be readily accomplished by devoting a few minutes each day to practicing the exercises.

The following experiment will give encouragement to both pupils and teacher.

Set down several rows of columns consisting of three figures each—at least nine numbers in a column. Have the pupils add them as rapidly as possible. Note the time it requires. Then proceed with the regular exercises as described for several weeks. Again prepare other columns of figures similar to those added at the beginning of the work. Note the time again. Both teacher and pupils will be surprised at the increased speed of operation, and the accuracy of result.

MULTIPLICATION

A knowledge of the primary combinations in multiplication is as necessary to rapidity in this operation, as a knowledge of the primary combinations in addition is to rapid addition. The primary combinations in multiplication should be written on a chart and used in drills similar to those given in addition. After the pupils are well grounded in multiplication by the ordinary method, they may be given exercises in short cuts. The most important of these are the following:

Multiplying by two Figures at a Time. By practice one can learn to multiply by two figures at a time as readily as one can learn to add two columns at a time. Let the pupils practice exercises like the following:

35	43	54	328	287	324
26	32	42	24	28	43

Begin with the right-hand exercise $3\times4=12$. Write down the 2 and reserve the 1 to carry. Now $(3\times2)+(4\times4)+1=23$. Write down 3 and carry 2. $(3\times3)+(4\times2)+2=19$. Write down 9, carry the one. Now $(3\times4)+1=13$, which you write down and have the product—13,932. At first this method requires more time than the ordinary method, but a little practice will enable one to write the product at sight. It will be well to drill the pupils on the exercises here given until they acquire a good degree of facility in the use of the method before giving them other exercises.

To Multiply by 10 or Any Multiple of 10. Annex as many zeros to the multiplicand as there are zeros in the multiplier.

$25\times10=250$; $1815\times100=181,500$; $875\times1000=875,000$

To Multiply by 11. Write the right-hand figure of the multiplicand for the units figure of the product. Add the units and tens figures and place the result next to the unit figure; add the tens and hundreds and place the result next to the tens and so on. When the sum of two figures equals 10, one must be carried.
3768×11=41,448 or 3768×11=3768

3768

41,448

By the first method we save writing one partial product.
Multiply the following numbers by 11, using the short method.

275	2368	6787
830	4093	7523
260	3402	5969
178	5281	8648

To Multiply by a Number One Part of Which is a Multiple of Another Part. Multiply 345 by 279.

By the ordinary method we have—

345
279
3105
2415
690
96,255

By the short method we have—

345
279
3105=345×9
9315=3105×3
96,255

Since 27=3×9 we multiply by 9, then multiply that product by 3, setting the right hand figure in the 10's column. By this method we save one multiplication.
Multiply 423 by 721.

423
721
2961 = 423×7
8883=2961×3
304,983

In this problem we multiply by 7 then multiply that product by 3. Since 21 is 3×7, setting the left hand figure of the second partial product under the 6 in the multiplier.

Apply this method to the following exercises:

468×279	1112×355
719×426	1674×728
1231×327	1214×864
7662×321	1474×945

A large number of exercises to which this method can be applied should be given.

To Multiply by Aliquot Parts of One Hundred. An aliquot part of 100 is a fractional part of that number, as 25 is ¼ of 100; 50 is ½ of 100 and so on. Some aliquot parts, however, are not so easily recognized. For instance, 8⅓ is 1/12 of 100; 12½ is ⅛ of 100, and 16⅔ is ⅙ of 100. The shortest method of multiplying a number by an aliquot part is to take such a part of the number as the multiplier is of 100.
Multiply 728 by 25.

By the ordinary method we have—

728
25

3640
1456

18,200

By the short method we have—

4) 72,800

18,200

It is readily seen that by the second method we annex two zeros to the number (multiply it by 100) and divide by 4.

Aliquot Parts Used in Business. Most of the rates employed in business are aliquot parts and this method of computation is in general use. These rates are:

$8\frac{1}{3}=1/12$	$14\frac{2}{7}=\frac{1}{7}$	$33\frac{1}{3}=\frac{1}{3}$	$62\frac{1}{2}=\frac{5}{8}$
$11\frac{1}{9}=\frac{1}{9}$	$16\frac{2}{3}=\frac{1}{6}$	$37\frac{1}{2}=\frac{3}{8}$	$75 =\frac{3}{4}$
$12\frac{1}{2}=\frac{1}{8}$	$25 =\frac{1}{4}$	$50 =\frac{1}{2}$	$87\frac{1}{2}=\frac{7}{8}$

The teacher should see that the pupils understand the reasons underlying these operations, and give many problems such as the following: What is the cost of 84 articles at $14\frac{2}{7}$ cents each? What is the cost of three dozen articles at $16\frac{2}{3}$ cents each? Continue such drills from day to day. This short cut is not only practical but it affords excellent drill.

PRACTICAL PROBLEMS FOR RURAL SCHOOLS

The majority of public school pupils are in the schools in small towns, villages, and rural districts. In these various communities there is a wealth of material which the teacher and pupils can draw upon for problems relating to the affairs of every day life. This field has been almost entirely neglected by the authors of the numerous series of arithmetics, and the teacher who can make use of such material will awaken new interest in her arithmetic classes and also strengthen the relation between the school and the home.

The nature of the problems should depend largely upon the leading industries in the locality. In the corn belt, for instance, many of the problems should be related to growing and marketing corn, and to raising and marketing beef cattle and swine. In dairy regions most of the problems should relate to the production and marketing of dairy products.

In town and village schools, the problems should be based chiefly upon manufacturing and mercantile industries. Town boys and girls may not be interested in farm problems.

In all these communities, problems relating to raising poultry, small fruits and garden vegetables are always of interest.

1. Ask the pupils to make a survey of their district to ascertain the number of acres devoted to the principal crop. Let them estimate the average number of bushels to the acre. Then at current prices determine the value of the crop.

2. Ask some of the boys to learn from 3 or 4 farmers what it cost them per acre to raise their crop. Average these estimates and use this average as the estimate of the cost per acre of raising the crop throughout the district. What profit (or loss) did the crop yield?

3. Let the class ascertain the cost of raising a calf on skim milk. What does the calf weigh when 3 months old? At what price per pound will it have to be sold to yield a profit of 20 per cent?

4. Let the pupils who raise chickens estimate what their eggs cost per dozen. At current prices, what per cent are they making (or losing) by selling eggs?

The following are some problems suggested by the Department of Agriculture, taken from their bulletin, illustrating what is meant by correlating arithmetic to agriculture. Many similar problems should occur to all rural teachers.

1. On a plat of tomatoes (one-tenth of an acre) the rental was $2, labor $4.50, staking and pruning $2, fertilizer $2.50, harvesting $2. One hundred dozen cans at 36 cents a dozen were used. The canner cost $5, and the cost of labor for canning was $10. The out put of 1,200 cans sold at 8 cents a can. Find cost of production, total cost in cans, profit, percentage of profit based on investment, and profit per can.

2. A quail in December was known to consume for one day over 2,000 May weed seeds. Estimate that each 10 weed seeds might have cost one ear of corn the next year and that 85 ears make a bushel. Compute the loss prevented by 10 quails at this rate during the entire month of December.

3. A girl is to raise one-eighth of an acre of tomatoes and will use a part of a field which is 15 feet wide. How long a strip will she use? How many plants can she set 3 feet apart each way?

Fertilizers. Problems connected with the use of fertilizers not only interest the boys, but they also contain valuable information to which the pupil's attention may not have been directed. The following problems indicate what may be attempted.

1. A ton of barnyard manure contains 10 pounds of nitrogen, 6 pounds of phosphoric acid and 8 pounds of potash. What is the per cent by weight of each mineral?

2. Barnyard manure is worth $5 a ton and the live stock on A's farm produces 100 tons of manure during the winter. When exposed to the weather barnyard manure loses one-half its value. A manure shed would cost $200. What is Farmer A's loss in one year from failing to build a manure shed?

3. How many pounds of each ingredient in a ton of fertilizer containing 7 per cent nitrogen, 5 per cent phosphoric acid and 8 per cent potash?

4. Why may a fertilizer that sells for $20 per ton be less expensive than one that sells for $14 per ton?

Silos. Silos have become a necessity in almost every section of the country where live stock is raised, and they may be used as the basis of a number of interesting problems.

How to Find the Capacity of a Silo. The capacity of a silo is its solid content and it is found by multiplying the area of the base by the height.

What is the capacity of a cylindrical silo whose diameter is 20 ft. and height 30 ft.?

20 sq. ft. $\times$ 20=400 sq. ft.; 400 sq. ft. $\times$ .7854=314.16 sq. ft., area of the base; 314.16 cu. ft. $\times$ 30=9424.8 cu. ft., contents.

When properly packed a ton of silage will occupy 50 cu. ft. How many tons will this silo hold? 9424.8$\div$50=188.49+ or 188.5 tons.

How to Find the Dimensions of a Silo of a Required Capacity. A farmer plans to feed his cows an average of 40 pounds of silage each day. How large a silo will he require to hold enough silage to feed 40 cows 180 days?

40 lb. $\times$ 40=1600 lb., weight of silage fed each day: 1600 lb. $\times$ 180=288,000 lb., quantity of silage required; 288,000 lb.$\div$2000=144 tons; 50 cu. ft. $\times$ 144=7200 cu. ft., required capacity of the silo. Let the diameter of the silo be 20 ft. then 7200 cu. ft.$\div$314.16=22+; practically 23 feet, the height. Therefore a silo 20 feet in diameter and 23 feet high is required.

Builders of silos use construction tables which give the dimensions of the silo

required for a specified number of cattle, but boys enjoy solving problems of this sort and the knowledge gained by the practice is valuable.

Dairying. Ask the class how many of them know whether or not all the cows kept on their respective farms are profitable. If they do not know how can they gain the desired information? They must learn first the quantity of milk each cow produces, and secondly the percentage of butter fat in the milk. The first fact is ascertained by weighing the milk of each cow at each milking for a week or longer, and the second by the use of a Babcock tester.

Organize a milk testing contest among the pupils whose fathers have not tested their cows. Number the cows and make a record sheet on which you can record the weight of each cow's milk at each milking.

At the end of the week ask the pupils to bring in their weight sheets, and compare them. Probably the milk will have to be tested at a creamery where they have a Babcock tester. Percentages of butter fat vary from 5 and over in the richest milk to less than 3 in the poorest. When these facts have been ascertained, a number of interesting problems may be based upon them.

1. Find the quantity of butter fat produced by each cow for a month.
2. Find the value of the milk for the same period.
3. Find the cost of keeping the cow. What was the gain or loss?

Lead the pupils to understand that the profit or loss on a dairy cow cannot be fully ascertained without a record of her production and of the cost of her keep for a year.

Food Problems. 1. After the United States entered the Great War, each of her 100 million people was requested to save 1 ounce of meat and 1 ounce of sugar each day. How many tons of meat, and sugar respectively, were saved in 1918?

2. If each member of your family should save this amount of meat and sugar daily for a year what would be the value of the amount saved at current prices?

3. If each of the 22 million families in the United States saved 1 pound of wheat flour a week for a year how many 196-pound barrels of flour would be saved?

4. It is estimated that each person in the United States uses ½ pint of milk daily. How many gallons would the 110 million people in the United States use in 1920? What would the milk cost at current prices?

5. What would the milk used in your own family cost for a year?

6. If 1 per cent of this milk is wasted, how many gallons are lost?

The teacher and pupils can construct many interesting problems pertaining to the administration of the home that may influence both the pupils and their parents in the formation of habits of economy and thrift.

BUSINESS FORMS

Business forms are the tools with which business is carried on. Business arithmetic is connected with operations involving business forms, and in progressive schools such forms are taught because a knowledge of them appeals to pupils as a necessary part of practical education. It is evident that such study secures the attention of pupils and leads them to perform work with greater care than is bestowed upon topics that do not appeal to their idea of the practical.

The business forms in common use are the invoice, often called a bill; the monthly statement, the receipt, the bank check, the bank draft, the order and the promissory note.

Invoice. An invoice or bill is a memorandum of goods purchased with the quantity and price of each article and the terms of discount, if any, sent by the

seller to the purchaser. An invoice should contain the names of the parties to the transaction, the date of purchase, the date of shipment and the time of payment. When the goods are received they should be checked with the invoice. The consignors should be notified at once of any shortage or damaged goods. If payment is made when the goods are purchased the invoice is receipted or marked *Paid*.

MONTHLY STATEMENT. A statement of account is sent by most firms to their customers the first of each month. The heading is similar to that of an invoice. The statement may only contain the balance due or it may contain a summary of the transactions for the month.

TERMS NET CASH on 10th of month following date of bill.

In Account with

Welles Brothers Publishing Company

189 WEST MADISON STREET

CHICAGO, ILL. July 1 1920

John Doe
4516 Sacramento Ave.,
Chicago

		DEBIT	CREDIT
	Acct. rendered June 1	$45.50	
June 15	Cash		$25.00
	Balance due	$20.50	

STATEMENT

RECEIPT. A receipt is an acknowledgment of money or other value received. It must contain the date of payment, the amount paid, the name of the party making the payment, and the signature of the payee. The receipt should state the

purpose for which the payment is made, such as in full of all accounts, for rent, to apply on account, etc., but the omission of such statement does not invalidate the receipt.

Chicago, Ill. July 20 1919

Received from James Wiggins

One hundred twenty five and 00/100 Dollars

to apply on account

$ 125 00/100 Thomas Morgan

RECEIPT

Order. An order is a written request for the delivery of the merchandise specified to the party named, with directions for shipment. When such directions are necessary. The quantity and style of each item should be specified, and the order must be signed by the maker.

Bank Check and Bank Draft. A bank check is an order on a bank for the payment of the sum specified to the party named. The check is not valid unless the drawer has a sufficient sum deposited in the bank to meet the payment. Checks are usually numbered and the check must contain the date, the sum to be paid, the name of the payee, and the signature of the drawer. The sum should be written twice, once in figures and once in words. Check books usually contain stubs on which a record of each check and the balance remaining in the bank can be kept.

CHICAGO, ILLS., June 17 1920 No. 376

THE NORTHERN TRUST COMPANY (2-15)

N.W. COR. LA SALLE AND MONROE STREETS.

PAY TO THE ORDER OF

John Doe $125 00/100

One hundred - twenty - five and 00/100 Dollars

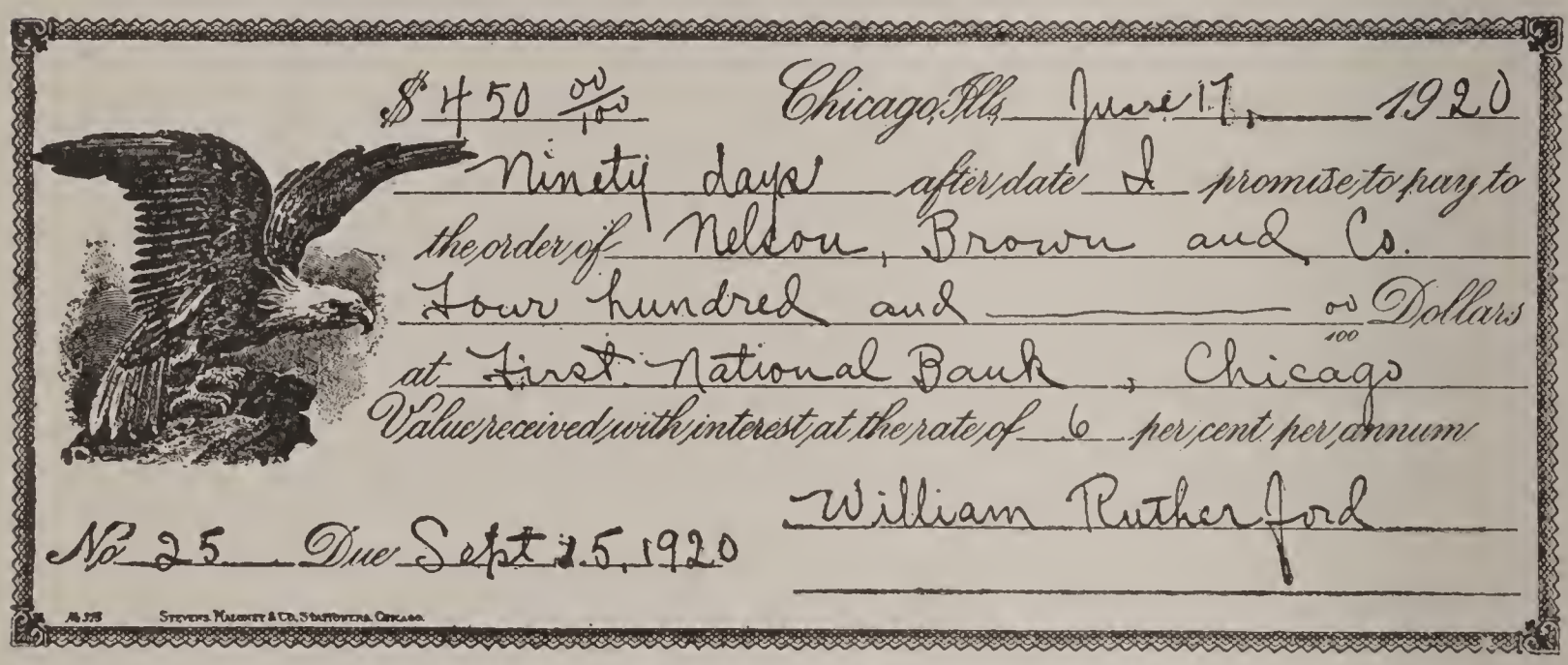
John Smith

BANK CHECK

The difference between a check and a bank draft is that the check is an order of an individual depositor on the bank, and the draft is the order of one bank upon another. It is signed by the cashier or some other official of the bank issuing it.

Drafts are generally used for making remittances at a distance and to firms which do not know the customer's responsibility. Only the drawer of a check can be held responsible for its payment, but the bank is responsible for the payment of a draft.

PROMISSORY NOTE. A promissory note is a written promise to pay the sum specified to the person named. The time and place of payment are usually designated. Some notes are promises to pay on demand, and it is usually customary to allow 60 days time on such notes. If the note is to draw interest, the rate should be stated. It is customary to insert the words *value received*, but their omission does not invalidate the note, for consideration is presumed. A negotiable note must be made payable to order or to bearer, as, I promise to pay to the order of J. L. or I promise to pay the bearer. A note made payable to J. L. is not negotiable. A complete note usually authorizes confession of judgment if not paid at maturity; and, unless the waiver is forbidden by statutes of the state, it may waive the benefit of any laws enacted to protect the maker.


$450 00/100 Chicago, Ills June 17, 1920
Ninety days after date I promise to pay to
the order of Nelson, Brown and Co.
Four hundred and 00/100 Dollars
at First National Bank, Chicago
Value received with interest at the rate of 6 per cent per annum
No 25 Due Sept 15 1920
William Rutherford

PROMISSORY NOTE

NEGOTIABLE PAPER

Negotiable paper includes those written contracts that can be transferred the same as money. Checks, bank drafts, promissory notes, bills of exchange and corporate bonds are the most common forms of negotiable contracts. Such contracts are transferred by the holder's writing his name across the back, or endorsing them. The indorsement may consist simply of the holder's name, or it may be an indorsement to order, as, Pay to the order of A. B. The paper may be transferred several times before maturity, and payment is made to the last holder.

From the payment of an indorsed paper the maker can obtain no relief, except through bankruptcy. When the paper is transferred, consideration is assumed by the holder, and the courts will sustain his claim against all defense except forgery, alteration and illegality, which destroy the contract.

See NEGOTIABLE NOTES—Vol. X, Page 170.

NATURE STUDY

Man is largely dependent upon the life about him. The study of plants and animals is therefore always interesting and instructive. The best plan of making this study is determined by circumstances. The material at hand, the time of year, the opportunity to obtain illustrative material, the interest of the pupil—all these and other things should be taken into careful consideration. The best results can never be secured by half-way, indifferent, or hasty effort. Neither the charm nor the secrets of nature are open to one who approaches her without enthusiasm and without definite purpose.

The object of the outline studies of Plants, Animals, and Miscellaneous Topics given herein is to indicate a method of study of the subject treated and other kindred subjects. It is intended to be suggestive, not exhaustive. The studies are not designed to remove incentive to individual effort. They may, therefore, be modified to fit the needs of the children—using all or such part as the occasion may demand.

As a rule, no lesson should be given without earnest thought and careful preparation. The object of the lesson, the occasion for giving it, the means to be used, the best method of impressing individual pupils, and the class as a whole—all these must receive thoughtful consideration. Otherwise the pupils may go away feeling that the lesson had no point to it; or, what is worse, feeling that they have been given a jumble of information by one who was not posted.

A child must be curious to know—must have his appetite for knowledge whetted—in order to have interest. Interest is the key to the acquisition of information. But information that is not organized is not of great value. It must be arranged according to a definite system and have some purpose in view. More than this, the mind of the pupil must itself be exercised and led to form desirable habits of thinking and of developing. Another hungry person is not fed or nourished by your having eaten a good meal. And the pupil must be led to see that he is to be the gainer in the struggle of life by what you are teaching him.

General Directions

1. Be a learner yourself. It is impossible for you to go to or from home or your school without coming into contact with the life about you.
2. Make your own lessons. Don't confine yourself to the things of any one book or to the views or methods of any one person. Study your surroundings and the children you wish to instruct; then select, adapt, or pick out new material altogether.
3. Be a live wire. Without being yourself curious you cannot make your pupils inquisitive; unless they show a disposition to inquire, they lack interest; without interest, you cannot get attention; without attention your effort to instruct is largely wasted. Be enthusiastic if you would create enthusiasm.
4. Exercise common sense. A road that begins nowhere and goes nowhere does not interest you. Neither does it interest a child. Instead of antagonizing John Jones when you find him eating a good apple, make a friend of him and his mates by using the opportunity for a talk (lesson) on Fruits, the different kinds, where and how they grow, their enemies, how they get

to market, their value for cooking, for eating, for preserving, for canning, etc. Finally bring the talk around to Apples (see suggestive lesson); say you are fond of a good apple yourself and of apple pie, but you believe the pupils would not be pleased if, during school hours, you sat at your desk eating an apple instead of trying to help them in a recitation. Thus show John Jones and the school that it is all right to eat an apple, but all wrong to eat it at the wrong time and at the wrong place. Incidentally give a lesson on Nature Study.

5. Substitute a nature lesson. Omit the arithmetic, the geography, or the reading—without warning, if necessary, but not without preparation—and substitute a lesson or a talk on some plant or some animal. Sometimes it is well to give a few facts, to show the road, to wake up the pupils and get them to inquiring. If this is rightly done they will be greatly benefited and will investigate for themselves. If the boy goes home and talks or asks intelligently about the Beet or Caterpillar, he is being educated, and possibly he is educating others.
6. Every good thing costs. If you want it, you must pay for it. Let pupils see that valuable knowledge about plants and animals is accurate knowledge. And accurate knowledge comes only through careful observation and afterwards arranging what is learned systematically.
7. Make the pupils want to know about plants and animals. An apple with a hole made by the apple maggot; some beet sugar; a cocoanut in the husk; wheat mixed with cheat seed and with other cereals; a picture of the parts of a beef, or of the water buffalo—any of these objects rightly handled will soon arouse interest.
8. Show pupils how to get knowledge. Are the fruit trees of the neighborhood troubled by caterpillars or with some disease? Show pupils how to study the caterpillar and how to get rid of it. Are flies troublesome in the house? Where do they come from, how do they live, how not to have them? Are you fond of pumpkin pies? Best soil, preparation, methods of propagation, improvements in quality, of pumpkins, squashes, cucumbers, melons—all open the way for investigation properly guided.
9. How to use knowledge. All knowledge of plants and animals is useful. It may make a better posted and a wiser farm boy or farm girl; a more successful market gardener; a more interested fruit grower, or grower of vegetables in the home garden. This knowledge is also useful in other school studies—geography, for instance.

NATURE STUDY OBSERVATION

I. The Weather.

1. Preparation for observation.
   a. Blank book and pencil.
   b. Regular place to keep the book.
   c. Proper ruling for a record.
   d. Thermometer; arrow; rain gauge; regularity.
2. Things to observe.
   a. See following chart.

DATE	TEMPERATURE			DIRECTION OF WIND			MOISTURE			CLOUDS			
October	9A.M.	Noon	6P.M.	9A.M.	Noon	6P.M.	9A.M.	Noon	6P.M.	9A.M.	Noon	6P.M.	Special Events
1	56	65	50	N. E.	N. E.	N. W.	Fog	Mist	Rain ½ in.	Cl'dy	Cloudy	Cl'dy	Heavy Dew

This chart should have thirty or thirty-one lines ruled across the page—one space for each day of the month.

The temperature should be recorded at the exact hour. 9 a. m. does not mean 9:30 a. m., nor 6 p. m. mean 7 p. m.

Winds are named by the direction from which they come. A northeast wind means one coming from the northeast, and blowing towards the southwest.

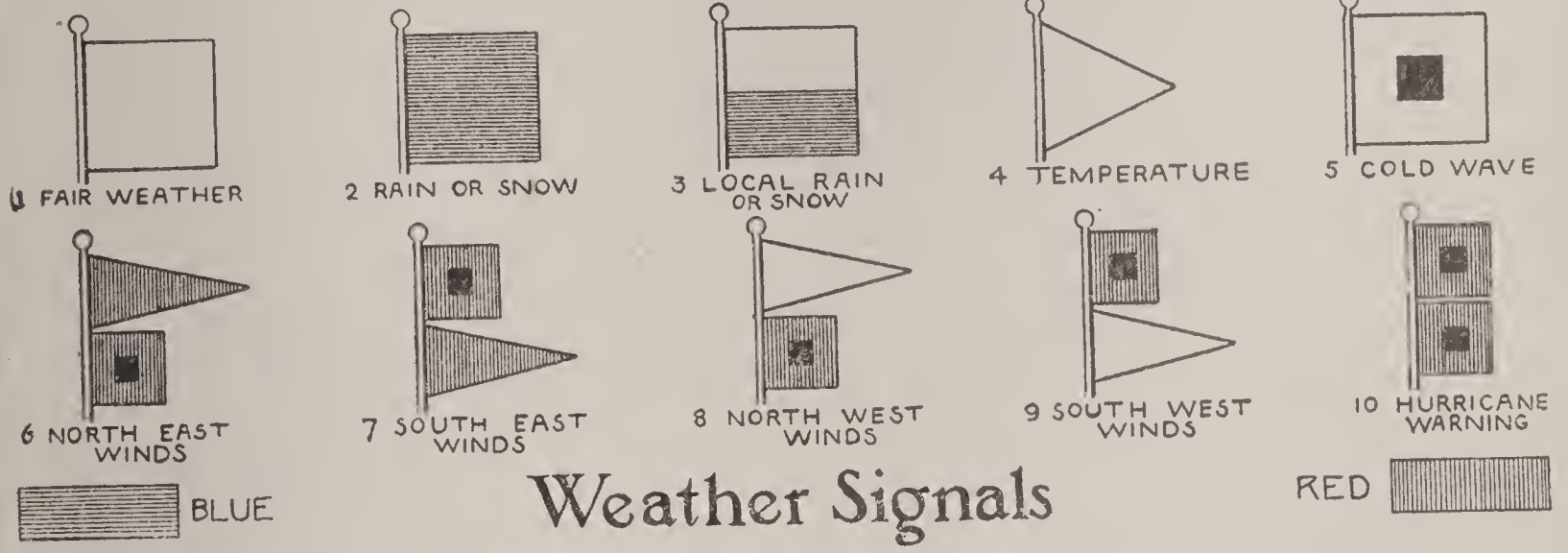
Moisture includes rain, mist, fog, dew, frost, snow. Beginners or young pupils might use only the first and last named.

Beginners and young pupils need note only whether it is cloudy or clear. Older pupils should be acquainted at least with cirrus, cumulus, stratus, and nimbus clouds, and make records accordingly.

Special weather happenings, such as "heavy dew," "hoar frost," "drop in temperature," "cyclone," and things happening out of season, belong under "Remarks."

Snow must be melted in order to measure the amount of snow fall. The gauge to measure rain or snow should be so placed as to get the average, not extremes.

If desired, a set of weather instruments may be kept at school. A certain pupil may be selected each month to make the observations and to record them. Encourage pupils, however, to form the habit of making these observations regularly at home and recording them in a book for the purpose. At certain times give talks on The Weather and The Weather Bureau. Free charts, literature, etc., may be obtained from the Superintendent of the Weather Service at Washington, D. C.



Weather Signals

To be of value, this work must be systematic and thorough, not spasmodic and occasional.

b. After pupils have become somewhat familiar with the making of notes on the character of weather phenomena, they may be led to observe the relation between these phenomena and the weather which they indicate or forecast as likely. Knowledge that a storm is coming may help the farmer in haying, in harvesting grain, or in cultivating a field; may warn the sailor; may lead the seedsman to protect his seedbed; or may give a similar warning to the florist or to the market gardener. See article on Weather Bureau.

c. In connection with this work, it is well to teach pupils the meaning and the use of signal flags by the Weather Bureau. See illustration of Weather Signals.

II. The Local Climate.

Many persons think that weather and climate mean the same thing. This is an error. Climate is characteristic; weather is spasmodic or changeable. Weather conditions for a certain period of time help to determine the climate of a place. But elevation above the sea level, distance from the equator or the poles, the average moisture, etc.—all are factors in determining the climate of a place. It is important,

therefore, that such observations be made as will give one dealing with plants and animals a fair knowledge of the average weather conditions. This knowledge is valuable also in considering the questions of proper food and clothing. See article on HOME ECONOMICS.

1. Cultivation, planting, germination, etc.
   a. Is the ground sloping or flat?
   b. What is its elevation?
   c. What effect has the condition of the soil on seed germination?
   d. What effect has heat on seed germination? On shrub or tree growth?
   e. What effect has moisture?
   f. Can climate remedy the results of planting seed or roots too deep in the ground?
2. Arbor Day.
   a. What has climate to do with the selection of Arbor Day?
   b. Why cannot trees be planted at any time?
   c. How do the trees get food?
   d. Does the place of planting a tree have anything to do with its growth?
3. Preparing and harvesting crops.
   a. What has climate to do with curing hay?
   b. Why is the time for cutting grain different in Kentucky and in Canada?
   c. Influence of climate on market gardening.
   d. What has climate to do with making maple syrup? With the sugar in beets? With ripening corn? (Find out from some grain market what is meant by "grades" of corn, wheat, oats, etc.)
4. Care of animals and plants.
   a. What effect on the health of cows, horses, and sheep does proper shelter in cold or wet seasons have?
   b. Should climate be taken into account in dairying. in sheep shearing, or in catching fur-bearing animals?
   c. Have the average temperature, moisture, and purity of the air anything to do with plant or animal life?
   d. What makes fruits, root crops, vegetables, etc., decay when put away for the winter?
   e. Why does hay mold?
   f. What causes corn to get musty?
5. Bird Migration.
   a. What effect has climate on the movement of birds?
   b. What personal observations have you made? Of what birds?
   c. What is the effect of climate on bird nesting? Mention five kinds of birds and describe their habits in this particular.
   d. Do certain birds always live in a certain climate? Explain the answer fully.
   e. What causes birds to select certain routes in migrating?
6. Special things to observe and note.
   a. The breaking up of the ice.
   b. The first and last snows.
   c. Frosts, kind and when.
   d. Floods and their causes.
   e. Thunder storms.
   f. Specially hot or cold spells.
   g. The first freeze.
   h. Effect of freezing on the soil.
   i. Effect on climate of forest denudiation.

III. What to Note About Hogs. (See Hog.)

1. General features.
   a. To what group of animals does the hog belong? Explain.
   b. Difference between wild and domesticated hogs.
   c. What traits does the hog manifest? Illustrate from personal observation.
   d. What causes the difference between "razor backs" and hogs reared to be sold to packers?
   e. What names are given to the different parts of a hog when prepared for food?
2. Classification.
   a. According to color.
   b. According to breeds.
3. Rearing hogs.
   a. Is a hog wallow healthful? Explain.
   b. What have you observed about hog pens?
   c. Would you use pens in raising hogs to eat or for market? Why?
   d. Would a pig thrive on the same food as a full-grown hog?
   e. What is good food for hogs? For what purpose?
   f. What attention do hogs shipped to market require? What about food? Air? Heat?
   g. What diseases usually attack hogs? What is the cause of each? The cure for each?

   Give answers as far as possible from personal observation.
4. Hog products.
   a. Into what parts is the body of a hog freshly killed usually divided?
   b. What are certain parts called after being treated or manufactured?
   c. What chemical substances are used in preserving hog meat? Why?
   d. What use is made of hog skin?
   e. What are the bristles used for?
   f. What is made out of the bones?
   g. To what use are the entrails put?

   Answer as far as possible from personal observation.
5. Miscellaneous.
   a. What people are forbidden to eat swine? Why?
   b. Should hogs used as scavengers be made into food?
   c. To what extent are hogs used as food?

IV. What to Observe About Cattle.

1. What the term includes.
2. The difference between farm cattle and range cattle.
3. What are dairy cattle? Read article on Milk.
4. Why should dairy cattle have different food from cattle raised for their meat? Read the articles on Cow and Beef.
5. What are the parts of a beef when cut up called?
6. Which parts would you buy? For what purpose? Why?
7. Why does the government require inspection of animals to be slaughtered at stock yards? Is it necessary? Explain.
8. What kinds of cattle are best suited for beef?
9. Are all grasses equally good for beef cattle? Are all grasses equally good for any soil? See article and illustration on Grasses.
10. Why should cattle have fodder? Corn?
11. What provision for water have you observed? What do you think about it?
12. What clothing is obtained from cattle?
13. What other articles are made from the parts of an ox?

14. What diseases are common among cattle? Causes? Cure?
15. What is refrigeration? On what principle is it based? Is it the same as cold storage? See article on COLD STORAGE.
16. What is corned beef? Beef tea? Pemmican? Beef extract? Dried beef? Deviled tongue? Canned beef? Read article on PEMMICAN.
17. What insects attack cattle? How? What injury results?
18. How can cattle be relieved from these pests? How do they get relief themselves?
19. To what use in agriculture do the Filipinos put the water buffalo?

As far as possible these questions should be answered from personal experience or observation. Parents and teachers will do well to visit dairies, homes for dairy cows, stock yards, fields or ranges, butcher shops, etc., not as mere matters of idle curiosity, but for the purpose of observation, information, and self-protection. When proper, teach children to observe and to learn.

V. FARM OBSERVATIONS.

1. Obtain the Farmers' Bulletins issued by the Secretary of Agriculture and by the Experiment Station of your own state. They suggest much material for observation. See body of this work for full list.
2. Bacteriology.
   a. Read carefully the article on BACTERIUM in the body of this work.
   b. Remove from the pupil's mind the idea that all bacteria are harmful. There are useful bacteria as well as injurious ones.
   c. Make familiar the different names under which bacteria go, as germs, microbes, micro-organisms, bacilli, cocci, etc.
   d. Show the effects of the life of bacteria:
      (1) On spreading the infectious diseases of man (yellow fever, smallpox).
      (2) On fermentation (vinegar, wines, malt liquor).
      (3) On diseases of the lower animals, fowls, etc.
      (4) On wounds.
      (5) In purifying water (sewage, stagnant water, etc.).
      (6) In enriching soil (dead plants and animals).
      (7) In giving flavor to butter and cheese.
      (8) In destroying disease (serum).
      (9) In diseases of plants (parasites, soil, air, etc.).

This is very important information. The teacher can lead the pupil to observe results only—largely through pictures. If available, a lantern will be valuable. In connection with this, simple explanation may be given of nitrification, denitrification, nodules, putrefaction, bacteria in manure, and nitro-bacteria. (See WATERWORKS.)

3. Chemistry and the Farm.
   a. Of what are whitewash, calcimine, cement, Bordeaux mixture, and Paris green composed?
   b. What is their use on the farm or in the home? To what is their life-destroying power due?
   c. What is carbon? Combustion? A fuel? What is necessary to combustion? What kind of combustion in the school stove? In the pupil's body? Read the article on CARBON.
   d. What are used in making soap? How are the ingredients obtained? What chemical change takes place when they are combined? Why is some soap injurious? See article on SOAP.
   e. What is fermentation? How is vinegar obtained? Grape wine? Blackberry wine?
   f. What do some plants take from the soil? What do other plants add to the soil? What is the chemistry of crop rotation?

g. What is the basis of the Pure Food agitation? Do all chemicals injure food? Explain from observation. Read the article on PURE FOOD LAWS.
h. How can one tell whether the water from a well or spring is good to drink? Why is some water injurious to plants?
i. What is the source of carbonate of lime? Of sugar? Of starch? Of salt? Of proteids? What have these to do with digestion? With the lives of plants and animals?

4. Miscellaneous Observations.
a. What is the effect of mixing humus with clay? Of mixing gypsum? Read the articles on GYPSUM, HUMUS, CLAY.
b. What is the effect on watering or fertilizing or propagation of plants of having the soil particles of different sizes?
c. What is "heavy" soil? "Light" soil? "Cold" soil? "Wet" soil? "Dry" soil? "Heaved" soil? Cause? How can the nature of a soil be changed?
d. What is a lever? What is its principle of operation? What has this to do with farm machinery?
e. How do you determine the strength of timber? Of iron, steel, or brass? Is this knowledge of any use in handling farm implements?
f. What is meant by force? What is "vital force"? "Cohesive force"? "Catabiotic force"? "Force of habit"? "Force of gravitation"? "Capillary attraction"? "Heredity"? Have these anything to do with the successful growth of farm plants?

(Read the articles in the body of this work on SOIL, SOILING, PHYSICS, FARMERS' INSTITUTES, MENDEL'S LAW, GRAVITATION, CROSS-FERTILIZATION, SERUM THERAPY, PLANT, SEED, etc.)

VI. OBSERVATIONS ON CEREALS.

1. Name all the cereals produced in the United States.
2. Which of these are imported? What have you observed about preserving grain that is to be imported?
3. What is the difference (a) in structure, (b) in use, (c) in food value, of:
   a. Wheat flour?
   b. Rye flour?
   c. Oatmeal?
   d. Corn meal?
   e. Buckwheat flour?
   f. Corn starch?
   g. Rice starch?
4. Of what are most breakfast foods composed? Mention three or four kinds or combinations and their use as human food as observed by you.
5. What cereals are used as food for the lower animals? When have you seen them in bad condition? What was the cause?
6. Get together a sound ear of corn, a decayed ear, a moulded ear, an ear of soft corn, a white ear, a yellow ear, a red ear, an ear of mixed colors, and make an observational study of them as to (a) use, (b) market, (c) propagation.
7. What is chess? Smut? Blight? Rust? Mold? When is corn musty? What effect have these on the value of cereals?
8. What are all the elements of cost of a bushel of five common cereals? What have you observed about their cultivation that might reduce this cost?
9. What is the value of a bushel of corn in making beef? Pork? Milk, cheese, or butter? How do you ascertain this? Use of knowledge in feeding?

(Read articles on SMUT, RUST, HOG, BEEF, FEEDING OF SCHOOL CHILDREN.)

VII. The Study of Insects.

1. See double-page illustrations accompanying article on Insects in the body of this work.
2. How distinguished.
   Composed of three parts:
   a. Head, with eyes, antennae, and mouth parts.
   b. Thorax, with legs, and wings (if any).
   c. Abdomen on posterior section.
3. Steps of growth or metamorphoses.
   a. Egg.
   b. Larva (possibly nymph-insect).
   c. Pupa.
   d. Insect.
4. How destroyed:
   a. By choking up their breathing pores.
   b. By poisoned juices flavored to their taste.
   c. By fire.
   d. By birds.
   e. By other insects.
   f. By hot water.
   g. By reptiles and fish.
   h. By poisonous powders.
   i. By kerosene, soap, oil.
   j. By carbolic acid.
   k. By sticky paper.
   l. By "swatting."
   m. By water or food charged with chemicals.

What has been observed with regard to each of these methods of destroying insects? What insects are destroyed by each method? Are any of the insecticides injurious to human life? What have you observed about this?

5. How insects are beneficial.
   a. In fertilization. Observe bees and butterflies.
   b. In destroying other insects. Observe ladybug, ants, dragon flies, lace-wings, wasp, cockroach, spider, stonefly, caddice fly.
   c. In destroying larvae. Observe the ichneumon fly.
   d. In producing valuable chemicals. Observe cochineal bug and the lac insect.
   e. In producing food. Observe the bee, stonefly, caddice larvae (indirectly).
   f. In producing clothing. Observe the bombycid (bombyx) moth.
   g. In destroying decaying plants and animals. This is usually done by larvae. Illustrate.
   h. In destroying garbage. Observe fly, various larvae.

Pupils should be led to observe accurately and to describe intelligently in these and in many other instances. They should not destroy beneficial insects.

6. Injuries from insects.
   a. Destruction of trees. Observe locust, locust beetle, cicada, katydid, white ant, caterpillar.
   b. Destruction of grains. Observe Hessian fly, weevil, cricket, chinch bug (cut worm), thrips.
   c. Destruction of fruits. Observe beetles (curculio), (apple grub), wasp.
   d. Conveying disease. Observe mosquito, fly, bedbug, botfly (nematoids), blue-bottle fly, blow fly.

e. Destruction of clothing. Observe clothes moth, cricket, cockroach.
f. Destruction of books. Observe beetle larvae (bookworm), cockroach.
g. Destruction of pasturage. Observe grasshopper, chinch bug, ants.
h. Annoyance and pain to man and lower animals. Observe the chigre, flea, tick, louse, ant, botfly, gnat.
i. Destruction of vegetables (usually through their larvae). Observe cutworm, tomato worm, cockchafer, tobacco worm.
j. Destruction of lumber and furniture. Observe ants (see "Trees" above).
k. Destruction or annoyance to fowls, birds, etc. Observe louse, tick.
l. Special household pests. Observe fly, mosquito, bedbug, cockroach, clothes moth, beetle, louse, candle moth, etc.
m. Miscellaneous destroyers. Observe wasps (social, mud dauber, colonial), chafers, earwig, sawfly, etc.

METHODS IN STUDYING PLANTS

The Study of the Dandelion

1. Why selected? Occurrence. Life history short. Interesting habits. Why called "the Peasant's Clock," and the "blowball"?
2. Order. (*Taraxacum.*) What its name means to natural environment (habits); its function and structure, and adaptation to it (see article on Dandelion). Comparison with others of this family.
3. Preparatory Work. Read a story about the dandelion or a poem about it. Have children note it on the way to school and on the way home. Were the flowers open or closed? (Draw pupils out by questions.)
4. Field Lesson. Study the plant at work in its home. Give *all* the pupils questions to be answered by observation. Give *each* pupil something special to find out about roots, leaves, flowers, or fruit. Help them to see. Dig up complete plant and transport to schoolroom. Wash off dirt and keep in water, preferably in glass. General review of what is learned outdoors. Have them tell as much as possible without questioning. Make up a blackboard reading lesson from what has been developed.
5. Indoors Study. Make your approach from the standpoint of function. Plant as a whole, length, height; creeping or upright? Root thick, with long, tapering, thread-like branches. Use of rootlets; milky juice; fibrous structure; stem hardly noticeable; leaves arranged to get sunlight, to direct water toward the bud, to protect the buds at the base, and to facilitate breathing. Draw a leaf on the blackboard.

Study the flower as "the crown of glory." Explain and point out that it consists of an involucre with bracts. Outer rows turn back, the inner over —thus protecting the flower at night. Lead the pupils to observe that the flower stem is short at first, and to watch it lengthen. Lead them to see how the yellow quilt covers the seeds and to observe the closing of the seed-cradle for several days before its contents ripen.

Attempt no detailed study of this flower with small children.

6. Special study of the fruit. Lead the pupils to note the lengthening of the flower stem till the seed-cradle is pushed high up in the air; the fading and dropping of its yellow blanket; the trimming back of its green quilts, show-

ing the brown seed-babies with white arms and many fingers; the cup-cradle turning wrong side out, making the hairy sphere; and how the wind blows the hairy parachutes away.

(Giving the dandelion a personality enhances interest and sympathy.)

7. Adaptation of part to purpose emphasized. Bring out the unity of the plant's life with nature, generally with its dependence on sun, rain, and wind. Compare it with other plants as studied. Show its relation to man in dandelion tea and "greens"; as a nuisance in lawns; as a source of pleasure to children and older people. (Read Lowell's poem, *To the Dandelion*, etc.)

Notes

1. If studied in upper grades, the individual florets should be examined; all the parts of the flower found; the adaptation of the parts to fertilization brought out; and how pollen is carried shown. That it is colored by nature to attract insects, and that its flower stem is long in order to allow wind distribution, may also be brought to the attention of older pupils, as well as its similarity to other plumed seeds—milk weed, for example.

2. When giving a lesson on this or any other plant, the purpose should be definitely fixed in the mind beforehand. With smaller pupils this purpose may be to create an interest in nature study or to obtain material for a lesson in language or in composition. In any case, moralizing or didactic instruction should be studiously avoided.

Study of the Pine

1. Preparation. Review the falling and coloring of its leaves. Where are the leaves now? Show exceptions to the general rule.
2. Lesson I. The tree as a whole.
   a. Its appearance at a distance. Contrast in color with snow.
   b. Why its trunk is long and straight.
   c. Peculiarity of its branches, being horizontal, longer below, and flexible.
   d. Make a drawing of the pine. Tell a story about it. (See Story-Telling.)
3. Lesson II. The parts of the tree.
   a. Wood and bark; pitch, tar, and turpentine; the branches.
   b. The leaves.
      (1) Form. Draw them. Compare with other leaves.
      (2) Location. In bunches, near the ends of branches and growing out from all sides of branches.
      (3) Shape. Are long, slender, blue-green needles.
      (4) Adaptation. Intended by nature to withstand wind, snow, and cold.
4. Lesson III. The Seed.
   a. Care of babies generally.
   b. The pine cradle and its seed baby. Position and use of the scales.
   c. How the pine is propagated.
5. Lesson IV. Relation to man.
   a. For ornament.
   b. For protection.
   c. As food.

d. For lumber. Explain.
e. For making oils, flavoring extracts, medicines, etc.
f. For the production of articles for distillation.

Study of the Apple

1. Material. Distribute apples to every two or four pupils. Select the fruit which is regular in form, with stem, and five-pointed calyx.
2. Lesson I. Observation of outside; molding.
   a. Form and color of the fruit.
   b. Molding in clay.
3. Lesson II. Observation of interior.
   a. Make a cross section.
   b. Draw what you find.
   c. Study the core and its uses.
   d. Uses of parts (seeds, skin, flesh).
      (1) To ripen, protect, and scatter the seeds.
      (2) To furnish people and lower animals with food. Let children eat them.
      (3) To feed the apple grub.
      (4) For fermentation; cider; vinegar; apple brandy.
4. Lesson III. How the apple is produced.
   a. Growth of an apple.
   b. Work of an apple tree.
   c. How nature helps both.
   d. Summarize in a blackboard story.
   e. Use literature. Tell the history of the Trojan War. Read Whittier's *The Fruit Gift,* Bryant's *Planting of the Apple Tree.* (See Story-Telling.)
5. Lesson IV. Relation to man.
   a. What man does for the apple tree. He plants, plows, grafts, trims, sprays, and gathers the fruit.
   b. What the apple tree does for man. It affords beauty, shelter, shade, a home for birds, fruit, cider, vinegar, etc.

(See the article Apple in the body of this work.)

The Beet

1. Description of plant.
   (The observation, showing both root and seed stem, will probably have to be at different times.)
   a. Root: size, shape, color, covering.
   b. Foliage: size, shape, color, system of veining.
   c. Time required for production of plant; of seed.
   d. Into how many lobes are its seeds deposited?
2. Kinds.
   a. Original beet: where found; how different from most varieties.
   b. Developed forms of useful variety; mangel, chard, garden beet, sugar beet, foliage beet.
3. Uses.
   a. On the table: parts used; how prepared; value.
   b. As stock food: varieties used; how prepared; where raised?
   c. In the manufacture of sugar: history of the development of the sugar beet; value of its product.
4. The sugar beet industry.

a. Soil required, and steps in planting, cultivating, harvesting, and marketing.
b. Commercial importance of beet sugar. Other kinds of sugar.
(Make longitudinal and cross sections of the roots of the several beets. After observation by the pupils, draw on the board. Make other drawings showing, respectively, root, leaves, seed, stem; also plant as a whole.)

The Pumpkin

1. Distinction between the plant and the fruit.
2. Uses.
   a. As food for people, mostly used in making pies, but may be merely mashed and seasoned. Describe preparation of the pumpkin for either use.
   b. As stock food, where and how fed to stock?
   c. It also furnishes material for Jack-o'-lanterns How made? Illustrate.
3. Appearance of the fruit? Of the plant? Have a vine with a pumpkin on it for actual observation.
   a. Fruit: size, color, shape; notice the ribs and count them.
   Make on the board a cross-section; a longitudinal section.
   b. Stem: straight or curved; smooth or hairy; tough or easily broken?
   c. Planting: when, where, how?
4. Description of the plant.
   a. Foliage: how many first leaves; their shape; draw them. Have pupils observe all the later leaves; size; smooth or rough; shape.
   b. Is the vine clinging or trailing?
   c. Blossom: size, color, odor.
   d. When does it mature its fruit? (See Riley's poem.)
5. History. Cultivation of the pumpkin by Indians; why is the fruit connected with Thanksgiving? (First attempts at making pies due to scarcity of food.)
6. Literature, etc. Read the pupils the poem containing the words, *When the Frost is on the pumpkin, and the corn is in the shock,* from Riley, and also Burns' poem on *Hallowe'en.* Have them tell their mental pictures and then show a picture of a field of corn in shock with ripe pumpkins on the ground.

Nuts

1. How distinguished from other kinds of seeds?
2. Kinds.
   a. Edible nuts.
   b. Nuts for chewing, for medicine, for flavoring.
3. Distribution.
   a. Extent.
   b. Causes.
4. Uses: food, medicine, dye, ink, buttons, etc.
5. Commercial importance in United States.
   a. Money value of home production.
   b. Imports: almonds, cocoanuts, English walnuts, filberts, nutmegs, pecans, Brazil nuts.
   c. Exports: hickory nuts, black walnuts, pecans, chestnuts.
6. How cultivated nuts are raised; wild nuts.
7. How harvested and marketed.

Questions

NOTE.—These questions are not answered in article on NUTS in the body of this work; but (except where otherwise indicated) the nature of the question will suggest the article to be read.

(1) Name all the ways you know of using nuts as food.
(2) What animals eat nuts? What nuts do they eat?
(3) Note the prices of different kinds of nuts on the market. Why are some more expensive than others?
(4) What articles have you seen made from the corozo nut? (See VEGETABLE IVORY.)
(5) Tell about the cork nut. (See CORK.)
(6) For what are nut galls used? Are these real nuts? (See GALLS.)
(7) What is meant by grafting and budding? How do they help?
(8) Make a list of the food and the timber values of the hickory family.
(9) Give some uses to which the natives put the cocoanut.
(10) Why is the term "chestnut" applied to a story oft repeated?
(11) Tell of the big chestnut tree on Mt. Aetna. (See CHESTNUT.)
(12) Tell of the cocoanut from the time the nut is planted until the fruit is placed on your local market. Is cocoa obtained from this nut?
(13) Read poem on *The Chestnut Time,* by M. A. Harris.

DESTRUCTION OF THE CHESTNUT

A fungus growth not well understood is destroying thousands of the finest chestnut trees in America. This disease was first reported in 1904, but in 1906 Murrel made the statement that it then existed quite extensively in Long Island and New York City, and it spread very rapidly into Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Massachusetts, and New York. The fungus thrives best where moisture prevails and develops very rapidly, especially in spring. All the chestnuts become victims except the Japanese variety, which so far has been immune. Very little is known of the nature of the fungus and no prophecy can now be made as to its probable extent; but, judging from the rapidity with which it develops and the great number of trees destroyed in the last half dozen years, it seems our most highly prized trees are doomed.

The fungus attacks the crotches, ultimate twigs, or base of the trunk, and soon girdles the tree, killing it. When it first begins to be apparent that the young trees are affected, they can be saved by promptly cutting out the diseased portion of bark; but in mature trees the affected parts bear such close resemblance to the old bark that successful cutting cannot be made. A characteristic of the disease is that the tree usually sends out new sprouts just beneath the place girdled. Trees of less than two years' growth are generally immune. As the fungus usually enters through wounds or holes made by borers, the disease may sometimes be prevented by painting over the wounds.

While the plant pathologists have spared no energy and time, and though owners of estates whose chief natural attraction consists of massive and beautiful chestnut trees, have spent thousands of dollars, no adequate means of destroying or checking this particular fungus has yet been found.

METHODS IN STUDYING INSECTS, BIRDS, ETC.

Caterpillars and Butterflies

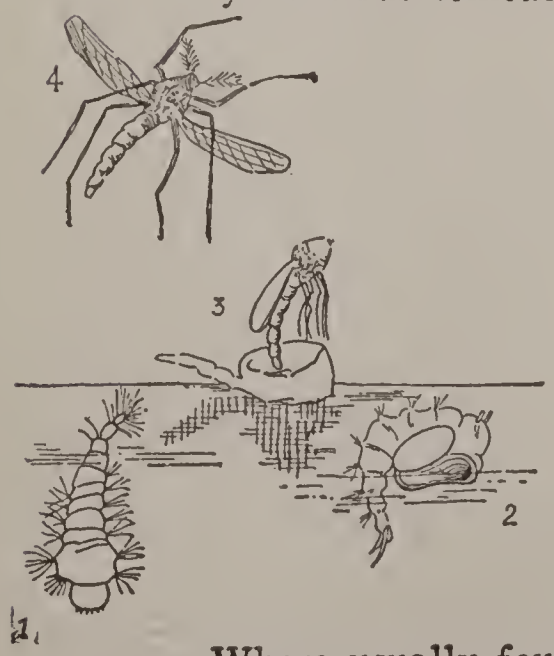
1. Material, a milkweed caterpillar, a tomato worm, a cabbage worm, or the large green caterpillar of the tobacco plant. Have the children observe them several days and note that the caterpillar is not a worm. Have a definite purpose in the lesson. Boxes may be provided for rearing the caterpillars and showing their changes to butterflies and moths.

2. Relation to environment. Where found? On what feeding? (Make your language simple.)

3. Habits and structure.
   a. Body: length, shape, rings, markings.
   b. Movements: how it crawls; number of pairs of legs: kinds (form, size, color); motion of hair near head when the caterpillar has hair.
   c. Feeding: have children watch them; call attention to the sidewise motion of their jaws and the length of their digestive canal.
   d. Spinning: have pupils see how this is done; use the magnifier; show a cocoon.
4. Life History.
   a. The egg and its development into a caterpillar. What are larvae?
   b. Moulting may be explained, as it can rarely be seen.
   c. Suspends himself and changes to a chrysalis. Hang it up where it can be watched. In ten to fifteen days it opens and a butterfly or moth comes out.
   d. Why do wings develop?
5. The Butterfly.
   a. Study without handling. Distinguish from a moth.
   b. Note the parts: head and body (thorax and abdomen); wings, legs, feelers, eyes, mouth parts.
   c. Have the children view the scales on the wings with a magnifier. Draw attention to the brilliant coloring of some caterpillars.
   d. Watch it eat; have pupils tell what it feeds on and the difference between its food and that of a caterpillar; why so long a tongue? (See articles in the body of this work on INSECTS; BUTTERFLY; MOTH.)

QUESTIONS

1. Why are caterpillars usually great eaters?
2. What does the silkworm feed on?
3. Do caterpillars ever injure shrubs or trees?
4. Why is the tobacco worm specially injurious to the leaves of that plant?
5. How is the tomato worm injurious? The cabbage worm?
6. Why do birds sometimes avoid eating caterpillars?
7. How many kinds of butterflies? How are they distinguished?
8. Do butterflies play any part in close fertilization? In cross-fertilization?



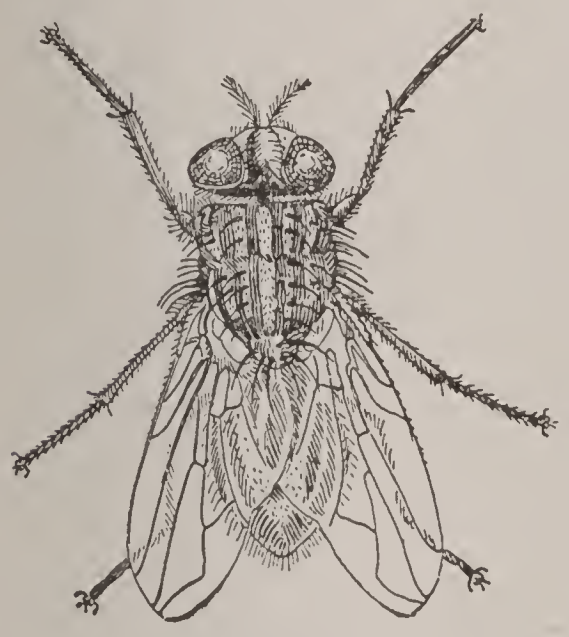
THE MOSQUITO

1. Description. (From observation, using microscope.)
   a. Body: long and slender.
   b. Legs: small and long.
   c. Wings: narrow and fringed.
   d. Head: small. What difference between male and female head?
2. Life Habits.
   a. Where usually found?
   b. Lays eggs; number, shape, and how arranged; time required for hatching.

c. Larvae: why these are called "wigglers"; how they breathe; how long they live.
d. Pupae: how differ from those of other insects?
e. Time required to hatch and develop.

3. Relation to man.
a. Damage from mosquito bite.
b. Carriers of disease.
c. Methods of destroying them.

(For other suggestions on the study of this insect see article on the study of THE HOUSE FLY. Information may be obtained from the article on the MOSQUITO in the body of this work.)



THE HOUSE FLY

1. How distinguished from other winged insects? Why called *Diptera?* How many different kinds or families of flies in North America?
2. Metamorphoses:
   a. Eggs: number, where laid?
   b. Maggot or larvae. Shape; why no feet?
   c. Pupa; quiet state; how long does it last?
   d. How rapidly can the house-fly multiply?
3. Structure.
   a. Head: eyes, mouth parts, antennae.
   b. Thorax or body; shape; peculiarities of abdomen.
   c. Legs and feet; special equipment for walking on floors and walls.
   d. Wings: number, rapidity of vibration, and use.
   e. Nervous system: where situated? Why can a fly walk without its head? Where are its special senses located?
4. Work as scavengers. Describe its sucking apparatus.
5. Carriers of disease: how; to what extent; danger.
6. How to get rid of flies.

QUESTIONS

(1) Name all the different kinds of flies you have seen. How can you tell if an insect is a real fly? (See article on FLY.)
(2) Read in magazines and other periodicals of steps taken in different localities to destroy flies. What diseases do they carry?
(3) What are the characteristics of insects? Are spiders classed with them? Why?
(4) Name some other objectionable or harmful insects. Find by reading or observation their life habits and determine means of destroying them.
(5) Study types of flytraps and determine which are best and why. House flies have a tendency to fly upward to escape danger, seldom trying a low outlet. Notice that this characteristic is made use of in most traps.
(6) Campare house fly, bluebottle, horse fly, etc., and have pupils write what they have observed or learned about the house fly.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW

1. Description (obtained from observation).
   a. Head: shape, size, bill (draw outline).
   b. Body: size, color, male and female.
   c. Feet: toes, how many, arrangement; have pupils examine; draw.

2. Habits.
   a. Reproduction: nests, where and how built, how lined? Eggs: size, color, how many?
   b. Disposition: behavior toward other birds; why so much disliked?
   c. Feeding: where and how does it gets its food?
3. How and when introduced into the United States?
4. How distinguished from other sparrows?

QUESTIONS

(1) What particular advantage is gained by the coloring of the sparrow?
(2) Why were English sparrows brought to this country?
(3) What distinguishes "perchers" from other birds?
(4) What poems have you read that mention sparrows?
(5) Why have many states placed a bounty on sparrows? Does this include others beside the English sparrows? Why?
(6) What good would result from driving them out?
(7) Have you noticed the peculiar action of the leg muscles of these birds? What happens to the toes when the leg is bent (as in perching on a limb)? What practical benefit to the birds?
(8) Name a dozen other birds belonging to this same class.
(9) Is the foot (arrangement of toes) of the sparrow different from that of the chicken or of the parrot?
(10) On what does the English sparrow feed?

THE TURKEY

1. Kinds.
   a. Wild: five varieties; where found; why disappearing?
   b. Domestic: five varieties; give names.
2. Appearance of each kind in size, weight, color, and disposition. Distinction between gobbler and hen.
3. Habits: nesting, feeding, roosting, parading, etc. (Have pupils note the changes of habit in the domestic fowl, what traits retained and why.)
4. History of the wild turkey; of the domestic turkey; of the turkey's connection with Thanksgiving.

(See articles on TURKEY and POULTRY in the body of this work.)

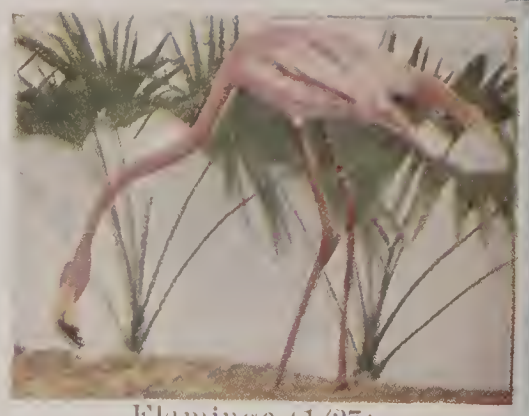
QUESTIONS

(1) What has the turkey to do with the production of clover seed?
(2) What varieties of domestic turkeys are raised in your neighborhood? Why these particular kinds?
(3) Which bring better profit for time and money invested, chickens or turkeys? Why do so many farmers object to turkeys?
(4) What time is required for the incubation of turkey eggs? (Read in some zoölogy text-book or elsewhere the details of incubation.)
(5) Ascertain from some book on poultry the enemies of the turkey, and how to destroy or remove them. Why is the turkey disappearing?
(6) Write out instructions for taking care of young turkeys obtained from someone who has made a success of it.
(7) "When you hear the hyouk and gobble
of a struttin' turkey cock."—Riley.

Read poems on *The Turkey* by Alice Cary and by Susan Coolidge.

Canada Goose (1/18)

Bonaparte s Gull (1/10)



Flamingo (1/27)

Great Blue Heron (1/22)

European Swan (1/36)

Brandt's Cormorant (1/18)

White Pelican (1/22)

Great Northern Loon (1/17)

Kittiwake (1/8)

American Coot (1/9)

American Biftern (1/14)

Eared Grebe (1/9)

Sandhill Crane (1/26)

Scarlet Ibis (1/14)

Black Tern (1/7)

Wilson's Snipe (1/6)

Egret or Snowy Heron (1/14)

By courtesy A. W. Mumford

WATER BIRDS

(8) Have your pupils use these in Nature Study, in language lessons, and in seeing how it helps to interpret and to enjoy literature.

The Domestic Cat

1. Description (from actual observation).
   a. Head; size compared with body; whiskers, for what? Draw and describe the eyes, and show their different appearance in the light and in the dark. Why is this? Tongue rough or smooth? Motion of tip of tongue when drinking?
   b. Body long and slender; how covered; colors. What is meant by "tabby"?
   c. Feet, how different from dogs? How many claws on front feet? On the hind feet? Describe the muscles controlling the claws.
2. May be classed as long-haired and short-haired. Tell of some of each.
3. Relatives: lion, tiger, panther, wildcat, lynx.
4. Food: mice, squirrels, fish, birds, and other small animals.
5. Uses to man: in the house, in the field, in granaries.
6. History. Show origin and how connected with superstition.

Note.—This outline is not arranged in a strictly logical order, but that it may apply to the inductive teaching of small children. (See Inductive Method.) The first part of the outline is probably sufficient for young children; and with some slight extensions, the entire outline may be used in instructing grades.

The Squirrel

1. Description (obtain from observation of both ground squirrels and tree squirrels).
   a. Body: length, slenderness, shape, color.
   b. Head: jaws, teeth, cheek-pouch, eyes, ears.
   c. Legs: difference in length; the "flying squirrel."
   d. Feet: claws; any difference between the feet of ground squirrels and tree squirrels?
   e. Tail: different kinds; length; uses.
   f. Covering: kinds; commercial value.
2. Where found: Europe, North America, South America, Central America, Asia. (None in Australia.)
3. Food.
   a. Nuts and acorns: where found, how stored, how eaten.
   b. Grains and other seeds: where gotten; how carried by ground squirrels?
   c. Animal food; fruit.
4. Homes: hollow trees; nests; burrows.
5. Disposition: timid and easily frightened, but friendly.
6. Methods of travel of the tree squirrel.
   a. Help of claws.
   b. Use of tail.
7. Kinds: red squirrel, gray or black squirrel, fox squirrel, "flying squirrel," chipmunk, gopher, woodchuck.

Questions

(1) The ground squirrel or gopher is a near relative of the tree squirrel, but different in habits and appearance. What are the differences?

(2) When the pocket gopher is chased by a dog, how does he get away? What else do you think is interesting about the pocket gopher?

(3) Does a "flying squirrel" really fly? Where is it found? (See Flying Squirrel.)

(4) Describe the home of the chipmunk. (See article on CHIPMUNK.)
(5) How do "prairie dogs" guard against approaching enemies? How do they attempt to get rid of a rattlesnake that may get into the nest?
(6) Do you favor having pet squirrels in the parks or in yards?
(7) What use can be made of this information? (See article on SQUIRREL in the body of this work.)
(8) What are the habits of woodchucks? (See WOODCHUCK.)

WATER—ITS FORMS AND WORK

1. Time: winter.
2. Aims: interest; unity in Nature; preparation for geography.
3. Useful properties.
   a. Into what may it dissolve? Why does it float boats and ships and other things? How does it soak into things? Is this property useful or harmful?
   b. Uses to man in cooking, washing, drinking, cultivation, carrying off sewerage, forming streams, etc.
   c. Uses to lower animals: drink; home of many; nourishment in food, etc.
   d. Uses to plants: drink, wash, food, etc.
   e. Uses to the earth: refreshes; carries things; changes its shape.
4. Evaporation.
   a. Why called natural distillation?
   b. If apparatus can be secured have the children watch the operation.
   c. Conditions affecting evaporation.
   d. Boiling: describe the cause; show where the water goes; uses.
   e. Slow evaporation. Illustrate. Uses.
5. Condensation. Illustrate. Collect the vapor. Application (artificial ice, for example).
6. Forms.
   a. Vapor, steam, fog, mist, cloud (see special lesson), rain, dew.
   b. Vapor, frost, ice, snow. What relation to "a"?
   c. Produce frost; have pupils observe the frost's work and tell about it.
   d. Ice formation; expansion; use (natural, artificial); glaciers.
   e. Give this lesson when there is snow on the ground; purpose or use. Read Whittier's *Snowbound*.
7. Work of water in soil making.
   a. Splitting of rocks; decay of leaves; carrying of sewerage and waste. Show relation of rain to the running water of streams.
   b. Velocity; erosion; transportation; deposits. Explain.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

1. What are some of the uses of ice in stock yards? In cold storage establishments? In stores? In the home?
2. What would happen in very cold regions if ice sank as it formed?
3. What is silt? Of what use is it?
4. What is a moraine? How is it formed?
5. Why are the bodies of persons falling into a mountain crevasse sometimes obtained from glaciers?
6. Where does rain come from? How? Is it in the form we receive it?
7. What is the difference between dew and frost? Between hoar frost and black frost?
8. How can water be rendered harmless for drinking?
9. What takes place when steam comes from the kettle on the stove?

THE STORY OF LIFE

Wonder Questions. This is a wonder world and to the child it is full of mystery. Where does the sun go at night? Where is the moon in the daytime? What are the stars? These are a few of the many questions that the little people wonder about, but they can be easily answered. There are, however, other questions just as persistent, but much more difficult to answer. Prominent among these are, what is life? and where do living things come from?

These questions are not easily answered. We know what life does, but no one has ever been able to tell what it is. The best we can say about it is that life is a mysterious force which causes living things to grow and reproduce other living things like themselves.

Whence came living things? Who can tell? In the Bible we read, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth, and the earth was without form and void." The account goes on to tell how God prepared the earth to be the home of living creatures—how He made the sun, moon and stars; how He separated the solid parts of the earth from the sea; how He crumbled the solid rock into soil; how He made the rain to fall; and how He set the lakes and rivers in the land to water it. Then He caused plants to grow; filled the sea with fish and brought forth animals to dwell upon the land. Lastly He crowned His achievement by the creation of man.

This great poem of creation with which the Bible begins tells as much as man has discovered about the beginning of life on the earth. The preparation of the earth to be the home of living things required ages—a time so long that man has never been able to measure it.

Two Great Classes of Matter. All the different substances in the world are known as matter. Matter may be divided into two great classes, that which is produced without life and that which is produced by life. Water, rock and the various minerals do not die because they were never alive. Each of these respective substances has the same structure throughout. A block of granite, for instance, has the same sort of crystals through its entire mass, and the particles of water at the surface of a pool have the same structure as those at its lowest depths. All substances that have the same structure throughout their mass belong to the great class of matter known as *inorganic* matter.

Plants have roots, stems, leaves, flowers and fruit. Animals have bodies, legs, heads, eyes, ears, etc. In each case the living object consists of parts different from each other in form and structure, and each part does some work necessary to the life and growth of the living thing to which it belongs. These parts are called *organs*, and all matter comprising living things and produced by them is known as *organic* matter.

Development of Living Forms. In their simplest forms both plants and animals are tiny sacs or cells filled with a living substance called *protoplasm,* and they resemble each other so closely that it is difficult to distinguish them. As we pass upward in the scale of plant and animal life this difficulty rapidly disappears, because the structures become more complex. One would be blind, indeed, who could not tell a bird from a hollyhock, or a horse from a pine tree.

The first life on the earth consisted of the simplest forms of plants. In course of time these developed into more complex forms, such as rushes and ferns; then followed grasses, flowers and trees. Animals appeared soon after the first plants, but the first animals were very simple structures. They could neither see nor taste nor smell. Then followed in their order the fishes, the reptiles and the higher forms of land animals—the cat, the dog, the horse, the ox and many others with which we are familiar.

The nervous system in the lower order of animals is incomplete, and the special senses are not fully developed, and some of the senses may be entirely lacking. For instance, oysters and clams cannot see, hear, smell nor taste. They can only feel. Fish that live in the deep sea have no eyes, since light never reaches them. The development of the nervous system is marked by the degree of perfection shown in the organs of special sense, until in the highest orders of animals, the senses of sight, hearing, taste, smell and touch are all acute.

Man, "the crowning glory of creation," was the last of all living things to appear on the earth. He was given an intellect which enables him to think, to reason, to rule all other living things, to bend the forces of nature to his will and employ them for his welfare. In him all the senses are brought to the highest degree of perfection.

Why Life Must Be Reproduced. Every living thing has its period of birth, growth, decay and death. To prevent the loss of life upon the earth each living thing is endowed with the power to cause other things of the same kind to grow, or to reproduce its kind, and it can do this without the aid of any other kind of life.

The trees, the flowers and other kinds of vegetable life would reproduce themselves without the aid of man, as would also the fishes, and other kinds of animal life. Man, however, uses his power over other life to cause his vegetables to grow near where he lives, and to keep the animals which he wishes to use for food in some place where he doesn't have to hunt for them. This he does, however, only with the animals which he has domesticated or tamed. When he wants meat from animals that are still wild, he must hunt them as he used to do.

Each kind of life has the power to reproduce only its own kind. If you plant a peach stone, sooner or later you will have a tree which will bear peaches, regardless of all the different kinds of trees which grow around it.

All the different kinds of plants on a given piece of ground—grass, garden vegetables, shadetrees, fruit trees—obtain the food upon which they live and grow from the same soil. What is perhaps more wonderful still, is the fact that all these plants feed on the same food, only varying slightly the proportions of the different food elements. The peach, for instance, may require more phosphorus than the potato, which requires more potash than the peach. Each plant within itself has the power to change these food elements into its own tissues, and no others. So each plant always remains true to its kind.

How Plants Are Reproduced. In the spring we plant seeds in the soil and in a few days young plants appear. and grow up and produce flowers and seeds. What makes the seed grow?

To answer this question, we need to learn how plants produce seeds. The power in a plant to produce another plant like it comes from the flower. We frequently raise flowers for their beauty and fragrance, but the purpose of the flower in the plant is to produce seed. Every complete flower has four sets of organs, however the leaves and flowers may vary. First we find the outside set of leaves usually green, and forming the calyx. Just inside the calyx are the petals, which form the corolla. They are usually larger than the leaves of the calyx, and of a different color. They form the showy part of the flower. Just inside the petals, and some-

times growing out from them, are numerous short stems called the stamens. At the top of each stamen is a small sac called the anther. The anthers are filled with a very fine dust which is the pollen. Rising from the center of the flower is a hollow stem, the pistil. The lower part of the pistil or ovary is enlarged and contains small objects called ovules which, as the plant ripens, mature into seeds. The upper end of the pistil called the stigma is enlarged, rough, and frequently secretes a sticky substance. A tiny tube in the pistil connects the stigma with the ovary.

The ovules will not mature into seeds unless they are fertilized by the pollen. When the flower is ripe the anthers burst open, and some of the pollen falls on the stigma and finds its way down the tiny tube to the ovary where it comes in contact with the ovules, which are developed into perfect seeds as the plant ripens.

The seed contains a miniature plant or embryo, and the food necessary to keep this tiny plant growing until it has put forth roots and leaves, which will enable it to draw its nourishment from the soil and the air. When the seed is planted, it absorbs moisture, and the embryo begins to grow. Soak a few beans in water for two days, then open them along the side opposite the "eye" and the embryo can be easily seen.

Some plants bear flowers having both stamens and pistils, as the strawberry and the apple; others, like the corn, have two sets of flowers, one bearing the stamens and the other the pistils. The hop and a few other plants bear only one kind of flowers on each plant. In all cases, however, the principle is the same. The ovules must be fertilized by the pollen from flowers of the same kind of plant, or they will not become seeds. The pollen can only fertilize ovules of the same kind of plants. Pollen from a peach blossom cannot fertilize the ovules of an apple blossom, but it can fertilize the ovules of any kind of peach blossom. Were it not for this principle we should have different species of plants every season.

How Ovules of One Flower Are Fertilized by the Pollen of Another. You will observe that flowers produce an abundance of pollen. Pollen is carried from one flower to another by the wind, and by bees which go from flower to flower in quest of honey. Some of the pollen of the first flower the bee enters sticks to its legs, and a part of this is rubbed off on the stigma of the next flower and fertilizes the ovules of that flower. In general, stronger seeds are produced when the ovules are fertilized by the pollen of another flower.

Why Does the Corn Plant Have Tassels and Silk? The tassels on the corn are the flower clusters bearing the stamens, and the silk on each ear is a cluster of pistils. At the lower end of each silk is a little ovule, which, when fertilized, will develop into a kernel of corn. The silk is a long hair-like tube with a sticky substance on the outer end, which catches and holds the pollen as it falls from the tassels or is blown along by the wind. We need not tell you that the kernels of corn are the seeds of the plant.

Father and Mother Natures. The little trees grow up to be exactly like their fathers and mothers (for they have fathers and mothers), which is something all living things must have. These are not the same kind of fathers, or mothers either, that a boy or girl has, exactly, but they are parents, just the same. So far as the trees, flowers and plants are concerned we call the parents father and mother natures, which is a term used merely to keep you from confusing vegetable life fathers and mothers with the regular kind.

In the vegetable kingdom you cannot always see these father and mother natures, which enables them to reproduce their kind of life, but everything in the vegetable, and also in the animal kingdom has them.

How Are Fishes Born? The next step in the study of the reproduction of life brings us to the animal kingdom. The first thing we discover in this section is

that in the animal kingdom father and mother natures are almost always separated. In plants and trees these parent natures are sometimes in the same flower, often separated, but on the same plant, and in other instances on different plants miles apart. What we must remember, then, is that in the case of plants it is given more or less to the chance of wind or other circumstances to bring the parent natures together.

In the animal kingdom there are a few cases where the mother and father natures are found in the same living object, as in the oyster and clam families, one of the lowest forms of animal life. These have but one of the five senses—that of feeling. This class of animals—the cold-blooded animals—includes the fishes, and in most members of this class the father and mother natures are separated and in different bodies. Step by step from now on we enter higher forms of animal life, and through each step we find a greater difference between the father and mother natures, and in the animal kingdom we speak of the father and mother natures as "male and female." In the animal kingdom, too, what we have previously called the seed is known as the egg. Seeds and eggs are the same so far as their usefulness is concerned, but we say eggs in the animal kingdom to distinguish from seeds in the vegetable kingdom.

Fish have eggs, then, and it is from the eggs that little fishes are born into the world and grow to be of eatable size. You recognize the eggs of the fish in the "roe," which is eaten as food. Not all fish eggs are used as food, however. In the fish world the eggs are developed in the body of the female fish.

Each little round speck in a "shad roe" is one egg, and there are many thousands in a single "roe." Each egg will produce a little fish, under favorable conditions. These eggs develop in the body of the female fish in winter. In the spring, which is the time in which most living things are born, and, therefore, the time for hatching out fish eggs, all of the fish swim from the deep water where they live in winter to the places where the water is shallow and warm, and in these shallow waters the female fish expels the eggs from her body where the sun can get at them and hatch them by warming them. After the female fish has thus laid the eggs, the male fish swims over the eggs as they lay in the water, and expels from his body over them a fluid which is white in appearance and which fertilizes the fish eggs. If any of this fluid fails to reach some of the eggs it is not possible for the sun to bring them to life.

When the eggs are laid and fertilized the mother and father fishes swim away and they never see their children or recognize them as such, even if they meet them later in life. The parent fish do not act like other fathers and mothers, and they do not need to, because as soon as a baby fish is born he is able to find his own food and needs no help from father or mother to teach him how to find it or enable him to grow into a real fish.

Of course, many of the tiny fishes are eaten by the other fishes and not all the eggs which the mother fishes lay hatch, because, if they did, the waters would be so crowded with fish that there would not be any room for the water. A single female fish will lay millions of eggs in a year, and if each egg developed into a fish there would be far too many.

This order of animals, which includes turtles, frogs, etc., is the cold-blooded class of animal life. They have only part of the five senses. They all can feel and some of the fishes can see and hear, but a great many of them, particularly those kinds which live on the bottom of the ocean, cannot either see or hear, and some members of the fish family cannot even swim.

The thing to remember about fishes in connection with the reproduction of life is that the mother fish must select a place which is favorable to deposit the eggs, but after that her responsibility ceases. The father merely fertilizes the eggs, and then

his responsibility ceases. The little fishes look out for themselves as soon as they are born and never know what it is to have a father or mother to look after them.

When we study the next higher form of animal life we find that the young ones have to be looked after, and that this becomes more necessary as we ascend the scale of animal life until we reach man, the most intelligent of all animals and yet the most helpless of all at birth.

How Birds Are Taught to Fly. The next step brings us to the birds. Before they can look after themselves the little birds must learn how to search for food and the kinds of food good for them. They have to learn the habits of their kind of life. The higher you go in the study of animal life, the greater seem to be the dangers which surround the young animals, and the longer it takes to teach them how to look after themselves and what to do for themselves.

The bird family includes not only the robins, larks, sparrows and pigeons, but also the ducks, geese, chickens, etc. We are all more or less familiar with birds' eggs, and if not we know what a hen's egg looks like. The eggs of the bird family are laid in nests, which is the first sign of home building in the animal kingdom.

The birds are the first of the large class of warm-blooded animals. The egg here represents again the reproductive power. The eggs, too, form in the body of the female bird, but are laid in a nest which the parent birds build together. Now this is the first step away from the fish family. The fish looks for a suitable place to lay the eggs and then goes off and leaves them. The birds, however, have to make a nest in which to deposit the eggs. The fish, as you remember, depended upon the warm sun shining on the shallow water to hatch the eggs, thus depending on an outside force to supply the necessary warmth. In the bird family, the mother bird must cover the eggs with her own body and keep them warm until they hatch. Then, too, the father and mother birds feed the young until they are strong enough to fly and find food for themselves, and so the mother and father birds look after their babies until they are old enough to look after themselves. When this time arrives the old birds cease to bother about the young ones altogether. The fishes never act like parents after the baby fishes are born, because the little fishes are able to look after themselves right away. The parent birds are a good deal like fathers and mothers for a time, but only so long as it takes them to teach their little bird children to look out for themselves. Then they forget the children completely.

It requires but a few days and no parental care to hatch a family of baby fishes, and no attention at all after birth. It requires several weeks and much patience for the parent birds to hatch their eggs, and it involves care and attention for several weeks to teach baby birds to take care of themselves.

This being a father or mother in the animal kingdom becomes a greater responsibility in every step as we get closer to man, and when we reach man we find him to be the most helpless offspring of all at birth, and that it takes more time, care and attention to bring up a human child to maturity than any other animal.

What Makes the Hollow Place at One End of a Boiled Egg. This hollow place on the end of the boiled egg (sometimes it shows on the side) is filled with air which is put inside of the egg when it is formed so that the little chicken will have air to breathe from the time it comes to life within the egg until it becomes strong enough to break the shell and go out into the world. There is also food in the egg for the chicken. When you boil the egg this pocket of air within the shell, which would have been used up by the chick if the egg had been set to hatch instead of being cooked for breakfast, begins to fight for its space and pushes the boiling egg back and forms the hollow place.

The purpose of the air in the egg is a good thing to remember when we come to

study the higher forms of animal life from the standpoint of how they reproduce themselves.

The mammals are the next higher form of animals. The babies of this class of animals must be fed for several weeks or months before they are ready to come into the world.

A little chicken is ready to come out of the egg almost as soon as it comes to life, and, therefore, needs only a little air and food before it is strong enough to peck its way out, but the babies of mammals begin to live months before they are ready to come into the world, and they need a great deal of air and food during this time. This class includes the dogs, horses, cows, cats and all other animals in the Zoo and in the woods. The name *mammal* means the same as *mamma,* and indicates an animal which must be fed from the body of a female mammal, even after it is born.

In this class the eggs are retained within the body of the female animal instead of being laid in a nest or some other place, as in animals of lower classes, after being fertilized by the male animal, so that the baby animal may secure its food and air from within the mother's body after the life within the egg is begun.

The mother's body supplies the necessary warmth to develop the life of the little animal in the egg, just as the birds supplied this with their bodies. In the bird class it only takes a few hours to give the little bird sufficient strength to peck his way out, but in the mammal class it is a long time before the baby animal is strong enough to come out into the world, and even after they are born the babies of mammals require a great deal of care and attention before they are able to look out for themselves. During this period the young animal secures all of its food from the breast of the mother.

Another reason why the eggs of mammals are retained within the bodies of the females is the need for protecting the young animals from enemies. In the animal kingdom, some kinds of animals prey upon other kinds. They attack and devour each other and are constantly in danger. If, then, mammals laid eggs in nests and sat upon them to hatch them, the mother animals sitting on the nests would be continually in danger of attack from their enemies. They would either have to flee and subject the nest and its contents to the danger of destruction, or else stay and fight, and perhaps be destroyed. But, by carrying her egg within her body, the mother mammal is able to move about from place to place and protect her baby.

Is Man an Animal? Men, women and children belong to the mammal class of animals. The offspring of the human family is the most helpless of all animals at birth. The young of most kinds of mammals can stand on their legs shortly after being born, but the human baby requires months before it can stand up. A baby horse can also walk within a few hours, but human children seldom begin to walk until they are more than a year old.

Why Cannot Babies Walk as Soon as Born? The human baby has a great many more things to learn than a horse baby before it is safe for him to go about alone. It takes time for the brain to develop, and if a baby could walk before the brain had even partially developed, it would only get into trouble.

This, then, is what we have learned about the reproduction of life and the reasons for its being different in different classes of life. First, we had the division of organic life into the vegetable and animal kingdoms. Life in the vegetable kingdom has none of the five senses, for plants cannot see, hear, feel, smell nor taste. They cannot move from place to place, but remain where they grow until destroyed or removed. On the other hand, all animal life has at least one of the five senses—feeling. The oysters and clams belong to this class. Starting with this level of life in the animal kingdom, we find that as we go on up through the different classes we find each class able to

do things which make it superior to the class below it, until we reach man, who can do most of all. And, further, that since each class as we go up in the scale of life has greater ability to do things than the class beneath it, so in each case the task of the parents in preparing their offspring for their kind of life becomes greater, and the period during which the offspring is learning becomes longer and longer until we reach the human family, in which we find that parents have the greatest responsibility, and the children are the most helpless of all animals, but that in the final result man has a right, on account of his superior qualities, to be the ruler of the other creatures of the world.

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